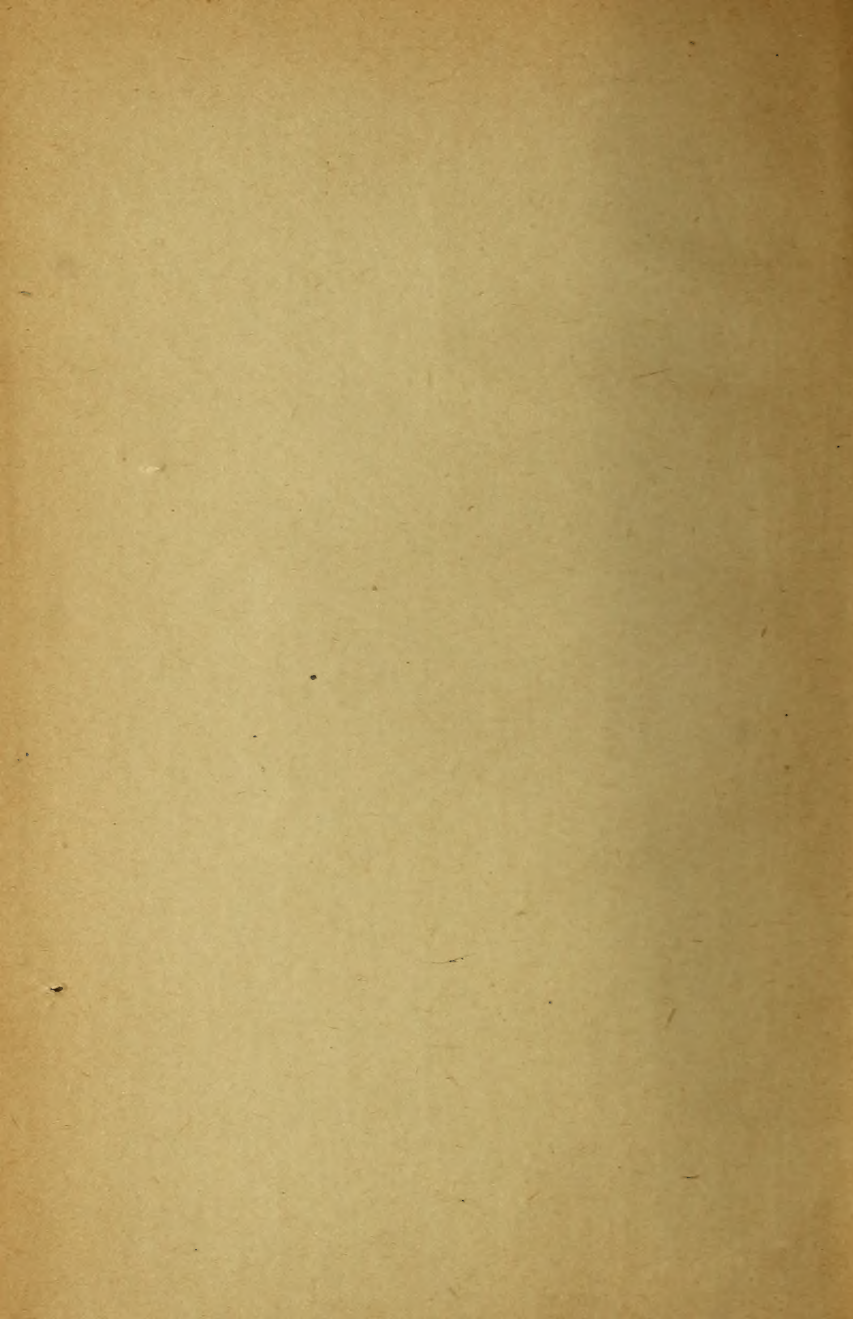


WAY SIDE
SKETCHES







Myra Mead

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"Let every thing that hath breath
Praise the Lord. Praise ye the
Lord."

Sarah A. Cooke.

THE
HANDMAIDEN OF THE LORD,
.....OR.....
WAYSIDE SKETCHES,

.....BY.....
MRS. SARAH A. COOKE.

“And on My servants and on My handmaidens I will pour out
in those days of My Spirit; and they shall prophesy.” Acts 11: 18.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

OFTEN, when out in the Lord's work, a brother beloved in the Lord, Rev. L. B. Kent, would urge upon me to write some account of my life; but I would greatly shrink from it, and would refer to the many lives of those saints who had walked and lived near God, and attained to heights of experience, O so greatly above and beyond my own—the lives of Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Fletcher, and many others; but still he would urge it. One night, in traveling together, returning from a camp-meeting, with Miss Laura Pippit, again the subject came up. As Bro. K. went on to his home, and we stopped at the Burlington depot just about midnight, soon my companion was quietly sleeping, but my eyes were held waking. That night, a wondrous night of blessing, as memory would bring back the past, scene after scene, all through life, came the conviction that it was the will of God that I should write a record of His loving-kindness and tender mercies. Never, from that hallowed night, have I doubted it; but the difficulty has been to find in my work a stopping place.

Meeting again at Sheridan, Ind., in work for the Lord, the last winter, with Bro. Kent—and he, it might be, realizing more than I had done myself, that advancing years would bring a failing of memory and mental powers—urged that now was the time; that life's sun would soon be setting, and that what was done must be done quickly—following the advice, also, after leaving, with an earnest letter of persuasion. I did not sleep much that night after reading it, and felt that the Lord's voice also was urging me through its words: "and I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." And here I would gratefully acknowledge Mr. Kent's kind help in preparing it for the press, and his *too commendatory* letter of introduction.

And now the work is complete, and is commended to that Savior who has inspired every thought, every act of life in which there may have been any good, the "author and finisher of our faith." May He use it to His own glory is my only desire, my one constant prayer concerning it.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

BY REV. L. B. KENT.

"OF making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh," "saith the wise man." But no labor is more worthy of appreciation, and no laborers of esteem and reward, than the labor devoted to the production of good books and the toiling authors who make them. And yet not all of the best books are products of mind-labor, for some of the very best may be said to be born—"born of the Spirit;" even as all true Christian life, activity, service, and worship, may be said to be "born of the Spirit"—not indeed miraculously, nor by prophetic movements of the Spirit, such as were experienced by men of God chosen to speak and write what they themselves understood but in part, if indeed in some instances at all; but by evolution from conditions of heart and spirit produced by the Spirit of grace; the human mind responsively acting and working to express the thoughts of which it is made capable, and which are prompted by the life and love within. "So is every one that is born of the Spirit," as to inward promptings and active doings, says Christ, as saith the Word of God always. And may not the same be said of many of the books given by the hands of spiritual writers?

Many who will read this book—the introductory chapter of which I am permitted to write—will, I am sure, regard it as one born of the Spirit. With this conviction in my mind, I am led to think that no analysis, or general statement, of the character and contents of the book need here be given. Hence I refer

all readers to the subjects, topics, incidents, letters, etc., as given in the chapter-index, and on the pages of the volume.

OF THE AUTHOR.

There are many thousands, especially in the Central West, to whom the author needs no personal introduction; and with many of these no commendation of the book is needed to awaken an interest in it; for personal acquaintance with the author, and knowledge of her wayside ministries of a quarter of a century, will have prepared them for hearty greeting and an early reading of the book. To a still greater number of devout and spiritual persons who have not known this "hand-maiden of the Lord," and as yet have little knowledge of her life and labors, it is a pleasure to introduce her by pen and type. Having known her and been conversant with her labors for twenty years, I feel competent to write somewhat fully respecting her and her work.

Of her early home and Christian life in England, she gives an interesting account in the first chapters of the book, as also of her experiences and work after her coming to America and Chicago; and it is not difficult to see that God was preparing her from childhood, and during the first years of her Christian experience and life, for the special work in which she has been so successful and happy for forty-five years. He had so prepared and enlightened her that, though a member of a church that did not teach entire sanctification as the present privilege and duty of regenerate believers, upon first hearing of this gracious truth here, she at once became an earnest seeker, and soon a joyous witness of the precious experience. Of this Christian experience full account is given by herself; and none who have known her since that eventful epoch can doubt the thoroughness of the Spirit's sanctifying work in her heart. Her fuller preparation for her life-work will be readily traced to the hour of the Spirit's sanctifying work and incoming fullness; a life-work of

unselfish devotion to the cause of Christ and the welfare of souls for whom He died. Not in all instances of full sanctification does there seem to be so marked and manifest illustration of Paul's statement concerning sanctified vessels in the house or church of God, as in the case of Mrs. Cooke. Why her case and that of some others should be, or at least seem to be, exceptional I will not venture to say; but evidently in her case the statement has full illustration. He says: "He that shall purge himself from these shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work,"—of course morally, graciously, and spiritually prepared. There may be personal characteristics which the Spirit will make especially available in the Lord's work, possibly some of them the very things that in the unspiritual are unavailable, and often hindrances to the Lord's use of his servants in the good work He would have done.

With Mrs. Cooke nature has been brought under the discipline of holiness and of the Holy Spirit, and has also had a gracious training, which has been of the greatest value to her and her work with and for the Lord. Of this holy discipline and gracious training of nature, many seem to know but little; and yet the lack of it accounts for much of inefficiency and failure. The disciplining of the regular soldier will seem arbitrary and severe to the raw recruit; but through it all he must pass before he can be a soldier indeed, though he may do much and many things from the day of enlistment. Mrs. Cooke knows herself. To special talents, natural or acquired, she makes no claim. She is among the people as one that serves, but not as a bond-slave, subject to their will and whims. She declares herself the bond-servant, the "handmaiden of the Lord," ever asking what He would have her do in service for His disciples and friends. What He would do were He here in person, that would she do in His name, by His help, and for His glory.

She is possessed of great courage, and yet is so kind and gentle that often her courage is a surprise both to saints and to sinners. Of the fear of man she knows little; and yet of a sense of superiority to others she knows nothing. She would not fear to reprove a king, as did John, the great preacher, but in it all there would be no assumed authority. Only the faithfulness of a mother would be professed, and only the Spirit of Christ manifest. In faithfulness of dealing with individuals, evangelists, ministers, Christians and sinners, I have not known her equal. And in the day of awards this line of faithfulness will be seen to have been most fruitful. Who can estimate the fruitfulness of the faithfulness of Mrs. Cooke and Mrs. Hawxhurst in reminding Mr. Moody of his lack of the Spirit's power in his soul and work; followed as it was by seasons of prayer with him, and his earnest seeking till the holy baptism came?—the baptism to which he ascribes all the power and saving influence of his ministry since that day of Pentecost. With courage that seems more than human, I have seen Mrs. Cooke go quietly from seat to seat in a railway car and talk with each passenger, not passing one! And she does not hesitate to speak with persons in street cars, or anywhere else, as she has opportunity, in season and out of season.

Plain and simple in her life and attire, she silently, and sometimes by earnest words of mouth, reproves extravagances in house-furnishing, food and dress, usually giving her own experiences respecting carnal or even needless indulgences. Her reading is almost wholly the Bible, and the best of spiritual books and periodicals. For the latter she has furnished articles, many and excellent. Realizing that all of life, and strength, and help, is of and from God, she prays in spirit "without ceasing," and is always "giving thanks." And yet she insists that she must be much and often in closet prayer, for herself and for the many for whom she must intercede as a priest of God. Always

and in all things temperate, she, like the early Methodists, keeps a weekly fast, besides having frequent seasons of fasting when she thinks it needful for the securing of greater victories in the Lord's work. She holds no extreme views concerning divine healing, though she ascribes her almost perfect health, and her strength of body and mind for continuous active work at sixty-eight, to the promised quickening of the indwelling Spirit; and also testifies to personal bodily healing, at least once, in answer to the prayers of saints. Though a member by choice of the Free Methodist church, she is so free from the sectarian spirit that at all times, and everywhere, she is ready for holy fellowship with all of Christ's followers, and for instant labor for the salvation of sinners. She is of the "holy catholic church," being baptized into one body by the one Spirit of Christ.

In this introduction of Mrs. Cooke to the many who will read and doubtless highly prize her "Wayside Sketches," I have made mention only of the excellencies that reveal and illustrate the grace of God in her, and in her work; hence all praise must and will be given to her Lord and Savior. By grace only did she become "the Lord's handmaiden;" otherwise His Spirit had not been poured upon her that she might prophesy. May the ministry of the book, like that of its author, be fruitful by divine blessing in the edification of saints, and in the awakening and conversion of many of the unsaved.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in Olney, Buckinghamshire, England, November 10th, 1827. Very pleasant are the memories of that home where I first drew the breath of life. No home that I have ever seen has seemed to me to come up to its standard; no mother to so completely fill the sphere and control all the machinery of the household with such a firm, wise hand, as did my mother hers.

“The constant flow of love that knew no change,
Ne’er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
Which humor, interposed, too often makes.”

I was the fourth of a family of seven—four brothers and three sisters. Very strong was the bond that bound us together. The least difference arising between us was always referred to our mother, from whose judgment we never thought of dissenting. I have no remembrance of having to learn to obey my parents; that lesson was learned from the earliest dawn of reason. My father, Henry Bass, was a man of noble, generous disposition, nervous and impulsive, and I have often thought that the description of Job’s character exactly fitted him—“an upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil;” carrying on for more than forty years the business of draper and clothier. His earnest prayer for his children often found utterance in the words of the Psalmist, “that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.”

The Sabbath was to us a day full of interest. Three times each Sabbath-day, year in and year out,

we gathered at the church. Sunday-school was from 9 to 10:30 o'clock, when the public service began, to which we always stayed; then again from 1 to 2 o'clock; and in the evening from 5 to 6, just before the public service, the latter being one of great enjoyment; one of the deacons generally reading a Bible story from the book, "line upon line and precept upon precept," addresses following, interspersed with lively singing, exhortation and prayers. Six hours of the day, always, except in cases of sickness, were spent in the house of God without any weariness. How often have I wished the children of America were trained this way! How blessed for themselves and our land, were they thus taught to revere and hallow the Sabbath-day!

One lesson, never to be forgotten, comes before me. In the days of my childhood, I was playing one day with my youngest brother Willie at ball. At the top of the first flight of stairs stood a large eight-day clock, and in throwing the ball up the stairs it struck the glass, breaking it all in pieces. In a moment the thought was suggested to say that Willie did it, as he was so little that mother could not punish him; and so, as she came asking who did it, I said, "Willie did it," no doubt looking guilty, for she at once said: "No, Willie did not do it; you did it." Then not a word of reproach for the accident; that was a little thing compared to the lie I had told; but leading me by the hand into the sitting-room, and taking the large Testament from the table, she opened at Acts 5:1-10, and read of Ananias and Sapphira being struck dead for telling a lie; and there, alone, I had to learn every word of it. Oh, what a wise mother was mine!

From earliest childhood I had deep convictions of sin, the Holy Ghost often moving upon my heart. I remember especially these words of Dr. Watts taking such hold on me:

"The soul, by blackening sin defiled,
Can never enter heaven

Till God and it are reconciled,
And all its sins forgiven.
For it must soar to worlds unknown,
Where happy spirits dwell;
Or, buried with the wicked, lie
Deep in the depths of hell.
There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire and chains."

How many ways the Spirit has of moving on the heart! Sometimes, in the sweet, gentle drawing of the Spirit, whispering, "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me," and by the impression that now is the best time to seek the Lord. Then in awful threatenings, making the soul quake, as did Moses when the holy law was given on Sinai's mountain. One such occasion I will never forget. We had a large garden, and to each of us our mother had given a portion to cultivate and plant as we pleased. Mine was a round bed, terminating a long gravel walk. There was a low border of a shrub called box all around it, and an evergreen tree in the centre. It was a source of wondrous pleasure to me. One night I dreamed that morning had come, and that with trowel and water-pot I was busy among my flowers, when suddenly my attention was aroused by the horizon back of the summer-house lighting up as if the sun was rising; but that could not be, for that was westward. As I looked on with wonder, the light kept spreading and increasing until it came up in spires of flame all around the horizon. Then came the awful, agonizing thought, *the day of judgment has come. The world, with all its works, is to be burned up, and I am unsaved; lost, forever lost!* Never while memory holds her seat will the awful agony of that dream be forgotten. Blessed be the name of the Lord, it was only a warning, sent in tenderest love, to tell me of approaching doom, and to warn me to "flee from the wrath to come." "When He," (the Holy

Spirit) "shall come," said our Savior, in that last discourse with his disciples, "He shall reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." How truly is this fulfilled in this and in every way, as He does His work among the children of men!

The scenery about Olney was very beautiful. Ascending on the south side, gradually, from the town to a village called Weston Underwood, there spread a beautiful valley; meadows of richest verdure, with many sheep and cattle feeding; clusters of trees, and then the village in the distance, and the church in which for many years John Newton preached the unsearchable riches of Christ. There was heard the peal of bells whose rich sound would fall on the listening ear, while the sky in its brightness was as clear as when "the angels shouted for joy, and all the morning stars sang together," and the Lord looked on this beauteous earth and pronounced it very good. Often, when gazing on this scenery, I would repeat the beautiful description given by the poet Cowper, who wrote most of his poems and passed many years of his life in Olney, and whose piety, with that of Mr. Newton's, left an influence which is felt to this day on all that neighborhood:

"How oft upon yon eminence, our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The rustling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene!

Thence with what pleasure we have just discerned
The distant plow slow-moving, and beside
His lab'ring team that swerv'd not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!

Here Ouse, slow-winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast-rooted in his bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our favorite elms
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;

While far beyond and overthwart the stream
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear;
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.
Scenes must be beautiful which daily viewed
Please daily; and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years,
Praise justly due to those that I describe."

All this would so move me that as I gazed I would be lost in admiration. Then the Spirit would reprove: "And you cannot look up and bless the Creator of all this;" and the thought would fall like a wet sheet over me, turning my joy to sadness. About this time my heart became very tender, and I would gladly get alone to pray. My elder brother was converted, and how I wished he would talk to me about my soul. After a time a sweet peace came to my heart. Then I became very anxious about my younger brother Willie, nearly four years younger than myself, that he should become a Christian; and every evening, taking our Testaments with us, we would go up three flights of stairs into the garret, and there read a chapter, verse by verse; then, as neither of us could sing, we would read over one, two or three hymns, then kneel in prayer; and truly the Lord did meet with us there, and bless us. I remember once, in coming down the stairs, I had such a feeling of holy joy that it shone all through my face, and I could see the beams of light.

Soon after this, I went from my home to stay for a time with an uncle and aunt. They were quite worldly, and lived about a mile from the parish church, where once a week an unconverted man read a sermon; there was no Sabbath-school, and no help in any way. My uncle lived on a large farm, and I, being quite delicate, my mother thought the change to the country would



MRS. CAROLINE JONES.

(See Pages 34, 35, 36, 43, 46, 47, 53, 54.)



REV. THOMAS FLUCK.
(See Page 43.)

do me good. O if I had only known that with a constant reading of the Word of God, and secret prayer, I could have kept the oil in my lamp, never to go out! There were no religious books there; only some novels, and I became wonderfully interested in them. Soon the oil burned down, and the light went out. Then came "such an aching void, the world could never fill."

Years passed along, and I was "a stranger and an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, without God and without hope in the world," though often the subject of deep convictions. My eldest brother had married and settled in Frome, Somersetshire. It was probably about two years from the time of his leaving the old home, when a letter came from him to say that business was dull, and they had determined to go to Australia. Gold mines had been discovered there, and the tide of emigration rolled that way. It seemed, when the letter was read, as though the very earth trembled beneath me, as I thought I might never see his face again on earth. I seemed to hold everything with just such a grasp, fearing I might lose everything, and had nothing beyond this world. How the Spirit here strove again to restore me to Christ and salvation!

About this time, my sister Eliza was converted. Now we were traveling different roads—she on the way to glory, I on the broad road leading to destruction. Then I began earnestly to seek the Lord. For one month I drank deeply of the gall and wormwood of a genuine repentance. Often, during that long month, one promise kept me from despair: "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." How I would plead it again and again with uplifted hands: "Lord, I come; thou hast said thou wilt in no wise cast out!" When almost tempted to despair, these words would help me:

"And if I perish at his feet,
I'll be the first who ever perished there."

But the time of deliverance came near. It had been the custom of my sister Eliza and I to sit up together after all the rest of the family had retired, to enjoy the sweet inter-communion of thought, perhaps never more pure and free than between two sisters. On this never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath night we talked of the way of salvation, and as I told her just where I stood, "no knowledge of the forgiveness of sins," she said: "You will never have an angel come from heaven to tell you, so you must 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.'" We parted, and again I cast myself on my knees, pleading for forgiveness for Jesus' sake. Then the Lord revealed himself to me as my Savior, saying to my inmost being, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven." Oh, the ineffable joy! I had passed from darkness into light, from the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of His own dear Son. I do not know that I closed my eyes in sleep that night; the joy was unspeakable and full of glory. I have been tempted by the great enemy in almost every way, but never once to doubt the reality of that great change; and may I not add, to the great glory of my Redeemer, that for forty-six years He has kept me from falling, and He will "present me faultless before his throne with exceeding joy!" Hallelujah! To Him be all the glory and praise forever and forever! Amen and amen! A child of God, an heir of eternal glory!

Now came the question: "How shall I ever go through?" for I knew somewhat of the stand I must take before my ungodly associates; "the race set before me." I must run if I would gain the crown. In condescending love the Lord gave me the very assurance He gave to Paul the Apostle: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." O what an anchor these words have been to my soul in many an hour of conflict! "Through many a dark and stormy gale, my anchor's held within the vail." With the full consciousness of what God has wrought in me, came the longing desire to lead

others to Jesus. Two brothers and one sister were still unsaved; now they were continually brought before God, while the cry would come up persistently, "Give me one soul, Lord; let me know, through thy rich grace, that *I have been the means of the salvation of one soul.*"

CHAPTER II.

MONTHS passed, and I would be in and out among the homes of the people, by the bedsides of the sick, and teaching in the Sabbath-school. One night my father—who was a deacon of the Baptist church—came home from attending the monthly meeting (a meeting held for receiving members, and attending to any other business of the church), and told us of a boy named George Wethers, who had presented himself to be received as a member of the church; and how he had told of his conversion. His sister Maria was one of our Sunday-school scholars. She had been sick and I had visited her, and while telling that dear child of the way of salvation, that dear boy, too shy and retiring to come into the room, had listened at the door. Then if I stayed a little late, and it was dark, he would walk with me through the alley in which they lived, to the open street. The seed thus sown had fallen into good ground, and he was rejoicing in God his Savior. O the wondrous joy over this first spiritual child, only second to that of my own conversion. And still the cry went up for more—*give me more souls, Lord!*

I had often pleaded for the conversion of my brother James, but faith would waver, and it seemed as though I could hope for everyone of the family easier than for him. One morning I called at his home for his wife, and as we walked together she said, "Sarah, I have good news to tell you." Then she began to tell me of the conversion of my brother—herself only con-

verted a little while. "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord"—words at that moment given me by the Lord—"see My almighty power." God had taken His own way in bringing him to a knowledge of himself, by showing him the insufficiency of all earthly things to satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul. Every wish of his heart had been gratified; married to one who had long been the object of deep love, my father had given him a share of his business, a nice home, and yet the *restlessness was there still*.

Every Sabbath evening, after public worship, a young man, a day-laborer, would pass my brother's house, on his way to a village three miles away, called Ravenstone. He would be surrounded by his class of Sunday-school scholars, and they would all seem so happy; their cheerful voices, as they passed, would fall on that brother's ear, and he would reason with himself: "That young man, so poor and yet so happy, while I have everything I could wish and yet so miserable." Then the Spirit would open his dark understanding, showing him that he was "poor, and naked, and blind and miserable." The work was quickly done; repentance was deep and thorough, and then Jesus set up His own kingdom in that heart, and, with joy and freedom, he started in the divine life. A room in his home was set apart for meetings; neighbors came in, and souls were saved; then the field widened. Never an ordained minister, he was called by the Master into His great harvest field, still continuing for many years in business, but probably fifty Sabbaths out of fifty-two, in all the country round, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. His wife and I would hold many cottage meetings in the neighborhood. Then the Lord called her out into a wider field. I shall never forget the first time she took her place as public teacher, in the village of Barton. Brought up in a church which does not believe in women preaching, and two of her brothers clergymen in that church (the Established Church of England), there

was an unutterable shrinking. As we paced to and fro, the struggle went on; the "woe is me if I preach not the gospel" had come upon her. Signally the Lord stood by and strengthened her in that trying hour, and through her lips carried the glad tidings of salvation to many weary hearts. She endured persecution with the hundred-fold of blessing here, preaching the gospel often to great crowds for fourteen years, and has now entered into the joy of her Lord.

The usual work, with herself and husband, during the summer, was preaching on the sea-shore to the multitudes gathered there. O what a privilege to be a co-worker with the Lord in bringing souls unto Himself!

"Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

Thou knowest not which shall thrive,
The late, or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever sown."

"Thou knowest not which may thrive." One day, while walking down one of the back streets of Olney, a young woman came to me and asked: "Will you go and see my husband; he is drinking, and going on so badly." Pointing out to me their home, I went; he was alone, and making shoes, and I felt from his manner that I was anything but a welcome guest. Rough in his speech, as I tried to press on him the exceeding value of his immortal soul, he said he did not believe it was worth a shilling to himself or to anybody else. When I had said all I could think of, he seemed totally unmoved. When about to leave, and with my hand on the door, the thought came, "this has been a fruitless visit."

Two or three days passed, and that young wife was in my home with the joyful news that her husband was seeking the Lord. I hastened to see him; but how

changed! still making shoes, but with the open Bible before him, "a new creature in Christ Jesus." He said: "Nothing that you said that day made any impression on me, but all that night I could see you, as you stood there talking to me with the tears rolling down your face; then my heart was broken at its own hardness; that you, a stranger, should care so much for me, while I cared nothing about myself." "O the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are His ways!" He chooses the weak things of this world to carry out His purposes of love in the salvation of the human soul. A few days ago I received a letter from his wife. These many years of absence from my native land have not loosened or weakened the bond of love between us, and still out of the abundance of her heart she refers to that visit and its life-long glorious results. "As ye go, preach"—"preach the gospel to every creature."

O what fillings up, in moments of secret communion with God, we will daily need to go forth so charged with the Spirit's life and power that out of the abundance of the heart, from heart to heart, we can thus preach.

Harlan Page, that devoted home missionary in New York, made it a rule never to talk with any one more than five minutes before speaking personally of religion; gathering by these efforts a multitude of souls, his joy here, his crown of rejoicing in that world of glory!

Another member of the same family was also given me of the Lord—Mrs. Kitchener's brother. I noticed one day a very poor cottage by the roadside. Prompted, I know, by the Spirit, I rapped at the door, and, receiving no answer, went in. I found a young man looking wonderfully emaciated. After finding what was the matter—asthma—I began to inquire if he was a Christian. "No," he said. "Do you read the Bible?" "No," was the short, abrupt answer, "I don't." "Why not?" I asked. "Because it's full of contradictions all

through." I told him I had read my Bible a great deal, and though there was much beyond my comprehension, I had never found any contradictions in it.

"Now let us talk it all over; perhaps I can help you," I said. How I lifted up my heart to God for light and wisdom, and it was given me. Difficulty after difficulty was presented, and explanations given which seemed to satisfy him. After a long pause I asked: "Do you think of anything else?" and upon saying he did not, I said: "Now, I would like to read to you," and selecting the chapter of all the precious ones in God's Holy Word for the wanderer, the 15th of Luke, his attention became riveted. The words that Jesus spake to him that day were spirit and life. As I read of the prodigal, of his misery in that far-off country, his coming to himself, his remembrance of that father's home—he, William Mead, just like that wanderer—the wondrous light of God's love shone into that heart; and for the first time in life he caught a glimpse of the grace of God, "whose nature and whose name is love." The Holy Spirit until that day had only moved on his heart as a reprover, convicting of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; "carnal, sold under sin." There had been awful resistance. God, the Holy One, to his darkened heart had only been a Judge before whose dread tribunal he would have to stand and be condemned; and he said afterwards, "I hated Him." The reading over, I asked him if he would like for me to pray with him. "No, thank you," he said, "I have had quite enough." But the arrow of conviction had entered that heart, never to be withdrawn until the Savior's own hand should remove it, and He Himself apply the balm of Gilead. Life had been to him so gloomy; extreme poverty, his mother a widow, supported by parish allowance and the little she could earn by making lace. While his own health was so impaired, he could scarcely earn anything, and had been again and again tempted to commit suicide, and had gone down to the river's brink for that purpose;

but courage would fail, or something prevent, every time. I had the joy of seeing him consecrate himself to Christ in holy baptism, and of often partaking with him the emblems of His dying love. In a letter from him, when I had been in America some two or three years, he asked: "Do you go after the young men in America as you came after me?" adding, "not a day but I follow you with my prayers."

How often the memory of William Mead has cheered me in my work. What greetings by and by in that land of light and love!

Many years ago he passed into the company of the redeemed.

"O happy, happy land! in thee
Shines the unveiled Deity;
Shedding o'er each adoring breast
A holy calm, a halcyon rest;
And those blest souls whom death did sever,
There meet to mingle joys forever.
O when shall heaven uncloset to me,
And when shall I its glories see,
And my now ransomed spirit stand
Within that happy, happy land?"

To visit the poor and the afflicted became an increasing delight, and a means of wonderful grace to my own soul.

One day, calling from door to door, distributing tracts, always accepting the invitation, when given, to come in, I found a woman named Jane Britain, weak, suffering, and very poor, and her husband, a day-laborer, much given to drinking. But her bodily pain was little to the distress of her soul. The Spirit had gone before me, "convicting of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," and under the vivid light she saw herself condemned in the sight of a holy God. Her spirit fainted. I would pray with and try to direct her to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." Her faith would seem almost to grasp Him; then the thought of her own unworthiness would drift

her away again, and on my next visit I would find her sunk in despondency.

One Saturday morning her mother came in great haste to fetch me, with the tidings that Jane had broken a blood-vessel. As I entered the little cottage, I felt such a sweet atmosphere of peace. Her eyes were closed, and she did not notice my entering the room. Taking my seat by her bedside, I began to repeat the Savior's words: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in Me." She opened her eyes, beaming with heaven's own light, exclaiming, as she stretched out her hand to me, "O Miss Bass, I know we shall meet in heaven." Every cloud had passed from her soul. By the eye of faith she had seen "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." Her sun had arisen to go no more down forever. As towards evening of the day she watched the sun setting behind the western hills, she exclaimed: "That sun is very beautiful, but nothing to the Sun of Righteousness which has arisen in my heart." And through those twenty-four hours she lingered on the shores of time, the language of her glad heart being,

"The angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

CHAPTER III.

TIME passed along, bringing its changes into our family circle. Two brothers were already married, and now the day came when my heart and hand were given to another, with him to walk life's journey. My husband, John Howes Cooke, almost a year before our marriage, had come to live at Olney, my native place. His home was next door to our minister's. Under strong religious convictions, produced by the conversation of an uncle, and at once introduced to a circle

of Christian friends, he became a Sunday-school teacher, and a regular attendant on all the services of God's house. He had mistaken conviction, changed purposes, a moral life, for real heart-conversion; and a deep, tender human affection on both sides had unknowingly helped to continue the deception a little while. But, like the early dew or the morning cloud, all passed away, and the form and profession of godliness was all laid aside. It was a matter of deep heart-sorrow, and yet there mingled with it no self-reproaches. And in the darkest day I ever saw, I had no doubt that the hand of my God led me, for had I not with exceeding earnestness laid this matter before Him, saying in the very language of Moses, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence." And as surely as he heard the voice of God, so did I, saying: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." And so he did.

I would often muse in grateful love that my work was so unhindered. I know the Lord's hand was in it. Now and then came an earnest remonstrance from my husband, that I was going beyond my strength and would surely kill myself, but not otherwise hindering me. Never very strong or robust physically, he did not understand that to those who have no might the Lord increaseth strength, and that though even "the youth shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail," yet "*they that wait upon the Lord* shall renew their strength, mount up with wings as eagles, run and not be weary, and walk and not faint;" all of which is included in experience on the road heavenward. Wonderfully kind was he in never wishing me to do any laborious work; "you have never been used to it," he would say, "and I don't want you to do it." How the hearts of all men are in God's hand, and He turneth them as He will. "I will be," He said to His ancient people, "a little sanctuary round about you," and we enter into the heritage of promises given to them, for we are His covenant people.

How truly "when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them," removing every hindrance out of the way. "Who shall roll us away the stone?" said the women on the way to the sepulchre; and lo, it was rolled away! *and an angel sat upon it.* Blessed experience, continually fulfilled to His own disciples!

My father had for many years suffered much from asthma, and had so often been brought very low that in his last sickness we did not apprehend any immediate danger. On the Friday evening preceding his death, I was with him. He was in a very sweet, tender frame of mind, repeating parts of that glorious hymn:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Then, looking back over life, he declared how satisfied he was with all God's dealings with him. The language of his heart was like that of one of old; goodness and mercy had followed him all the days of his life. Then he called me to his bedside to pray with him. Peace, perfect peace reigned within, and on Sabbath at noon, without a struggle, the spirit returned to God who gave it.

In him, the poor had always found a tender friend, one whose hand was ever stretched out to them. The first question often, when too cold for him to venture out, would be, "did I know of any one suffering or in need," and then the means would be given me to help them. Graciously in that last sickness the Lord fulfilled his promise: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing. Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

This was in December. In the following year, I was called to the sick bed of my eldest sister, Eliza, living in Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire. I found her suffering from intermittent fever and general prostration. Always delicate, with a mind too active for the frail tenement in which it dwelt, during the first

stage of the sickness there seemed a strong clinging to life. Very happy in her marriage relationship—with many interests—a circle of loving friends, and an earnest worker in the cause of the Redeemer, life was full of attraction. Then the thought would come of her husband's loneliness without her, and she said: "I would be quite willing to go, but Harry would miss me so much;" but faith triumphed over nature and, a little later, she said: "The Lord could make Harry a happy home if He should take me."

Day by day the attraction heavenward became stronger. Once, when all was fixed for the night, and I was about leaving the room, she called me to her, and looking earnestly into my face she said: "Sarah, don't you pray for my recovery." Reminding her how much we all loved her, and how glad we would be to keep her with us, she answered: "And I love you all very much; but it is so much better to depart and be with Jesus." While with her through the day, and listening to the doctor's cheery and hopeful words, I would think she might recover; but in prayer I could never take hold for her health—could only breathe out, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done."

The prayer of faith, in which at times our Father enables His children to take hold for the healing of the body, was never given. In His infinite love and wisdom He was calling her home,

"Where no storms ever beat on that beautiful strand,
While the years of eternity roll."

Every afternoon, she liked for about an hour to be left entirely alone. The fever would then be off, and she chose it as the best time for secret communion with the Lord. Opening the door one day, after the hour had passed, she sat upright in bed, her face radiant with joy as she exclaimed: "O I have had such a view of God's love!" Stretching out her hands, she said: "It seems to me like a boundless ocean, and as though I was lost in that boundless ocean of love!"

When suffering from extreme prostration, her favorite lines would be:

“ Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that would to His kingdom come,
Must enter by that door. ”

“ Do you, ” said a dear friend to her one day, “ have any fear of death? ” “ Oh, no, ” she answered, “ I don't know that I have ever thought of it. ” The word death was never on her lips. The “ valley of the shadow ” was all bridged over. She did not see it, for the eye of faith swept over it, and was on Him who is the resurrection and the life. “ To be with Jesus ” was her oft-repeated expression; repeating on Friday, with tenderest, deepest joy, the whole of that beautiful hymn:

“ Forever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home. ”

The Sabbath dawned, her last day on earth. Seeing the end was very near, I hesitated about leaving her to meet her Bible-class at the chapel, a large class of young women. I had been teaching them every Sabbath afternoon. “ Would you like me, dear, to take your class this afternoon? ” I asked. “ Yes, ” she answered with some surprise in her voice, “ why not? And tell them all I have loved and prayed for them very much. ” It was a melting time as we all together realized how near the parting was.

Our lesson that day was the words of comfort our Savior had spoken to His disciples, recorded in the 14th of John. Returning from the school with the class, they all passed by the open door, to take a last

look of their loved teacher. Wonderfully all through the day these words were applied to my heart: "If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice because I go unto My Father;" until the thought of her exceeding blessedness in being so near the presence of Jesus swallowed up all thoughts of sorrow at losing her. Hour after hour passed as the "silver cord was loosening."

An aunt, Mrs. Tuxford, remarked: "You have had seven weeks of peace." "I have had seven weeks of perfect peace," she answered. Her peace flowed like a river all through the day; at times she spoke words of fullest trust. With her head leaning on the bosom of her husband, the last words that our listening ears caught were: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

On the same day, March 7th, 1864, my husband left our native land for America. Bright prospects he thought he saw of openings for great success in Chicago, the far-away city of the West. His brother, who had a large business in Northampton, guided and planned the whole enterprise, which was to pack and salt meats in the English way.

My husband's first investment proved a failure and loss. He had letters of introduction, and was most kindly entertained in the home of General and Mrs. Cooke and their brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Brainerd; but a long time elapsed before he got into any business. How often I saw the hand of the Lord in this. In the homes of my widowed mother and brother-in-law, in some measure, the Lord helped me to comfort and cheer them in their loneliness.

My mother was very averse to my coming to America, and could not hear it mentioned without sadness. O how I would lay the whole case before the Lord, with one desire above every other, to know His will concerning me. On one occasion, especially, these words wonderfully helped me: "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with

thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Then followed the glorious promise: "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." My soul anchored right on that promise.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

During this time the Lord led me out much more fully into his work, especially that of holding cottage prayer-meetings and visiting from house to house. There heart touches heart, and as to the disciples on their way to Emmaus, so the Savior now draws near. Eighteen hundred years in glory have made no difference; Jesus is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Time passed on, and the letters from my husband became more urgent for me to come and join him in America; and still my way did not seem clear before me.

One Saturday afternoon, alone in the middle of a large field, in Leicestershire, I knelt in prayer. My path was intricate, and my own wisdom all insufficient to decide as to the step I ought to take. But the Lord enabled me, with a Jacob-like grip of faith, to take hold of His strength, that I might prevail with Him. He brought before my mental vision the scene of the children of Israel: The daily guidance, He Himself leading them in all the way, they only journeying through the wilderness, looking out for the guiding pillar of fire or of cloud to know His will. And the blessed assurance was given that so He would daily guide me.

No tongue can tell the unutterable sweetness that came; the calm rest in His sure guidance. All painful doubt and uncertainty was gone, and ever and anon since then, as circumstances of perplexity have arisen, have I leaned not in vain on that most precious promise.

Three years had passed, and the way was all opened, and He in whose hands are the hearts of all men had brought my dear mother and brother to be willing. My husband's brother had joined him, and they had commenced business together.

The pressing invitation had come, and soon we were under sail, on our way to New York—Mrs. George Cooke, her two little boys and servant, and myself. I had often seen the ocean from the cliffs of England, but this was my first voyage. What thoughts it inspired of God and of His wonders in the great deep. I loved to sit on the deck and see the boundless expanse of waters and the star-lit sky. It would seem as though no one could behold it and doubt the existence of God. The spreading heavens were as a tabernacle all around us; and, lifting up our eyes, the thought of Him who had created all these things, who had brought out their hosts by number, made it seem natural to adore and worship Him! For a few days all was calm and bright. Then the wind began to rise, and a storm increased steadily for three days, until the large steamer seemed like a cork, tossed by the mighty billows. Sabbath evening came, and between seventy and eighty of us sat down to supper. The hum of many voices heard before at every gathering was hushed. That night, as we individually realized the awful peril we were in, ("let the great sea of my soul stay itself, my God, on Thee," said St. Augustine, and a greater than he has said, "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Me,") every fear was taken from my soul, and the only sad thought was of the grief of loved ones. The scene was all so vivid; the gurgling of the waves, the few moments of physical suffering; then the soul to take her place in the presence of Jesus,

"To see the Lamb in His own light,
Who here we dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
Through all eternity."



S. L. Moody

(See Pages 40, 42, 52, 204, 207.)



REV. C. H. SPURGEON
(See Pages 145, 146, 243.)

There was an earnest committing of ourselves to God, as we knelt in our little cabin, and then, lying down under His sheltering wing, we awoke to find the great danger had passed. The waves, by His mighty power, had been stilled. Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

We were ten days on the ocean. My husband's brother met us on our landing in New York, he having come from Chicago for this purpose, and to journey with us to our future western home.

It was Saturday night, about midnight, when we reached Chicago. What a mutual joy to meet again after this long separation!

CHAPTER IV.

OUR first home was on Wabash avenue, near Madison street. How I would look on the countless throngs, as they passed morning and evening, and feel what it was to be "a stranger in a strange land." And the question would come: "Will I ever love anyone, or will anyone ever love me in this great city? Can I find a work to do here for my Lord?" And soon the way opened and I found a home in the Second Baptist Church, at the corner of Morgan and Monroe streets. I can never forget how kindly I was received by the pastor, Dr. Goodspeed, and the church. In the Baptist church, where I had been brought up in England, no woman's voice was ever heard; but here they were free. The words of Joel, repeated by the Apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost,—“And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy”—had been recognized as a standing rule for God's church in this dispensation of the Holy Spirit.

The pastor would speak words of encouragement, and the Spirit would move on me mightily, but O the

shrinking! I would no sooner take my seat than the accuser would attack me, generally telling me what a fool I had made of myself. How I would feel so abashed! "O if I could but sink out of everyone's sight!" Then one night the thought came to me: "I never call anyone a fool, and no one ever calls me a fool; this must be the voice of the tempter;" and he did not come in just that way again, but in others.

One Wednesday night the Spirit so moved me to speak, but the tempter reasoned. (Mr. Wesley said, "Beware of the reasoning devil.") O how many blessings he has robbed us of! The meeting closed; my opportunity was gone; and as I left the church it seemed as though the darkness of Egypt had settled down on me. Walking alone across Madison street bridge, the Lord in His tender compassion spoke to me in these never-forgotten words: "*Lift up your voice like a trumpet, lift it up and be not afraid. Say unto the people, behold your God.*" No doubt, from that hour, has ever rested on me about woman's speaking in the churches; no doubt about my own call from His own Spirit to go forth in His name and preach the gospel.

I soon found out the noonday prayer-meeting, held at the Y. M. C. A. hall for more than a quarter of a century, missing only once, (on the day of the Chicago fire, when the building was consumed,) a gathering from which a noble band of workers had gone forth to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

One Saturday morning, on leaving the noonday prayer-meeting, I was accosted by a stranger. She had come lately from the East, and her heart yearned for Christian fellowship and sympathy. Soon our hearts were knit together in love. We commenced a prayer-meeting on a Saturday evening, and she joined me in work already commenced in the Bridewell. It might have been our third visit together, as we left the gate of the Bridewell, when Mrs. Hawxhurst stopped me, saying, "I don't think I am going to live long." "Why, what makes you think so?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, I am so happy; why, it don't seem as though my feet touched the ground as I walk." I said: "You have begun to work for the Lord, and He is paying you your wages." "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." More and more she realized the glorious truth. How often I have seen her face as that of an angel, as her life became increasingly devoted to the work of rescuing the perishing.

One instance I must give here of the Lord's guidance and blessing, received from her own lips: One morning she was especially drawn out in prayer that she might be directed in helping some soul. Starting down one of the poor streets—Third or Fourth avenue—and stepping up to a small house, she rapped at the door. Receiving no answer, she walked in. There, in a corner of the room, lay a man, apparently very sick, with a little child by his side. On inquiring she found that he was suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs. On Mrs. H—— asking if he was a Christian, he told her he was not, adding: "I am a great sinner." Taking her place by his side, she explained to him the work of the Redeemer; how He came into the world to save the lost. "But I am such a great sinner;" and the thought of his own great sinfulness engrossed and apparently hid from him the greatness of the atonement.

One day, entering the room, she found a change had come, "the translation from darkness into light," and he soon told the glad story. "I was sitting here in my chair last night, when all at once I saw a field. It looked so green, as though it had been new-mown, Then I saw it was dotted all over with sheep, and saw a great hill beyond, and the Good Shepherd came down it, and He walked among the sheep. I thought He would not see me, and I could not get out of my chair to Him; but He came right up to me and put His hand upon my head, and I looked on myself, and I was white as snow." Now followed deep peace—

Jesus his Savior—sins, that were many, all forgiven for His name's sake.

She found him one morning with eyes closed, and the bed moving under the strong emotion that stirred the body and soul. Recognizing her, he said: "This old body could not stand much more of this glory; it just goes through me."

After his conversion he always addressed Mrs. H—— as Sister. Reading to him one day out of the precious Word, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me," he said: "Stop, Sister; I want you to read that over to me again, and put my name, John Parker, in." It was read, "Let not your heart be troubled, John Parker; you believe in God, believe also in Me." "Yes, Lord-Jesus," he said, "I isn't a bit troubled, for I do believe in you. Read on, Sister, and put my name in every verse," responding with wonderful satisfaction as she read it.

The closing scene drew near, and as she watched by him he said: "Sister, don't you hear the angels singing?" "No," she answered, "I do not hear them." A little while, and more eagerly he asked again: "Don't you hear the angels singing? why the room is full of them." It might be that the same company who carried the poor Lazarus from the rich man's gate had come to take this ransomed one home. "It may be," she said, "when as near heaven as you are I shall hear them too."

The shades of evening were just closing, and, said my loved friend, it seemed that as his spirit passed from earth to heaven, the room was filled with the glory of God. "I was sick and ye came unto Me."

" Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved to sin no more."

This gospel moves the human heart as nothing else can do. On one occasion, out in the very early morning, Mrs. H—— noticed a man sitting on the

edge of the sidewalk, ragged and sunk apparently to the lowest depths. The Spirit prompted her to go and speak to him. Addressing him sweetly, in the language of love and tenderness, he looked up, asking; "Who calls me a friend?" Dazed and bewildered, she took him with her and procured a suit of clothes and found for him a home. Soon, like the prodigal, he came to himself. He had come from the East, falling lower and lower from a high position; brought back again by her loving hand, to his Father's house, we trust, to go no more out forever.

In the homes of the people, moving as an angel of light, ministering to the wants of soul and body, contrasting, sometimes, the past with the present, she would say: "If in my home of elegance in Brooklyn, I could have seen myself as I now am, carrying large burdens and spending my time as I do, how miserable I should have been!" Then, speaking of its exceeding blessedness, the "hundred-fold" in present joy and peace, for all given to Him, she added that life had a blessedness she had never dreamed of before.

SANCTIFICATION.

In my own country I had read and been wonderfully helped by the lives of Carvosso, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, and Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, and would often wonder if there were any such Christians now on the earth, thinking how I would like to meet with them. He that fulfilleth the desires of them that fear Him had led me to America; and I was invited to go to a camp-meeting at St. Charles, Ill. I went, full of curiosity and expectation. On reaching the campground (I shall never forget the first impressions), it seemed to me as the very vestibule of heaven. The very atmosphere seemed purer than that of earth. As I looked over the large congregation, I wondered they were all so plainly dressed. I thought, surely they must all be very poor people to dress so, and was very much puzzled about it. At the next morning service I sat

where I could see many of their faces. Such a look of heavenly purity beamed from them. As I looked and looked, I was more and more impressed that there was a connection between their simple dress and the looks of purity and peace that sat on their countenances, while the Spirit of the Lord whispered: "They have taken the world from the outside, and I have taken it from within."

Two loved sisters, now in glory, Mrs. Mary Tuck and Mrs. Phœbe Rosencrans, had welcomed me, with many others, to their tent. I can see them now, as they waited on God's children. How I would gaze on their heaven-touched faces, beaming with the glory of God; and my soul would cry out to the living God for such an experience. Then the Lord would ask me: "Are you willing to pay the price?" and would draw my eyes from their radiant faces to the plain dresses. I can see them now. What an unutterable shrinking! Common calico, a little linen collar, bonnets the plainest that could be made; no bow, no feather, no lace, no flower! Could I give up all the world and take that line? The devil said: "You would look just like an old washer-woman;" and then the thought of husband, unsaved and very proud, would come; could I bear his displeasure and disapproval? The Spirit would talk to me. If I loved any earthly relation more than Jesus my Lord, I was not worthy of Him; giving me the foreshadowing of the hundred-fold in this life, and also of the persecution that would follow. One evening there stood near our tent a little company singing that old but (to me, then) new song, one verse of which particularly struck me; it was this:

"If Christ would live and reign in me,

I must die!

Like Him I crucified must be;

I must die!

Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans;

The flesh may writhe and make its moans,

But this 's the way, and this alone—

I must die!"

If there and then I had seen the nails, and the hammer ready to drive them through my trembling flesh, I could scarcely have shrunk more; and evermore the searching Word of God would come, urging on to obedience; as "after this manner in the old times the holy women, also, who trusted in God adorned themselves;" and "whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on apparel." Oh, how patient, how good, my Lord was with me! And then what preaching, "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven," and "in demonstration of the Spirit!" I could understand the power the first apostles had, as I listened to those holy men of God—Brothers Roberts, Travis and Terrill. One sermon of Brother Travis' was glorious beyond description. His text was 2 Cor. 3: 18: "We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image," etc. Before the sermon closed, rays of glory beamed from his face as from the face of Moses as he came down from the mount; and we gazed, adored and wondered. The time of yielding came, when I was to be crucified to the world. It was a struggle. All had been laid on the altar—husband, dress, reputation, all yielded; everything, with self, a living sacrifice. It seemed as though the very powers of darkness were let loose on my soul in that time of sore agony.

In the darkness of the night, it became almost insupportable, and I thought I would awaken a dear sister, and we would go out alone together, when the words were spoken to my inmost soul, "He trode His Gethsemane alone, and so must you." I held on. I had no idea of time in that fearful Gethsemane of suffering, but tired nature, after it, sank in sleep. When the morning dawned, and I awoke to consciousness, then came the blessed assurance that God had sanctified me wholly. As I looked out of the tent, the world had never looked so beautiful, and the thought came, this is the very earth Moses and Paul and all the holy

ones of the past lived on, and the blessed consciousness that I was as near God as they were.

“PURIFIED, MADE WHITE AND TRIED.”

The blessing of sanctification was received about June, 1871, and all was kept on the altar of sacrifice for about two weeks before our great Chicago fire. With so much power the words of the prophet would come to me: “Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.” I would ponder: What did it mean? for I knew the Lord did not send such strong impressions for nothing.

It was Sabbath-night. Mr. Moody had preached in Farwell Hall, and the second meeting was being held. The alarm of fire had been sounded two or three times. The Spirit prompted me to speak to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Some that were in that meeting that night perished within twenty-four hours in the flames. How often I have looked back and regretted that lost opportunity. The meeting dispersed. The fire alarm again and again sounded. My husband said: “There must be a very large fire on the West Side,” and went out to see it. It had been a day filled with work. In a little time I was aroused from a deep slumber by my husband’s voice saying, “You must get up directly; the fire has crossed the river and will soon be here.” Hurriedly gathering a few things together and placing them in the entry of Farwell Hall, we hastened out. None who saw that scene can ever forget the roaring of the flames, the crashing of buildings. Often these words would come to me: “We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze,” while such a consciousness of the presence of God as a stronghold in the day of trouble brought the deepest peace. Standing by the side of a lady in deep mourning, I asked if

her home was burned. "No," she said; "is yours?" Pointing to the flames that had already caught the building, telling her there we lived, I added: "I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; no fire would ever consume that home." How the tears rolled down her cheeks. I don't know that I have seen her since that day. It seemed as though the Lord had such a perfect right to do as He would with His own. He gave, and He had taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!

Every dray, every express wagon, was engaged. Husband, with the help of a colored man, carried two trunks to the vacant lot at the foot of Madison street, by Lake Michigan. The next Sabbath morning came and as I prepared for the service, the thought came, for the first time in my life, "I have no home;" then followed the words of Jesus: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." Oh, the tender feelings! It seemed as though I was a step nearer my Savior than I had ever been before. Reaching the church early, there came a fuller blessing; such a manifestation of God, my God!—the gifts gone; *the Giver mine*—my everlasting portion. Down on the floor, between those seats, I poured out the deep thanksgiving of my soul in adoring gratitude and love. At first we did not know but what nearly all was gone—banks, insurance, all. But in a little time the bank in which husband had most of his means deposited made all good, and the insurance company, also, paid almost all. It was just the trial of faith—a proof of God's all-sufficiency in every time of need! Such a wonderful consciousness that amidst all that awful confusion, His eye was on every one. A family were living in the same building—Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord and children Mrs. G—— was in quite delicate health. They all walked as far as they could, then stopped on a door-step, feeling they could go no farther. A woman in that house, upstairs, was greatly impressed that

some one at her door needed help. Going down, she took this family in, and for weeks sheltered and cared for them. O how the world's great heart was moved! What pouring in of everything to help in that time of great distress and need!

My two brothers-in-law and their families spent the next night on the open prairie. It was days before we found each other. Churches, all available places, were turned into homes and places of shelter for the 80,000 homeless ones, and not one forgotten before God.

A colored woman in my class in the Rock Island Mission, in trying to save all she could from the flames, as she turned to escape found the fire was all around her: so, to quote her own words: "I just set myself up against the building; I shut my eyes and said: 'Lord, if my time has come, take me,' and when I opened my eyes I just see one way out."

Many had such narrow escapes from death.

MR. MOODY'S PENTECOST.

At this time Mr. D. L. Moody was a very active worker in the Young Men's Christian Association. Living quite near the rooms, I soon became deeply interested in their work. At their Yoke-Fellows' meetings, temperance, noon and other meetings, women of God were heartily welcomed. Mr. Moody was an earnest, whole-souled worker; but ever to me there seemed such a lack in his words. It seemed more the human, the natural energy and force of character of the man, than anything spiritual. I felt he lacked what the apostles received on the day of Pentecost. Dear Sister Hawxhurst and myself (almost always together) would after the evening meetings talk with him about it. At first he seemed surprised, then convicted; then asked us to meet with him on Friday afternoon for prayer. At every meeting he would get more in earnest, in an agony of desire for this fullness of the Spirit, while the travail of the soul

for him, which came on me once on the St. Charles camp-ground, I shall never forget.

He has often told, himself, as to when and how the mighty baptism fell on him in Wall street, New York, and of its blessed results. Few have watched that life with a deeper interest than I. The continual prayer of my heart has been, "Lord, keep him humble as a little child at Thy feet."

After that wonderful work in England and Scotland, on his return to Chicago, when it was announced that he would be in Farwell Hall, what a gathering to welcome him back again! Was he the same? Had all this wonderful success and popularity not puffed him up or exalted him? No, he was just the same simple-hearted man, and as intensely in earnest as ever. I thanked God and took courage. O what are any of us but the cloud on which the Sun of Righteousness can shed some of the beams of His glory? *All, all from Him; and to Him for every one of His workmen we would ascribe the praise and the glory forever.*

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT this time we were holding meetings each Sabbath afternoon in Lincoln Park, and on the way, one Sabbath, for the first time we met Mr. Wm. Hanmer. He had lately come from England with a heart all aglow with the love of God and earnest zeal for His cause. There were three or four others who had been local preachers in the old country, longing to work in the cause of the Redeemer; and so the Lord led us to form a *Mission Band*, to go anywhere as He should lead us and open our way to labor for Him. Chas. Cooke, Wm. Hanmer, Jas. Bird, Mr. Dickinson, Wm. Jones, Henry Huck, Mrs. Hawxhurst, Daniel Andrews, Thos. Fluck, Richard Martin and Sarah A. Cooke constituted the band.

From the very commencement the blessing of the Lord rested upon us. The band was composed of Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Methodists, and were all one in Christ Jesus. No denominational bickerings disturbed the harmony of our work. The Bible was our guide; the blessed Savior our Head and Leader. In our business meetings, held once a month, if there was anything like friction, or difference of opinion, some one would propose prayer, and as the full breathings of our hearts for light and wisdom would go up, the blessing would come and we would see eye to eye, and the unity of the Spirit would be kept in the bond of peace.

I remember once, when looking out for a room on the North Side in which to hold a mission, such a weight of the divine glory coming on me that the body staggered beneath it.

Two of our fellow-laborers in the glorious work, Mr. Dickinson, a man of large, tender heart, to whose wise counsel we owed much in our work—a minister among the Presbyterians—and Mr. James Bird, have passed to glory. As we looked on Bro. Bird's face in death he seemed "like a warrior taking his rest;" and, realizing the presence of the Lord, I only restrained the shout of joy which welled up in my soul because of the presence of his weeping daughter, who had come from her home in Dakota too late, for the spirit had passed from its tabernacle of clay, "to be forever with the Lord."

FROM MY JOURNAL.

October 30th, 1871.—To-day I begin another journal. All past records were destroyed in the terrible fire which has visited us, leaving one-fourth of our city in ruins. Blessed be the name of the Lord!—through it all He has kept me, as in the hollow of His hand, in perfect peace. And now we look for the fruit of this great judgment. "When Thy judgments are abroad in the earth, then the people shall learn wisdom."

Spoke at the Wednesday night prayer-meeting of the Lord's great goodness in that time of trial, and that henceforth I would look upon nothing as my own; all should be given to God—all for Him—time, talents, nothing I have henceforth considered my own, but henceforth and forever, "not I that live, but Christ living in me."

November 6.—Spoke at an out-of-door meeting on the ruins, and at night held a meeting at Mrs. Wright's.

November 12.—Heard Mr. Bailey preach on "Ye that make mention of the Lord keep not silence." He said: There are two classes of obligation, personal and relative. Ye are a royal priesthood. How particular was the purification of the priests' holy garments. Blood on the toe and thumb. God kindled the fire; they had to watch it that it did not go out, and to supply the sacrifices. Ye are God's remembrancers; keep not silence. The priests in the temple watched, repeating the 134th Psalm, lifting up their hands and praising God. Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost.

To-morrow we leave here; and now, gracious Master, Thou who didst lead thy people in the wilderness, go before and I will follow.

"I nothing have, I nothing am;
My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb,
Now and forever more."

I must remember that in every place there will be the daily cross. "Deny thyself, take up thy cross daily and follow Me."

December 3.—Sabbath evening. Met with the Yoke Fellows; had a precious time together, and the second meeting was more spiritual than usual.

December 24.—At home to-day (Sabbath), with a cold. I miss my old books, the Lives of Fletcher, Bramwell and Madame Guyon. It was the Savior's promise to His disciples that the Spirit should bring all things to their remembrance; and now I have asked that the same blessed Spirit may make up the loss of

these precious works. O so to abide in Jesus that I may ask what I will and it shall be done unto me. I want victory everywhere, in the blood of the Lamb; such a realizing sense of God's presence as never, under any circumstances, to lose it. And watchfulness, everywhere, to live for God's glory, and more prayer for others.

January 2, 1872.—How frequently I lose the opportunity of testifying for my Lord. I do know the Shepherd's voice, and must be more prompt to obey.

January 12.—Another change. Dear Mrs. Hawxhurst has left us. We miss her so much! we have had such sweet communion together. Have received a present of money from my dear mother to replace my books and clothes lost in the great fire.

January 15.—Went to the Erring Woman's Refuge yesterday. The Lord is working there. Am so glad Dear Sister Tuck is there. What an influence her loving Christian spirit has had on those fallen ones. Went forward at the Free Methodist Church for the blessing, again, of full sanctification. Know I have not had the victory over every feeling of irritability and impatience, and have been wanting in tender, gentle, patient love. As I sought and ventured again, the all-cleansing blood was applied. When the witness is not clear I venture on the promise, "Reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord;" and the witness has come, clear as day.

March 10.—Feel as though nearing a crisis in temporal matters. Things look very dark ahead. To my own judgment it has seemed as though we ought to make some change; but every time I make an effort all the peace seems to leave my soul, and is only regained by again quietly leaving all. Thou knowest, O Lord, I desire to know and do Thy will in all things.

February 6.—Much prayer yesterday with Sister H—— and Mr. Jones; the savor of that sweet drawing near to God seems to abide to-day. To-day prayed

with Mr. Dickinson for the holy anointing to be upon him. Am looking forward to a visit from Sister Coon. O the deadness and supineness everywhere to spiritual things. O my Lord, endue her with power from on high as she comes among us.

February 19.—Sister Coon left us, quite sick, on Saturday. Went with her to several meetings; felt much of the Spirit's power, especially when holiness was the theme. Began a meeting on Saturday night for the promotion of holiness. It seemed on our way home, after the first meeting, as though the heavens were opening, I felt such touches of glory. I see it becomes irksome to those who still cling to the world, longing for the blessing, and yet not willing to lay all on the altar and be crucified unto the world and the world unto them. Have received a letter from my dear sister Fanny, which has stirred the depths of my soul. She has suffered so much; and now, in prospect of again becoming a mother, she asks me, should she be taken, that her children may be the subject of my prayers, and, if possible, of my personal care. Blessed Lord, if consistent with Thy holy will, spare her precious life. Mrs. Hawxhurst has been invited to the Halsted Street Mission. How earnestly, last night, we sought guidance of the Lord about it.

February 19.—My beloved sister's birthday; and a letter has come telling of her safe delivery. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

April 7.—A precious meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Spoke of Jesus ascending in the act of blessing His disciples. He is still the same. One thousand years has not diminished that fountain of exhaustless love. "The same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Still He calls. Jerusalem sinners, whose hands were red with His blood, were the first to hear the invitation; all His love rejected, He will say, "Behold ye despisers, and wonder and perish."

April 20.—Meeting at Sister Dudman's. She gave a clear testimony of the victory she has everywhere

Spoke of drawing the thoughts continually back to God. Could not spare the time to let them rest on unprofitable subjects; as soon as they came she looked to the Lord for victory.

June 19.—Went to the St. Charles camp-meeting. Mrs. Updike told of her wonderful healing by faith, after the doctor had told her it was impossible she could ever be healed. Felt much liberty as we together brought my beloved sister before the Lord.

June 25.—All the sharp ruggedness of my nature not yet gone. O how humbled I am in the dust this day. Spoke so sharply to my beloved Sister H——. In the strength of the Lord I must overcome this great failing.

July 3.—Left for the Waverly camp-meeting. For the first two or three days it was a new field. Much drawn out in prayer for the conversion of sinners, and on the fourth day it began to be evident that the Lord was working in convicting power. Many told by their tearful eyes that their hearts were softened, and many were brought, we trust, to Jesus. O that they may prove faithful! And now I am going back to my home again, with many resolutions to walk more perfectly before my God.

July 26.—Came to Rossville, to my brother's. Have had, at times since I have been here, great nearness to the Lord, and great longing after complete and entire conformity to His image. How wonderfully narrow is the way where the sunshine of God's love fills the soul; what constant waiting and praying. My way has not been opened here for much work. There was no preacher at the church on Sabbath morning, but a good congregation, and while wondering what they would do, the Lord spoke to me: "Give ye them to eat," bringing vividly to memory the scene of the five thousand, of the bread broken and given to them, through the disciples, and surely He gave me the bread to break to them that morning. How I need more gentle, tender love. Believe I could have done



MR. CHARLES COOKE.
(See Pages 43, 58, 74, 308.)



REV. G. W. HANMER.
(See Pages 43, 62, 73, 86)

much more good at this time, had I had it. My quick way of speaking prejudices people. Finney says: "Our lack of faith in receiving Jesus as our all, makes us lacking." I believe it; we do not earnestly, believingly look to Him to be our wisdom with every one with whom we converse; thus we err and fail. "Never," said the holy Bramwell, "for one moment lose sight of God."

August 22.—Spoke last evening at Rossville church. No liberty. O, what a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal without Thee! Spoke of the joy of a close walk with God. Madam Guyon, in the Bastile, said: "If the soul is gloomy, it is because sin or unbelief is shutting out the sunshine of God's love."

Am reading, with much pleasure, the life of Lady Maxwell, a friend and co-laborer with Mr. Wesley. She says, in her diary: "I heard a lecture from John 1:18, under which the eyes of my faith were as clear as the shining of the sun at noonday. Jesus seemed to stand in the midst, and I knew Him as the Son of God, and as my Savior. Amazing mystery of redeeming love! Blessed Lord, let me sink deeper and deeper every day into the knowledge of it. O let me sink into all the depths of humble love and rise to all the heights of Christian confidence! Then, Lord, though but a worm, I shall bring glory to Thee, without (strange notion of some) derogating from Thy priestly office. O the various devices whereby Satan deceives the children of men; not only the wicked unto final destruction, but also the children of God, whereby they suffer much loss, and fall far short of that degree of glory they might have brought to Him!"

Again she writes: "I find there is nothing so much tends to compose the mind and to keep it collected religiously as a constant sense of the presence of God. If at any time I am in danger of being unhinged, a look to God by faith sets all right immediately; all the affectionate powers of the soul are collected and fixed upon God as their proper centre; and a heavenly

serenity ensues. May I be enabled every moment to lay as passive clay in the hands of my God, and have all the good pleasure of His will fulfilled in me. This is sufficient; but indeed my heart pants with strong desire to feel the utmost power of transforming grace."

August 26.—Read the account of Noah warned of God to prepare an ark—God's way, ever that of warning. James McFarlan, who had not been in a church since a boy, and playing at billiards in his saloon, was warned of God; went home, but could not sleep till near morning; then dreamed he was to burn his cards and fiddle and read his Bible. He obeyed, and was soon a gloriously saved man. Will you heed God's warning voice? Nothing so hardens the heart as continued warnings disregarded. Often, in speaking in our jail, I have seen one head and another drop, and the large tears fall from eyes all unaccustomed to weep, as they have listened to the gospel. O what a little time, and you will have listened to the last warning, the last invitation of a loving Savior!

Napoleon the Great said: "I have plans enough for the lives of twenty emperors, but before I have executed two of them I shall die." Yes, an exile on the island of St. Helena, saying while there: "I look upon life as the greatest of horrors. No tongue can tell what I have suffered the last twenty hours." Without God and without hope in the world! I need more of the drawing, melting unction of the Holy Spirit.

September 6.—I dreamed last night that I had an interview with Fletcher, and we talked of the purity of heart possible here. Awoke with such a feeling of sweet peace. He who so richly blessed Fletcher is my all-sufficient helper, able to supply all my needs out of His riches in glory through Jesus Christ. It is said of Whitfield that so close was his communion with Jesus, that after his usual hour or more alone with God, before preaching, he came among the people as with a halo around his head, and his yearning for

souls was so great that he continually plead: "Give me souls, or take my soul." He preached eighteen thousand sermons. Blessed Lord, raise up more such laborers in Thy vineyard!

September 23.—Too much talk lately; profitless discussions not meet to minister grace, and, after hearing a dull sermon, spoke unadvisedly about it and other things.

April 6, 1873.—Heard such good news from my brother James. He had received such a deep baptism of the Holy Spirit. Jesus had become to him an indwelling Savior, giving him victory, joy and peace. Had often felt if he could only come to America and hear preaching such as I had heard, he would get the blessing of holiness.

EMBERTON, March 14, 1873.

MY DEAR SISTER: Your letter came to hand yesterday. Mattie is away at Harborough, for work. The snow falls continually, and I seem led to sit down and write to you. I am very pleased with your letter, and I truly do feel with you in all you say; especially about a heart wholly given to the Lord. I know you will rejoice when I tell you that I have lately passed into a state of sweet peace in Jesus. I feel His love in a sense I have never felt it before. I know you have been praying for me, and so has Mattie; (his wife.) I dare not say much to her about it, for if it does not show in fruit before her it is not worth much. Some few weeks since, in prayer, I told the Lord I would give up all to Him, if He would accept and give me constantly help to be true to Him. I thought I had done so before, but the Lord knows if I ever really did, for He searches the heart. A few hours after, a trembling came over me, and a voice seemed to say: "You are not your own; you have given yourself to the Lord." It was a new idea. I felt neither lifted up nor very joyous, but rather feeble and helpless. I knew if God did not constantly by His Spirit work within me, my heart was just as prone to wander, my

resolutions just as little able to keep the flame of holy love to God steady and fixed, as ever. I had known something of effort, and of relapse into indifference to follow; the spirit of prayer flashing out and in, with no more regular power than the flashings of the will-of-the-wisp; but God, for Christ's sake, took pity and sent help from above.

Peace, like a river, flowed through my soul. In the three or four days that followed, God gave me several tokens of His presence.

Words ordinary, spoken to those I visited, were followed by tears and signs of awakening. This is of God, I thought; it cannot be me; these tears, these responses—this arrow in the heart must be shot from God's bow. He simply uses these words as the mere vehicle to convey them.

God's Word I see now with different eyes. Truths that were sealed are now made plain. I never understood, before, the 6th of Romans, nor how the 1st verse of the 12th chapter could be made practical. The 15th of John was a favorite, but it was full of mystery and difficulty. I got more sadness than gladness out of it. I would ask, "how can I abide in Christ, to realize what our Savior promises?" O what a fullness does this open to the child of God. It must be heaven begun below to take what Jesus gives in this chapter. The terms are too hard for flesh and blood, but with Him all things are possible. Let me listen to the terms again; blessed Jesus, Thou must help me moment by moment to abide in Thee; utter failure marks all other efforts. The past is full of lamentable break-downs, wrecks crowd upon its pages; let the dead past be buried, and Christ and I strike a new bargain. Tears dim my eyes as I think of His patience and long-suffering. He only knows what a miserable past of sin, and service but little better, it has been. This draws me closer to Him, and to Him must all the glory be ascribed. He has shown me my folly and weakness; but the light to show it up was

lighted at the altar of love. He dealt with me as He told His disciples to do, in Luke 17:4. Now His love beams on me. What can I do for such a Savior? Nothing but let Him do just what He likes with me; to lay in His arms and die at once, or to work in His vineyard—just as He pleases. I am so sick of having no power over myself that I would rather go straight into the grave than back into that state again.

My only hope is Jesus, first, midst, last of all, everything!

With much love to you; and may every blessing be yours.

Your affectionate brother,

JAMES BASS.

CHAPTER VI.

JULY 12.—Very happy in God; my soul is abiding under the shadow of His wing. With Madam Guyon I can say,

“My sole possession is Thy love;
On earth below or heaven above,
I have no other store. And tho’ I pray
And importune Thee night and day,
I ask for nothing more.”

I knelt with dear Carrie on the very spot where we have so often knelt with our beloved Brother Moody. O Lord of the harvest, send forth more such laborers into Thy vineyard!

August.—A time of much spiritual conflict; partly, I think, from uncertainty about whether I should return to England. Have been so fearful lest I should make a mistake. Have been at my brother Henry’s three weeks, and have not pushed out into the Lord’s work as I might have done. The joy of the Lord very much depends on a full consecration of all our

redeemed powers to His glory and service—"as we have opportunity of doing good to all men." The highest good on earth is to labor for the salvation of souls.

About this time I received a letter from my dear mother, urging me to come home for a time, and offering to send a draft to pay all my expenses. I again laid it before the Lord. Much as I would have loved to see my kindred and native land, much more I desired to know and do the will of my God. I remember, one day especially, being so impressed to pray to the Lord about it that I left the street, and, going up into Farwell Hall, there poured out my full heart to God; telling Him that if the lifting of my hand would decide whether I should go or stay, I would not lift it up. Two weeks passed, and no clear light had come; when, one Saturday night, bowed in prayer with my beloved friends, Brother and Sister Jones, we together laid it before the Lord. As I prayed (helped by the Spirit), I pleaded for light before the sun should set on the morrow. The Sabbath dawned, and through the day my heart would be lifted for light and guidance. It was a day of conflict, and in the afternoon these words came: "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe." I did not understand, only that I must look up and believe for guidance. Walking with my brother-in-law, to hold an out-door service, I noticed that the sun was within about twenty minutes of setting. The prayer of the night before came back again, and there came such a quiet hush on my soul, while these words were given to me: "And the Lord said unto Abraham, get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will show thee, and I will bless thee." "Is that it, Lord?" my wondering soul replied; when the words were again repeated, "*And I will bless thee!*" spoken in a deeper and more emphatic tone. How my soul exulted in the Lord; no shadow rested on my path;

all was as clear as the light at noonday. I wrote to my dear mother, explaining it all to her.

No thought had come to me of the land "the Lord would show me" being any other than Chicago and its neighborhood; but it was farther away, I found. One day, sitting alone after the noonday meeting in Farwell Hall, a stranger accosted me, telling me that a lady (Miss Smith) had requested him to ask me if I could go to a village in Indiana to help establish a Sunday-school. It was a very wicked place, and the day-school teacher was trying to hold a Sunday-school amidst much opposition. I felt it was of the Lord, and agreed to go. The Lord had laid this work greatly on the heart of Miss Louisa Smith, a teacher in one of the public schools of Chicago, and surely no more neglected neighborhood could have been found. Mrs. Pike was the teacher at Hessville. When we held that first Sabbath-school, the parents as well as the children came, and we held a meeting with them which was full of interest; and an earnest invitation was extended to us to come again. I reported the opening for work to our Mission Band, who took right hold of it, and in a little while arrangements were made to hold a three-days' tent-meeting at Hessville. We started, about ten of us, from Chicago with our own tent and provisions, little knowing the glory of the work which should follow this exodus from Chicago. On our way, arriving at Lake, and having a little time to spare, we went into the village and held a meeting. Then on a hand-car we moved on to Ross, where there stood many waiting for us, who afterward became "our joy and crown of rejoicing" in the Lord.

Sabbath morning, the first day of the meeting, dawned, and the people, drawn by the novelty of such a meeting, gathered in large numbers. One of the first speakers was brother Gittins. I can see his radiant face now, and his white locks waving as he spoke, under the influence of the Spirit, of the holiness of God's law, the transcript for all ages of His holy will concerning

us; and one after another he would hold up these ten commandments to the people, and ask who gave them any right to break these laws of God. "Is not My Word a hammer? saith the Lord." O yes—breaking the stony heart, arrows of conviction began to pierce many hearts, and some who came from curiosity went home with Cowper's experience:

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd,
With many a wound inflicted:
Till I was met by One who had himself
Been wounded by the archer.
With gentle care He withdrew the dart,
And healed and bade me live."

The three days passed, and the work had but commenced. The weather was very showery, and the people opened their homes, and we held meetings from house to house; everywhere signs and wonders followed. For two weeks we held on there; then the Macedonian cry, "come over and help us," came from Ross. "When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them." There He had prepared our way; hearts and homes were all opened to receive us. From the very commencement the Lord worked with power on the hearts of the people. Spiritualists, infidels, the careless and worldly, were moved on, and, as in the days of John the Baptist, "confessed their sins,"

"And sank beneath the purple flood,
To rise to all the life of God."

We visited very much among the people at their homes, and greatly the Lord used this in preparing and helping in the public services. No words could more exactly describe that glorious work at Ross and Merrillville than those of the early believers: "And they continued daily with one accord in the temple, and—breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favor with the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." And as

our every want, from day to day, would be supplied, His own words to His first disciples were fulfilled: "When I sent you forth without purse or scrip lacked ye anything? and they said, Nothing." Every need was supplied. We were out on the old apostolic line. One old man, gloriously saved at Hobart, would always call the brethren "*those modern apostles.*"

O what is every earthly honor, every other object in this world, compared to that of winning souls? All other work sinks into utter insignificance before it. Popularity, learning, accomplishments, position in life—all, as nothing. How shall I win souls?

For a little while before being called out into this work in Indiana, I would never step out of my home on a starlight night but the first thought would be: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever;" and the Savior's "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" and then the all-inspiring promise: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." One day, visiting from house to house by the wayside, we came to a very nice home, with a beautiful flower-garden in front. We went in, and soon the lady of the house came into the room and we began to talk to her of the way of salvation. We found her very ignorant of these things. After a while we asked if we could pray with her? "We could, if we wished," she said; and when, after a time of bringing her case before the Lord, we arose from our knees, her eyes swimming with tears, she said: "I should like to have it if there is anything in it." That night she followed us to our meeting, and the Lord began to work powerfully on her heart; the great depths were broken.

After two or three nights she bowed as a seeker at the penitent form; the work was quickly done, and riding to her home that night the light in her soul seemed to shine all around her. She said: "I was afraid to go to sleep, for fear I would lose it."

Years after, when passing that very spot, riding

with her and her husband, she said: "Alfred, I want to get out here." "Can I go with you?" I asked, for I guessed where she was going. After carefully looking around, she said: "This is the place;" and there, kneeling down, with fervent love she poured out her heart to that Savior who, six years before that day, had saved and had since kept her from falling. Her husband and son had both been converted and were walking with her in the way of life.

Our usual way of conducting services has always seemed to me as the Lord taught us, and greatly blessed. Mr. Hanmer, who was always with the band, or Mr. Charles Cooke, who would be with us from Saturday to Monday or Tuesday, would lead by giving out a hymn, and, after singing, say: "Let us pray;" no one was called on, but generally three or four poured out their hearts before God for His presence and blessing on the service; then whoever felt led of the Spirit would read the Scriptures, often explaining as the Spirit gave light. After this, the meeting was thrown open for any to witness for Jesus and tell their experiences; then came earnest, pointed addresses, and an after-service invariably followed.

Oh, how sinners would flock to the altar! We called ourselves the Mission Band; but all over the country the people called us "The Praying Band." *We had no confidence in ourselves;* how we all felt our continued need of help. It was our usual custom to come together some time before the evening service for united prayer, and our hearts would be all melted and filled before we met in the public service; and as we visited the people, praying, if possible, in every home and in the wagons and buggies as we rode along, each one also sought to be much alone with God.

DR. ADAM CLARKE ON PRAYER.

How on this line our Lord taught us! Dr. Adam Clarke, writing on, "And He withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed," says: "He frequently with-

drew Himself to the wilderness. This I believe to be the import of the original. He made it a frequent custom to withdraw from the multitude for a time, to pray; teaching hereby the ministers of the gospel that they are to receive fresh supplies of light and power from God by prayer, that they may be more successful in their work. A man can give nothing unless he has first received it; and no one can be successful in the ministry who does not constantly depend upon God; for the excellency of power is all from Him. Why is there so little done? Because the preachers mix too much with the world; keep too long with the crowd, and are so seldom in private with God. Art thou a herald for the Lord of hosts? Make full proof of thy ministry! Let it never be said of thee, He forsook all to follow Christ and to preach the gospel, but there was little or no fruit of his labor, for he ceased to be a man of prayer, and got into the spirit of the world. Alas! alas! Is this luminous star, that was once held in the right hand of Jesus, fallen from the firmament of heaven to earth?"

"There were giants in those days," and what "foot-prints they have left in the sands of time." Dr. Clarke, when himself past the days of manhood, strength and vigor, in writing to a young preacher who was out in the mission work, said: "O Sammy, how highly God has favored you in employing you in this work! How glad I should be to be your companion. When I could be, I was a missionary, and many hardships have I suffered, and I feel the same spirit still. Chasms and bogs, and men and devils would be nothing to me. I have met all such in the name of Jesus, and have suffered and have conquered. Were God to restore me to youth again, I would glory to be your companion; to go through all—to lie on the ground, herd with the oxen, or lie down on a bale of straw. Where duty is concerned, wind, waves and hyperborean regions are nothing to me. I can eat the meanest things—I can dine heartily on a few potatoes and some salt." How

the holy men of old knew how to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." The luxury and love of ease in the present day eats out most of the life and power from the ministry. Speaking of dress, he says: "I can wear a sack, if necessary, for fine clothes I never affected;" and his father, as he loved to call the great founder of Methodism—the holy Wesley—wrote: "I could as soon steal as wear a fine broadcloth coat."

A mother had been saved during the meeting at Ross, and with her children would be constantly in the meetings; but her eldest boy was away working for a farmer. "Would we go with her to see him?" The morning came, and we started. The farm was some five miles away; and when we reached there the boy was in the field at work, but was sent for. Then the mother poured out her full heart: "You must come right home and get converted," telling of the blessing that had come to her own heart, and to others. "It is no use for you to talk, mother; I cannot come home; we are just in the midst of harvest," said the boy. But her importunity and faith carried everything before her, and the promise was given that he would come on the Friday evening. He came, and was blessedly saved.

On our way back, led by the hand of our God, we called at the home of Mr. Morgan, at Merrillville. We were kindly welcomed and stayed to dinner. Though strangers, we soon felt quite at home. Referring afterward to this first visit, he said: "I felt as though a thrill of life went through our home the first time you came into it." On his heart the Lord laid it to purchase a tent. (Hitherto our meetings had been held under the open heavens.) In every way he and his wife were our warm friends and helpers in this glorious work of the Lord.

Every year some of our fellow-laborers are passing away. At Ross lately, died Mrs. Amos Homer, who was the first to take us to her home, whose heart and hands were always enlisted for the followers of Jesus; and Mrs. Hayward, one of the first trophies there of redeeme-

ing grace, and ever full of tender hospitality and kindness, and, with her husband, a succorer of many.

“And yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of them in heaven.”

One morning, as two of our band, Mr. Richard Martin and myself, were walking on the highway, visiting from house to house, we entered a home of sorrow. The man was weak and unable to work; the wife with a little child in her arms. He seemed utterly dejected and hopeless. The bright summer months had nearly passed away, and he had not been able to do one day's work. As we knelt in prayer, the Lord drew near, enabling us to bring his case right to Him; while the memory of His wonderful power to heal, in the days of His flesh, of His all-power in heaven and in earth, encouraged our faith. We left; but in two or three days, in one of our meetings, with joyful voice, he told how the Lord had healed him, and he had done his first day's work. Glory to our God! Well might the angels sing, on the Bethlehem plains, when they heralded His birth: “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE GENTLE REBUKE OF LOVE.

OUR band had just commenced work at Wheeler, Porter County, Indiana, when they were all impressed that they would be helped and refreshed by going to the St. Charles camp-meeting. So hallowed were the associations and rich the blessings received there, that no place on earth seemed so sacred, and no desire so strong as to be with this gathering of God's people. In bringing it in prayer to the Lord, for guidance for myself, I was shown that I was not to go, but to stay right there, and go on with the meeting—only one dear con-

vert remaining, Bro. W. M. Kelsey. We seemed such a little band, and every day he would inquire: "Who will be here to help us to-day?" with the unvarying answer: "I don't know; but God will be here with us." And He was, and souls were daily saved.

As soon as the decision was made, how I pleaded that I might not suffer loss, but that the blessing should be as full and rich at Wheeler as at the St. Charles meeting; and I felt the assurance given that it should be so.

The days passed on until Wednesday, the last day of the camp-meeting, and I had had no especial manifestation of God's love and presence in my heart—none of the deep, emotional, overflowing joy so often experienced on the camp-ground. In the afternoon we were at a farm-house, where we had been invited to stay for supper. I went out alone to a little grove, a short way from the house, to plead for the expected blessing, but the prayer seemed to have no wings and to bring back no answer. After a time, thinking the friends might be waiting for me, I returned to the house, but I came back again, and again pleaded with the Lord. Then came a silent hush over my spirit; the Lord was there speaking with me, saying: "And have I not blessed you; is it a little thing that I have used you in the conversion of immortal souls?" How humbled to the dust I felt before Him. The rebuke was so tender, so loving as *never to be forgotten*. What is any blessing on earth to be compared to this?—this saving of souls? How melted I felt before Him!

It would take a more able pen than mine to give any adequate description of that glorious work in Indiana. For five summers we journeyed on from place to place; but I can only give an incident here and there.

To Knox, Stark County, the Brethren Hanmer, Andrews, and Martin, had gone on with the tent. The people had no sympathy or interest in them; not enough to lend a wheelbarrow or wagon. They toiled on under

every discouragement, raising the tabernacle and commencing meetings. In two or three days Mrs. Jones* and I followed. Oh, the sweet waftings of the Spirit in that ride of eleven miles in the rain! Shall I ever forget? Stanzas from an old hymn would vibrate as sweetest strains of music all along the way:

“More happy, but not more secure,
Are the glorified spirits above.”

As we alighted and looked over the village, Mrs. Jones lifted up her hands and said: “*All Knox for Jesus! All Knox for Jesus!!*”

Soon the work began, the promised Spirit moving on hearts, “reproving of sin, of righteousness and of judgment.” What a slight hold the Word takes on any heart until the Spirit has gone before, breaking up the fallow ground. One morning there came into the tabernacle an elderly lady, (herself a Christian) with two married daughters. She whispered to me to have no one come and talk to them, as they might be offended and not come again. It was our usual custom to move out among the congregation at the close of every service, to talk with the convicted and awakened. We that morning avoided speaking to that little group. The meeting closed, and the workers had all gathered together, when I noticed one of the daughters staying. I can see those wistful-looking eyes yet. She had lingered, deeply convicted of sin; and was waiting for some one to lead her to “the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.” Before the meeting closed her joyful testimony was: “I have had more real happiness the last five days than in all my life before.”

The work moved on. The young, the old, the rich, the poor, bowed to the all-conquering power of Jesus. In their homes and in the public meetings the work moved on—the Spirit mightily striving, the Savior gloriously saving. Co-laborers with the Lord

*This dear sister was Mrs. Hawxhurst, happily married to Bro. Wm. Jones, of our band, in 1872.

we find the work that is most successful—that which proclaims, first, a free salvation, making men desire it; then the terms, genuine repentance, “teaching men everywhere to repent,” preparing the way for saving faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, “bringing forth fruits meet for repentance!”

One day a man said to Brother Charles: “I have followed your meetings all summer, and I have kept a team of horses doing nothing but coming to your meetings, and while so many have been converted, I am not saved,” speaking as though this great salvation could not be for him. What was the reason? They knelt together in prayer, and as they talked the difficulty was unraveled. A neighbor had done him a great wrong, and he could not forgive him. “As we forgive them that trespass against us,” was urged, with the impossibility of being forgiven on any other terms. When he realized this, the victory was gained. He was saved and filled with joy divine.

Felix, who trembled while Paul reasoned “of righteousness, temperance and judgment,” might have passed right through the strait gate into the narrow way, but for his insatiate love of money and power. All would take the prize, if it did not involve the cross—the self-denial—the forsaking all to follow Jesus. With so many there is unutterable shrinking as the way is unfolded.

How many get where the gifted poetess’ lines are the experience of their hearts?

“Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be;
My trembling spirit owns ’tis just,
But clings more closely to the dust.”

And to those who have entered the narrow way the order is: “Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.”

“The battle ne’er give o’er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And strength divine implore.



MRS. HARRIET COON



REV. GEORGE WHITFIELD.

(See Pages 123, 126)

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown."

And yet we may be, all along the line, "more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us." But what vigilance, what unswerving fidelity, there must be on our part! "If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love, even as I have kept My Father's commandments and abide in His love." The experience of holiness is kept by a faith whose very existence depends on watchfulness unto prayer.

"He shall guide you continually." The way had been wonderfully opened of the Lord for me to go out to Indiana. Husband had gone to New York on business, and while there heard of the severe illness of his mother; she was quite aged, and not likely to recover.

I copy from my journal:

December 3, 1875—A letter from my dear husband, now in New York. He has heard of his mother's severe sickness, and feels drawn to go and visit her. He wants me to decide about his going. I pleaded with the Lord; laid the whole matter before Him; that I might have light as to whether he should go. An unswerving peace comes, leaving no doubt about it. The Lord heard and answered my prayer. I wrote, advising him to go, and afterwards had such a day of calm, sweet peace.

For two years and a half he was detained in England, while, most of the time, I was in Indiana in this glorious work. Our God sets before us the open door, and adjusts the circumstances for us. Madam Guyon said: "I nourish myself on the daily providences of God,"

"While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;

But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

December 22.—Much impressed to-day by these remarks of Rev. James Caughey: "O my soul, be much in doxologies! In order to this let me hold fast to contentment. A contented mind may be likened to a ship, which, though tossed among the waves, is buoyant and unharmed. Discontent is like a leak; it sinks the ship (the poor heart,) till all the waves go over it, and it goes down into the abyss of misery."

I once had the privilege of hearing this mighty man of God. He was holding revival services in Nottingham, England. I had read his "Revival Miscellany," and "Earnest Christianity," and had longed to see his face, and hear his voice. It was a treat indeed. It seemed to me as though one of the old prophets had come back to earth. I remember one night, especially. The large church was crowded up to the very steps of the pulpit. Mr. Caughey had taken for his text: "Warn them from me;" "This year thou shalt die." "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" He told us how much of that afternoon had been spent on his face before God. Every now and then, lifting up himself, he would say: "Warn them from me;" "I am doing it my Lord;" and oh, such volleys of warnings it seemed I had never heard from mortal lips; while, all breathless, that large congregation seemed riveted and spellbound. A harvest of souls was gathered, everywhere he went, for the garner of the Lord.

Once in his journal he wrote like this (I write from memory): "I had a hard time last night. My words seemed like snow-flakes falling on the water, making no impression, or, like stones against a wall, bounding back again; but I know the reason and will profit by it. Oh, these fireside sociabilities—all well in their place, but not the thing for a man who is just going to stand betwixt 'the living and the dead.' I must get nearer Calvary and Gethsemane, alone with God."

Once, in Cambridge, in the large church where Charles Simeon preached, moving all that community of clerical learning by the mighty Holy Ghost power that rested on him, Caughey stood in the pulpit, and seemed to see, in imagination, that sea of upturned faces, and to hear the voice that thrilled their very souls. He says, on descending the pulpit stairs, it seemed as though a Presence met him, and a voice spoke, telling him "*to do all he could now in his day to save souls.*" Might it not have been one of those "ministering spirits" sent forth on this errand, or the spirit of Simeon come to cheer, with this message, a fellow-servant of the Lord in his arduous work? For many years almost entirely laid aside from active service, how his thoughts must recur to those days of victory, when so much of "the spoil was taken from the hand of the mighty!"

Like the holy Edward Payson, his usual way of studying the Bible was on his knees, pleading, as he read it, for heavenly light; and so was he thoroughly furnished for every good word and work. The last we hear of him, his trembling form was seen in a meeting of the Salvation Army in New Brunswick, speaking words of holy cheer to speed them in their work; telling how he had watched this movement from the commencement, and knew it was of God.

While every child of God will have his preferences for the church where he has cast in his lot, if he is walking in the light of God he will discern the work of God, and rejoice to see His kingdom advanced in any way by any instrumentality. Sectarian bigotry is not of God.

Visiting in the country, from house to house, one day, I found a young lady. Consumption had so evidently marked her that her days were numbered. At first all attempts to reach her seemed fruitless. She rejected the one light, the one guide—the Word of God. Will you read it? I pleaded with her; and I think it was on the second visit that she consented.

And will you read it, I asked, as you would read any other book—to criticize and judge, or in lowly humility, willing to be taught? She was herself a teacher, and it was so hard to take the place of a little child and be taught. Every visit found her more pliable; the great depths of her heart were breaking up. One night she awoke in darkness, her lamp having gone out. The Lord spoke to her then through the parable of the ten virgins, and, humbling herself under His mighty hand, peace came into her soul like a river. Jesus filled her soul with His own light, and poured in the oil of gladness. With soul and body both healed, she came to the tent in a few nights to tell of His power to save.

One Sabbath morning a stranger arose in one of our meetings to testify. She was very plainly dressed, and had heaven's own light in her countenance. She said: "My home and its cares—I had two children—were about taking all my time and thoughts, and I was scarcely doing anything to bring sinners to Jesus, when one night the Lord gave me a vision. I saw the gate of heaven. It was shut. The Lord, with all His glorious company of the redeemed, had passed in; and without the gates, O what a countless multitude—hateful and hating one another; none to redress, none to help, none to pity. Their day of mercy had passed forever." Her husband told her, for she had no idea of time, she might have been half an hour gazing on that wonderful scene; then the lesson was taught: If the outside of heaven will be so awful, you had better do all you can to get your neighbors saved. From that hour all indifference was gone. The schoolhouse near their home was opened for Sabbath-school, and preaching whenever she could get it. The sick were visited, and in every way she could she worked for the conversion of sinners.

We had pitched our tent at Wood's Mill, a Universalist settlement, believing that the Lord had gone before. It was toward evening and no one had

invited us to their home. "Where are we going?" asked one and another. He who had called us knew our needs, and this dear sister, living a few miles away, took us all to her home. Many years ago her pure spirit passed into the presence of that Savior she so loved, but the memory of Ruth Harper is still precious to us. "The memory of the just is blessed."

We went out on the old apostolic line, and our Lord had promised to supply all our needs. "When I sent you out," He said to His first disciples, "lacked ye anything? and they said, Nothing." Eighteen hundred years had made no difference in that heart of watchful, tender love, He supplying all our needs. I only remember once, in those five years of tent-work, having to ask for anything. Coming in from an afternoon of visiting, and being somewhat tired and thirsty, I felt a longing for a cup of tea. I went into two cottages near the tent, but neither of them had tea; I had not learned that this was not a need, and so the promise did not cover it. Praise the Lord, His promises are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus!"

At one place where we were laboring, we were much drawn out to speak of the importance of family worship; its blessedness and its importance. What a trait in the life of Abraham—that life of wandering—and everywhere he moved, there he built an altar to the Lord. God knows us all. He said: "I know my servant Abraham, that he will command his servants and his children after him." When we read that life of whole-hearted consecration, then we know how he earned the high and glorious title, "Father of the faithful, and friend of God."

"Will you go home with me some night?" asked a friend; "I want you to begin our family worship." I went home with them that night, and we bowed in prayer together. In the morning, after praying, I asked the husband, and then the wife to pray, and the Spirit came down. The sacrifice was accepted, and in those hearts there came a fullness of joy they had

never before felt. A day or two after, at our morning meeting, both testified to the fullness of the blessing that had come into their home. I had said that a home without a family altar was like a house without a roof; and she said: "We have a roof on our house now." They had just removed from their old home, and her heart was dreary and lonely; now Jesus had come in and filled all the dreary void. Mr. Briggs, her husband, said; "My wife has never been satisfied with her home; but it is all right now."

While we were holding meetings at Union Center, a Scotch woman, who lived near our tent, formed a great prejudice against us, and refused to let her children come to the meetings. We were "not of the Presbyterian order." One day, out in her garden, there came to her, wafted on the breeze, the voice of earnest, believing prayer, and the Lord used it to break down her prejudice, convincing her that we were His own people. One night her children slipped away and came to our meeting. Telling her of what they had seen and heard, she came also, got under great conviction, and saw that she was unsaved. One night the Lord spoke to her by a vision. She saw the land of Judea; on a solitary mound stood a man alone. It was "the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." The scene changed and a large cross stood on that mound, and there, on that cross extended, was the world's Redeemer, "the Lamb of Calvary." From His wounds the blood was flowing, and to her He spoke—"all this for thee." The great depths of her heart were broken up, and Jesus spoke His own unutterable peace to her soul.

At Hobart, Indiana, the Lord wonderfully owed and blessed the labors of our Mission Band. At this place lived the father of the Rev. L. B. Kent, of the Western Holiness Association. He was quite aged, and only just able to get to our tent. With his countenance lighted up by the radiance from heaven, and with his feeble, trembling voice, he would tell of the

joys of God's salvation till it would seem as though, like another Enoch, he might be wafted up to that home of glory without dying; there was so little of earth and so much of heaven about him.

A Mr. Lightener, who had once preached the gospel, but who had backslidden from God, watched the putting up of the tabernacle, and wondered who those people could be, and whether they were really God's children. He came to our meeting, "knew the joyful sound," and soon returned to the fold again. In one family who had so kindly welcomed us to their home, was a dear daughter, whose husband was unsaved. How the members of our band would urge him to come to Jesus. But the same excuse, from the days of Felix until now, under which the unyielding heart ever hides, "go thy way for this time," "not now," etc., was his excuse, though convicted and alarmed. The meeting had been announced to close with that week. One day, while very busy with his farm-work, the voice of the Lord spoke to him: "If you don't get converted now, you never will." The voice so startled him that he made his way to the house to tell his wife what had happened. "Go forward to-night," she said to him; and he came. Long we knelt and pleaded for him, but deliverance did not come then. But before the morning light dawned he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. The next summer, in reaping, his reaper struck a rock and he had to take it two miles to a blacksmith for repairs; and as he went, his heart and voice were lifted up in praise to God. He said: "What a change has come over me; if this had happened last summer, I should have cursed and sworn all the way:"

"New songs did now his lips employ,
And dance did his glad heart for joy."

A little band of holy ones still hold the fort at Hobart. Bro. David Andrews, who was at one time their pastor, and also a member of our Mission Band,

passed from the church militant to the church triumphant last year. One and another of our loved band are passing over; O what greetings in that land of light and love!

“There the crystalline stream,
 Bursting forth from the throne,
 Flows on, and forever will flow.
 Its waves as they roll
 Are with melody rife;
 And its waters are sparkling
 With beauty and life,
 In that land which no mortal may know.”

The last time we ever met the Rev. B. T. Roberts, was at a conference at Knox. He said: “I have been reading lately the book of the Acts of the Apostles, in the original, as well as in our own language. I never was so entranced with a book in all my life. There is the pattern for the church in all time.” He spoke of the danger of following other patterns instead of the pattern church given us in the Word of God—wise beyond what was written, going beyond, or not coming up to its teachings—as the rock on which any church will split, going into formalism or fanaticism.

“Were I,” said Phœbe Palmer, of sainted memory, “to live to be as old as Methuselah, and to be brought into the most perplexing circumstances any one could be brought into, I should ever find the light and guidance I need in the Bible.” To the latest ages may the inspired words of Pollok, in his “Course of Time,” be heard:

The Bible.—“Hast thou ever heard
 Of such a book? The author God himself;
 The subject God and man, salvation, life,
 And death—eternal life, eternal death.
 Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bounds;
 Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
 Star of eternity! the only star
 By which the bark of man could navigate
 The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss

Securely. The only star which rose on time,
And on its dark and troubled waters still,
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
The eternal hills, pointed the sinner's eye.
The prophets, seers, priests and sacred bards,
Evangelists, apostles, men inspired,
And by the Holy Ghost anointed, set
Apart and consecrated to declare
To earth the counsels of the Eternal One,
This book, this holiest, this sublimest book,
Was sent."

CHAPTER VIII.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE WORK OF GOD.

CONCERNING the Mission Band, and the work of God in connection with its labors, Bro. Wm. Hanmer, usually the leader in its field-work, furnishes the following account:

In the year 1871, or about that time, a number of Christian workers (members of the different evangelical churches), "whose hearts God had touched" with love for the lost of earth, and with a burning zeal and missionary fire to spread the glorious truths of a present free and full salvation, were providentially brought together in Chicago, Illinois. They soon found that they were possessed of like precious faith, and that their hearts were each alike pulsating and burning with anxious desire to carry salvation to the masses. Meetings for prayer and Christian counsel were appointed and held, and steps were soon taken looking towards aggressive evangelism. After meeting together a number of times for prayer and counsel, we decided, in the fear of God, and, as we believed, "with an eye single to His glory," to form ourselves into a band, to be known as the Mission Band. The aim and

object of the band was defined and published, and a number of rules and regulations decided upon for its government. A few simple and practical rules were all that was needed for its government. In fact, all our proceedings and services were characterized by a spirit of simplicity that was near akin to that which characterized the early disciples; and a devotion and consecration to the work of rescuing the lost, seeking out the poor and needy, the oppressed and afflicted, that was born of the same spirit that has actuated, carried forward, empowered, and energized the true ministers and missionaries of the cross in all ages of the world's history.

Although members of different denominations, yet we were entirely free from the spirit of sectism. By "one Spirit we were all baptized into one body." (Christ). Christ's prayer that His disciples might be made one, was truly fulfilled in us. We knew no divisions of faith, sentiment or doctrine; but under the fresh baptism of the Spirit, a blessed spirit of oneness and love prevailed continuously among us. The original members that composed this band were Rev. E. F. Dickinson, Pastor of Third Avenue Mission, a man Christ-like in spirit and life, wise in counsel, and deeply compassionate for the erring and lost. His services were especially helpful in its formation and early work. About the year 1882 he ceased from his labors and entered into rest. He "being dead yet speaketh." Brother Dickinson was superintendent of the whole work, and the writer acted as leader of the band. Charles Cooke, D. W. Andrews, and Samuel Gittens were enrolled among its first members, and worked efficiently and faithfully until called to their reward. Rev. R. S. Martin, now pastor of the Western Avenue M. E. Church, Chicago, was also a member of the band. Brother Martin labored very faithfully and successfully during the whole time we were in Indiana. Rev. Thos. Fluck, now of California, was a charter member, and worked very earnestly in the cause with

us for many years. Sister Sarah A. Cooke was among the first to advocate and adopt this aggressive missionary movement. Her prayers, devotion to the work, sacrifice and activity, were a stimulus to all the rest of the band. From the formation of the band to the close of the work in Indiana, Sister Cooke was on hand and aided very materially in the extension and upbuilding of the work. Whenever any perplexing question was to be settled, or any new work to be undertaken, she would get us down together on our knees, and have matters settled there. On many critical occasions we thus sought and found the wisdom from above, and the help we so much needed. Truly the little band was "led of the Lord," as with hearts, eyes and hands uplifted toward God, we cried: "Guide us, O thou great Jehovah." A brother by the name of Tonzaline, a devoted, talented man, labored with us in the beginning also. Henry Huck, who did our printing, a brother by the name of Bradshaw, and Brother and Sister Jones, now in California, were earnest and devoted workers with us. Many precious seasons of prayer we had together in the groves and around the camps, and sometimes in buggies and wagons as we journeyed along. Everywhere we organized prayer and praise meetings. We lived and breathed the very atmosphere of prayer and praise. We called upon all that was within us to "bless and praise His holy name;" and then we called upon everything outside of us—all nature, animate and inanimate, to join with us in the grand chorus of praise to the God of heaven and earth. We frequently sang:

"Break forth into singing, ye trees of the woods,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

Our first work was to open numbers of mission-rooms in the neglected portions of the city. The principal one was located in Larabee street, near the home of Bro. Cooke. We also visited the hospitals, where we prayed and talked salvation to the inmates, this

being a part of our mission, to carry the gospel to the sick and dying. Many cried for the balm of Gilead, and to the great Physician for mercy and salvation in their last hours.

Street and out-door meetings were still another part of our mission. Many wild and very wicked men have been reached and saved by out-door preaching. On Sundays, in the summer, we held services in Lincoln Park, where great crowds of pleasure-seekers resorted. The Lord was with us in power, and everywhere we went in Jesus' name the gospel was made the power of God unto the salvation of the lost. We encountered difficulties, oppositions and persecutions, but grace carried us successfully through. We realized what the ancient poets wrote and sang, that

"God's grace can assistance lend,
And on that grace we dared depend."

We found it to be as mighty now as when Elijah felt its power. So it will ever be; no matter what changes may come, there will be no weakening of God's grace, nor lessening of His power.

In the summer of 1876 we pitched a tent and held a camp-meeting at Hessville, Indiana. At this time the Lord designed to thrust us out into the regions beyond—outside the city. Much prayer was offered for the success of this first camp-meeting; but the saving and sanctifying results were not large. There must be a seed-time before in the nature of things there can be a harvest. The seed of divine truth was sown in many minds and hearts. People came from distant villages and towns and heard the word of salvation proclaimed. Some came to scoff, mock at and deride religion, but they went away with the arrows of conviction in their minds and consciences. There was no great outbreak of power or outpouring of the Spirit at this meeting. It seemed to be a forerunner. It prepared the way for other meetings.

Ross Station was the next place to be visited. It

was at Ross that the work broke out in great power. There seemed to be an outburst of the cloud of mercy; for miles and miles around "mercy drops" fell on the people. There was a general awakening and widespread interest. Conviction seized men fifteen miles away, who had not been near the meeting. We passed a place one day where the men had stopped their threshing-machine, and were having a prayer-meeting. A little farther on, the reapers in the harvest field had stopped their work of reaping, and were down on their knees engaged in prayer. The spirit of simplicity, earnestness, and full devotion to the work of soul-saving, that characterized all the members of the little band, seemed at once to disarm the people of all their prejudices and objections to the work. The secret of all the success of the band, under God, was that marked simplicity, earnestness and thorough devotion to the work. There was no time spent in controversy, or quibbling about theological questions or dogmas. There was no effort made at sermonizing or anything great. Frequent seasons of earnest, prevailing prayer, lively singing, a simple presentation of some text, or portion of the Scriptures, followed by short, burning messages, exhortations and testimonies, was usually the order of the meetings. We had no formal, dry services. The blessed Spirit breathed life and power on us and among us in every service. Sudden outbursts of cries for mercy and shouts of praise were heard in most of the meetings. D. W. Andrews and R. S. Martin, students in the Chicago colleges, joined us in these camp-meetings. They never got back to Chicago to school again. God fastened a retainer on them for the work in Indiana; and they learned some important lessons in the school of practical work for Christ that they never could have learned from books or the schools. No man can be a success in the work of God till he attends and goes through the school of experience. This meeting lasted about three weeks

It was a memorable—yea, a glorious meeting. We

did "eat our meat with gladness and simpleness of heart, praising God and having favor with all the people." The Spirit seemed to so thoroughly pervade and conquer the minds and hearts of the people that we had free and easy access to everybody. The kindness and hospitality of the people was simply remarkable.

W. M. Kelsey, now pastor of the First F. M. Church in Chicago, was gloriously saved in this meeting. Bro. Kelsey was brought up a Campbellite. Our altar-services and work at first scared him. The first day he attended he came to the altar for prayers, but was not much convicted. After coming to the altar he seemed to be possessed of a dumb spirit. He was asked where he was from, his name, and what he wanted; but he refused to answer. One of the workers took hold of his hair and lifted up his head and prayed God to cast the dumb devil out of him. That stirred him. He got away from the altar and out of the camp, feeling terribly wrathful. He felt that he had been abused and disgraced. He determined never to come back, and talked against the meetings all the way home. The next day conviction was so heavy upon him that he literally staggered under it. He never wanted to see the man again that had so misused him at the altar; but next night found him back at the meeting. Special prayer had been offered for him, and that night he was strikingly and powerfully converted. Before his chains fell off, he trembled and shook. He said it seemed to him that the seats and the house were shaking. When the deliverance came, he ran immediately to the man that he thought abused him the night previous, and embraced him, and his dear old mother. Since then he has felt a love for that man that he has never felt for other men. J. D. Kelsey, his brother, first met us at the meeting; he was enjoying salvation at the time. The spirit of the meeting and the work of salvation that was going on so captivated Brother Kelsey that he prayed three times in the first service he attended. Brother Kelsey joined us, and worked

successfully with us for years. Both the Brothers Kelsey entered the gospel ministry, and God has made them very successful in the work. To God be all the glory.

A church was built at Ross to conserve the work. Thomas Fluck worked on it, and superintended its erection. The converts were urged to seek holiness. The doctrines specially taught by the band were repentance, faith, regeneration and adoption, nonconformity with the world, consecration and sanctification. Ross became a kind of Jerusalem for the band. It was there we held most of our special and annual meetings. Oh! what rich and fresh baptisms and anointings of the Spirit came upon us. There we got newly fitted up for further conquests and labors. Multitudes of souls will bless God in eternity for the Ross camp-meetings.

The pillar of cloud and fire then moved to Merrillville, as the next battle-ground. For three weeks we held services in Brother Gilbert Morgan's grove. Although it was harvest time, the busy season among the farmers, yet crowds of people attended day and night. The Spirit worked mightily; many were seized and smitten with conviction. In deep penitence, confession and repentance they sought the great salvation, amid cries, tears and entreaties to the "Mighty to save." Glorious deliverances were experienced. Brother Morgan had a protracted struggle on the tobacco habit, and, later, in seeking a clean heart; but the Lord gloriously delivered him. He afterwards donated a large new tabernacle to the band, to prosecute the work in. Brother Morgan is a consecrated man. Ever since we have known him, he has stood by the cause of Christ with his means as well as with his prayers and Christian efforts. He now lives in Englewood. He and Sister Morgan are ripening for the heavenly home.

The new tent was pitched at Wood's Mills for the next meeting, and from there we went to Blachley's

Corners. The converts followed us to these meetings. Young converts make the best of workers. Their testimonies are so fresh, bright and convincing. The whole country around was stirred, as at the previous places visited by the band, and many passed from death to "life," and began to live in newness of life. At the Wood's Mills meeting, S. B. Shaw, a promising young man, who was attending the Normal School at Valparaiso, was soundly converted. Brother Shaw at once began to advocate and work to spread the great salvation. For years he has labored as a holiness evangelist in Michigan. The book entitled "Remarkable Answers to Prayer" was compiled by him.

At Hobart the friends built a tabernacle for us, with inquiry rooms. Brother and Sister Guthrie, Brother and Sister Geerheart, Brother and Sister Harper and a Brother Henderson, who now lives at Beloit, Wisconsin, assisted very materially in the beginning of the work at Hobart. Wickedness abounded in this little town; but a great work of reformation and salvation was wrought among the people. We held prayer-meetings in the saloons. One day the drug-store man fixed up his store and we had a noon prayer-meeting there. The influence of the meeting was felt throughout the town. Here we found the aged father of the Rev. L. B. Kent. He lived to a ripe old age, and was filled with the rich things and blessings of God. Shortly after this meeting he peacefully passed away to rest.

Wonderful meetings were held in the tabernacle. One Sunday afternoon, six bright, promising young men were at the altar, and all of them were saved. C. H. Loomis was among the number. He afterwards entered the ministry. For years he has been located in California. Brother Loomis gave promise of great usefulness. I trust he has continued in the faith and power of the gospel. Rodney Castle, a farmer living in this vicinity, some two miles south of town, was gloriously saved in this meeting. Brother Castle had

followed us around to the different meetings, and was convicted of sin. At the Hobart meeting, pungent and deep conviction settled upon him. One day, while he was ploughing, the writer followed him after the plow, and urged him to seek salvation. Afterwards he said he came near dropping down in his tracks. On another occasion, while we were praying in his house, he said that he had to count the fence-posts through the window to keep from breaking down. Later, while working in a ditch, the Lord reined him up to decision. Suddenly he felt shocked with the conviction that it was life or death, heaven or hell with him. He stuck his spade in the ground and said: "Lord, help me; I will yield." He had called the inquiry-rooms "sweat-rooms," and said he would never go there; but that night, after the preaching, he was ready for the sweat-rooms. He went in, and down upon his knees, and prayed this way: "O Lord, I am the most miserable sinner under the sun." The Lord very graciously delivered and saved him. Some time later he said to me: "Hanmer, what shall I do about this tobacco habit?" I replied: "God help you, Rodney, to walk in the light." He did so, and has, by the grace of God, continued to do so. He stands to-day as a beacon-light for truth. So does Brother Pierce, of Merrillville. Both are living epistles and shining lights in the world; examples of what full salvation can do for men. They have stood as pillars in the church of God. Praise God!

At Crown Point a building used as a warehouse, owned by Brother Merton, was fitted up for our meeting-house; but soon we moved the meeting to Cheshire Hall, in the center of the town. Rev. T. E. Webb, the M. E. minister, and Rev. Mr. Young, a Presbyterian, both joined earnestly with us in the good work; also Rev. Timothy Ball, Father Kinney, Judge Turner, with his excellent wife, and Brother Arunah Phelps, joined heart and hand with us in the revival effort. Mrs. Turner testified to having received great

light and blessing in the meeting. After finding the blessing of a clean heart, she said: "The Bible now is plain and simple. It seems to stand out illustrated. Before, I could not understand it, but now it is like a mine filled with rich treasures." Many were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in this meeting.

We visited Lowell on Monday night; preached and held a meeting at six o'clock Tuesday morning. The awakening Spirit seemed to affect the whole country. For seventeen miles along the road between Crown Point and Valparaiso there was scarcely a house but in which at least one had been saved.

At Hebron a tabernacle was built, after the tent-meeting, and the work was carried on in great power. This meeting was extraordinary. Wave after wave of power and glory swept over the place. The very atmosphere seemed to be permeated with divine influence. Men felt it as they entered the town. Remarkable and wonderful were the scenes that we witnessed at this meeting. Often we were called up nights to pray with men and women who were in great distress and anguish of soul. The druggist and his wife (Presbyterians) were overcome by the power of God, and laid prostrate to the earth. When they came to again, the old gentleman prayed about as follows: "O Lord, this has been a powerful operation;" adding: "Lord, it seems that the old bottom of things has dropped out, and we are all spilt over."

At Wheeler and Valparaiso we held interesting and successful meetings. Brothers Haxton and Curtis, and their families, assisted in every possible way in the meetings. A number of years ago Brother Haxton "passed on before" to the "land that is fairer than day."

A number of very interesting incidents occurred in these meetings, which will show something of the character of the work. A farmer was saved—a man ignorant of the great truths of religion, and very crude in speech. His heart yearned at once for the salva-

tion of others, and he went out in the inquiry-meeting and brought three young men to the altar. He wanted them saved as he was. We were out in the inquiry-meeting, so there was no one there to pray for them. The newly converted farmer thought he must pray; but as yet he had never prayed in public. It seemed difficult for him to start. At length he got started, and prayed a most sincere and simple prayer, as follows: "O Lord, hold them solid to the bench." After waiting a little, he added this petition to his first prayer: "O Lord, never let these young men leave the bench till they get salvation."

On Sunday, when we were taking up a free-will offering, Brother Asa Curtis stepped out and said: "I will start the collection with a cow for Brother Hammer's family; we must stand by the families of these men who are devoting their time and services to the work of God." The converts not only prayed and sang lustily in the meeting, but they also gave of their means to assist the workers. Sister Skinner and others in Valparaiso stood and contended for the "old paths" and a religion that saves from all sin, worldliness, and unrighteousness

North Judson and Knox also were visited by the band. A marvelous work of grace was wrought in each place. Knox was a very wicked place. Horse-racing on the main streets was a common occurrence on Sundays. A great and glorious change was wrought. The religious and moral tone of the place was entirely changed. A new church was built, and a new era in the history of Knox began. Two weeks ago we passed through Knox on the train. About fifteen years have passed since we were there, and we were humbled and gratified to find forty or fifty of the friends and converts of other years there on the platform to greet us. Joseph Byers was among the number. We first met him in a hardware store in North Judson, while distributing tracts and handbills. As he came into the store his face looked hard and bloated,

and his clothing was torn. He looked like a drinking man, for such he was. I addressed him rather abruptly. Said I: "Young man, your great need is salvation; you are in the broad way of destruction; the rapid train is downward." That simple message lived with him. I invited him to the meetings, but he went to the saloon instead. The last night of the meeting he came with a bottle of whiskey in his pocket, but the arrow of truth and conviction reached his heart, and brought him down in penitence and confession at the foot of the cross. The Lord saved him. His brother afterwards testified that Joseph had nearly converted the old farm. He had repaired and beautified the old house where he lived, and was taking better care of his aged father and mother. No reasonable man will offer a protest against a religion of that character.

A work of salvation was wrought in Indiana during those years that neither men nor devils have been able to stamp or blot out. The work of God is abiding in its character. A more remarkable or wonderful work has seldom been witnessed in modern times. It was on the Pentecost plan and order. Some of the workers and many of the converts of those years have gone to their reward.

Soon the rest of us will be called away. Let us "work while the day lasts." "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Amen.

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CHAPTER IX

NO WORK was ever under more direct guidance of the great Lord of the vineyard than this work in Northern Indiana. As surely as He guided the children of Israel from place to place, He guided us. Wherever invited to go, our answer would be, "you pray about it, and if the Lord would have us move there we will surely come." And as the people would see the wonderful displays of the Lord's power, they would sometimes speak of what "the band was doing," but quickly one or another of us would be on our feet giving all the glory to God. "Without Me ye can do nothing." Powerless as a sword in the hand of a little child, would "the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God," have been in our hands without the presence and power of the Savior. Then He so wonderfully opened up our way; hearts and homes opened everywhere to receive us.

I shall never forget the first night spent with Mrs. Skinner, of Valparaiso—a very earnest worker and one of the leaders in the temperance crusade. We met at the home of Bro. and Sister Haxton. There was not much sleep for either of us that night; for just as did the disciples on their way to Emmaus, who talked of Him they loved, and He drew near, so it was with us, and we could say: "Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked with us by the way?" This was the beginning of a deep, long friendship; her home in Valparaiso, the home of all our band, her words of loving cheer often helping us on our way. Knowing how greatly she was interested in the work, I wrote, asking

her to write her impressions of it; and received, a few days ago, the following letter:

My beloved friend, Sister Cooke, has conferred a favor upon me, in asking me to write a chapter for her book. I feel most unworthy and incompetent to do so. However, since the Lord so greatly blessed me in permitting me to be associated with her in other days, and as I greatly enjoyed the ministry of those who labored with her in our own city and county, I feel constrained to do so, looking up to Him for guidance who has long been my guide and counselor.

It was sometime in the early spring of 1876 that I first formed the acquaintance of the Mission Band. A neighbor of mine came in one morning and invited me to go with his family a few miles in the country to a meeting that was being conducted by a company of Christian workers, who he said he was sure I would like. It was a lovely Sabbath morning, and, quite unusual for me, I went, for I had never indulged in riding out on the Lord's day, and always attended my own church. I shall never forget my first impression as I went in. The school-house was crowded, and people were standing about the doors and windows outside. Bro. Hanmer was preaching, and every eye was fixed upon him while he poured out his full soul in earnest words. Bro. Andrews followed with earnest exhortation. Conviction was written on the faces of the unsaved, while holy joy shone on the faces of those who were leading the meeting. A hymn was sung, and sinners were invited forward. A number came, and earnest prayers followed. My own soul was greatly moved, and I was much blessed.

It was not long before an opportunity opened for me to go again, which I gladly accepted, this time going to Wheeler, a little village about eight miles from Valparaiso, my home. There I met, for the first time, my beloved friend, Sister Cooke. We were welcomed and entertained at the homes of Brothers Haxton and Curtis, a mile or two from the village.

Their homes, like my own, were blessed like the house of Obed-edom, where the ark of God rested. What times of refreshing we had together! It seemed like entertaining angels. I was very anxious for the band, which numbered eight or ten, to come to our place, but so many appointments were already waiting that it was not until late in the summer that they were able to come.

Lake County had been the first to receive the benefit of the labors of these heaven-baptized people; and a blessed work had been accomplished before I met them. All the country for miles around was in a flame of revival fire; wherever they went, in school-house or church, a praying band was formed, and young converts were pressed into the service as soon as born into the kingdom. Strange to say, but few professing Christians were ready to welcome these dear people among them, and cold-hearted professors were ready to criticise the work done by unordained preachers, as some of them were. There being no church opened to them, a large tent was raised in the center of the town, which was quickly filled with people. The gospel was faithfully preached, and multitudes flocked to hear. Some were powerfully converted, others were brought out into the light who had been church-members for years without any experience, and many backsliders were reclaimed; but, alas! many resisted the Spirit, and went away unsaved. Satan is always busy at such a time, and many there were who scoffed at the work, and said hard things about us. One sister was deeply convicted and came and confessed, with tears, the hard things she had said about me for encouraging those people. I told her I freely forgave her, and, indeed, should never have known it had she not told me. Though I did hear of unkind things that were said, I was carried far above them; the sweet peace of God filled my soul, and had they trampled me under foot I think I should have praised the Lord all the more.

O those blissful days! "How sweet their memory still!" I remember a meeting that was held at Crown Point, about that time, for it was their plan, like St. Paul, to revisit all the "places whither they had been." I had joined the band, and, being one of their number, went with them. So soon as we were comfortably seated in the wagon, prayer and praise commenced, and continued all the way for eighteen miles. Sometimes we would meet travelers on the way, and they were at once invited to come to the meeting. If unsaved, they were exhorted at once to come to Christ, and were prayed for personally. Sometimes it would be a convert from some of their meetings, or some older Christian who had been blessed at the meeting; if so, a hearty "God bless you," a "Hallelujah," or "Glory to God," would break out over the beautiful country. I remember we met Bro. Myrel Pierce, who literally praised God all the time. At another time we all stopped to take dinner at a farm-house. The weather was very warm, so with one accord we began a service in the front yard, kneeling on the lovely green grass. Such singing and praying as we did have! Sometimes, as we went on the train, or waited at the depot, we improved the opportunity to sing and pray, often inviting sinners who stood about to come to Christ. Once we had a real Pentecost at Hobart depot; some got happy and shouted, and others cried for joy. Whole families were converted. Sometimes a little child was the first start, bringing all the rest of the family. The Holy Spirit seemed to fill the very atmosphere. The burden of all the prayers, and the testimony of all the saved, was "Holiness to the Lord." The Word of God was on every tongue, and the praises of God came from every heart of the saved and sanctified ones. People who stayed at home were converted; some ran away from the meetings to get rid of conviction, but were pressed back by the power of God's Spirit, in answer to the prayers of God's people,

This mighty wave of salvation continued year after year. Multitudes, now in heaven, were saved and sanctified by those precious means of grace. I fear some have backslidden; others have remained steadfast and are still "pressing the battle to the gates." As I recall their names, I think of some who are far away: Dear Brother and Sister Jones are now in California, doubtless working for the Master. Well do we remember their earnest labors. Bro. Martin, now holding the responsible position of pastor of an M. E. church in Chicago. The Brothers Kelsey, both ministers of the gospel. Bro. Andrews and Bird, who are now in heaven, were found at their post when the Master called. Bro. Charles Cooke, now gone to his reward. Earnestly and faithfully he worked for the Master here; bright, no doubt, is his crown of rejoicing. Dear Sister Goodwin, who has been faithful through years of trial, now lives at Marion, a faithful witness of the power of God to save and keep. Last, but not least, our precious Sister Cooke. No need to write her testimony; the mere mention of her name will cause to vibrate in many hearts a loving tribute to her memory. Long may she live to witness and work in this world of sin. What can I say of my own poor heart? Saved and redeemed by the blood of the Lamb! Much do I owe, under God, to the dear Mission Band for the peace that now flows over my soul. Yes, the precious blood of Christ "cleanseth from all sin"—praised be His name forever!

J. E. SKINNER.

A PERSONAL LETTER.

HOBART, Ind., May 28, 1877.

MY DEAR HUSBAND: It is Monday, my day of rest; and while Mrs. Jones sits down to write to her daughter, I take my seat by her side to write to you. The spring here has passed into summer and the country is looking beautiful. Had a full view of it yesterday, while riding fifteen miles to different places where we

held meetings. I suppose all around you everything is about as beautiful as here—more so, as art has added to nature [at Sydenham, near the Crystal Palace, Eng.]

I was in Chicago about ten days ago, for two days. Saw Mrs. Charles, Mrs. George and the children. Things are running on about as usual. We expected Charles out on Saturday night, but he did not come; I have not yet heard the reason. You know how busy he is; every now and then he misses the train. I had a letter from Mary lately; Fanny's husband is in very delicate health, and they were feeling much concerned, as the father died when quite young. Did I tell you that Mrs. John Mann died on her way to California? How well for their orphan children that they have such kind relatives to care for them.

I expect in about two weeks our tent will again be raised. We have invitations from various points, but have not yet decided on the place. Valparaiso has, I think, the first claim. It has one of the largest schools in the United States, with 1,500 young people; what a glorious field to work in, and the Lord has given us the first fruits; one young man saved the day we were there, and many deeply interested. O what a glorious work this is! Dearest, how my soul longs for you to know the joys of God's salvation; all outside of this is unsatisfying; vanity and vexation is written on almost everything; and then how soon the end will come. O flee, my beloved husband, while you may, to Jesus.

“Yet there is room, still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Pass in, pass in! that banquet is for thee.
All heaven is there, all joy: go in, go in.
There angels beckon thee the prize to win—
O enter, enter now.”

We have seen so many of all ages saved. One dear girl, exceedingly beautiful, is now very low, and near the crossing, but so happy; her room seems filled with the presence of Jesus. Another of these saved

ones passed away a few weeks ago; not a fear as she neared the shore of eternity.

I heard from dear Fanny a few days ago. She speaks of being so much better in health; I was so glad to hear it; and dear mother about the same as usual. I hear so little English news; so taken up with our own, or rather the Lord's work.

I am looking for a letter from you. Hope you are well. Give my love to Emma, and kind regards to her husband.

Believe me as ever,

Your loving wife,

SARAH A. COOKE.

ANN CUTLER'S CONSECRATION.

Amen, my Lord, by any means, by any instrument, hasten the time when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God!"

One of the holy women mentioned above, Ann Cutler, who was converted under the preaching of Bramwell, and often worked with him in revivals, wrote the following consecration, which she renewed every day. I have found it very helpful:

"Blessed Father, loving Jesus, Holy Spirit! I give my body and soul into Thy hands. Have Thy whole will in me; use me to Thy glory, and never let me grieve Thy Spirit. I will be Thine every moment; and all that Thou art is mine. We are fully united; we are ONE; and I pray that we may be one forever. I give myself again to Thee. Give Thyself again to me.

"Father, I reverence Thy majesty, and sink before Thee. Thou art a holy God. I submit my all to Thee. I live under Thy inspection, and wonder at Thy glory every moment. Blessed Jesus! Thou art my constant friend and companion. Thou art always with me. We walk together in the nearest union. I can talk to Thee as my Mediator. Thou showest me the Father, and I

am lost in beholding His glory. Thou takest me out and bringest me in. Thou art with me wherever I go. Mine eyes are upon Thee as my pattern and continual help!

"Holy Spirit! Thou art my Comforter. I feel for Thee a constant, burning love. My heart is set on fire by Thy blessed influence. I pray by Thy power. It is through Thee I am brought to Jesus; through Jesus I am swallowed up in what I call glory; and I can say, Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Ghost!

"I have union with the Trinity thus. I see the Son through the Spirit; I find the Father through the Son, and God is my all and in all!"

CHAPTER X.

VISITING one day from house to house, we found a young woman on whom consumption had taken fast hold, and it seemed that her life-days were numbered. As we talked to her of the way of salvation, of that God before whose face she must soon stand, she said "she did not believe the Bible;" her mind was full of darkness and unbelief. "If the light that is in you," said the Savior, "be darkness, how great is that darkness;" darker spiritually than the poor benighted heathen, and harder to reach. She had been surrounded by light, but all had been rejected. She could not understand. "Why did God do this and that?" arraigning, in her proud self-sufficiency, the God who made and rules the universe. I left her, with sadness in my heart, and thought a letter might touch her more than the spoken words; so I wrote:—

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: Now we know in part; there is much of mystery about God; our finite minds cannot grasp or understand Him. When you were a child four years old, could you understand or enter into

the plans of your parents, why they did this or that? Now how plain it is; your interests theirs; you see it all.

We are here in the first stage of spiritual life, and only one book can teach us what we need to know of Him. You can learn of other things from other sources.

Volney, the great historian, a rejecter of revelation, and a professed skeptic, when nearing the setting of life's sun, in writing to a friend, said: "I am surrounded by invulnerable darkness. If I look within, all is perplexity. If I look forward, all is confusion and disorder. I can understand nothing." (I write from memory.) Once, when exploring the countries whose histories he was writing, coming to the site of ancient Babylon and seeing how exactly prophecy had been fulfilled, with the Bible in his hand he exclaimed: "It is wonderful! Wonderful!" How the Lord would then have come in and revealed Himself to him as his God, his guide, if he had yielded to that conviction.

So it must be with every one who rejects this one light that God has given.

Dear young friend, step by step you have brought yourself into this awful position. The secret of it all you will find by reading carefully the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 16th to 20th verses; you did not care to retain God in your thoughts. Soon, in all probability, you will pass from earth to prove the awful realities of these things. Now you are within the reach of love and mercy, where every sin may be forgiven. "God is love;" "His nature and His name is Love." O humble yourself before Him and call mightily on Him to blot out all the past, all the rejection of the Savior and the offers of His love, and give you His Holy Spirit. It is Himself who is speaking to you through these afflictions and sufferings that you are having to endure, and will through these words, if you will let Him, give you another call "to seek Him while He may be found." Reject Him, and bitter will

be your anguish through all eternity—tribulation and anguish. "Because I called and ye refused, I stretched forth my hand and ye regarded not." O how he warns you! "Your desolation shall come as a whirlwind;" no shelter from the storm of divine wrath for your guilty soul if you neglect it here, and the thought ever returning: "I might have been a ransomed soul in the presence of God forever; nothing but unbelief has brought me here." "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" O the wondrous invitations, the awful warnings! shall they all be rejected? The Spirit's strivings come to yours, as to every heart, reproving of sin, of righteousness and of judgment.

Yours most truly, in Jesus' love,

SARAH A. COOKE.

Mr. Peter Zeller, a preacher in Michigan, told of his father, inclined to skepticism, who would read his Bible, but it would be like a sealed book to him. One day he had gone with a brother to a service, and the preacher told of the awful danger of the unsaved. As they walked home together, a mile and a half, in silence, side by side, one brother said to the other, "If these things be true, we are in an awful case, but I have no feeling about it." "Shall we ask God to show us these things?" the other brother said; "I am just with you;" and they agreed to go to the first one's house together. The wife was not a Christian, but a believer in the truth of revelation. They got down and prayed, and soon, in answer to prayer, He who has promised to give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him began to reveal to them these things. Before daylight, the wife and Brother Zeller's father had been gloriously converted. "My father had not been home twenty minutes," he said, "before I saw something wonderful had happened to him, he looked so different, he acted so different; 'Old things had passed away, and all things had become new;' his name was written in the Lamb's book of life."

The Lamb of God expiring on the accursed tree, the sacrifice for sin, the rocks rending, the vail of the

temple rent in twain, all tell of what it cost to rescue the soul from eternal death—to open its way to everlasting life. “Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish.” Despise His offered mercy; despise His commandments; and all that remains when life’s short race is run is a fearful looking-for of judgment.

There is nothing more painful to those living near God, than to see children who have been cradled in the light of gospel teachings deliberately choosing the world for their portion. “Warn them for me,” is the voice of the Spirit, and often we have done it; sometimes by word, sometimes by letter; always with prayer for divine light and guidance. To one such, these words were written:

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: As two sisters in Christ talked together of the state of the church of which they were members, its prosperity, its hindrances, the pastor and his children were spoken of. Was there no hindrance there? And, asked the elder of the two, “Has no one ever spoken to his daughter faithfully, kindly, of the inconsistent course she is taking, weakening her father’s influence?” “It would be no use,” was the reply of the younger one. And yet my Bible, the Word of God, says: “We must not suffer sin upon our neighbor;” we must “in anywise rebuke him.” We must not hate him in our heart; unfaithfulness, so far from being a proof of love, in God’s sight, is just the reverse. Lev. 19:17.

And so, this morning, I take up my pen, and may He whose I am, and whom I serve, help me. Your father is a minister in our church; holds a high and prominent position, and you know full well that one of our main issues is plainness of dress (so plainly taught in the Word of God). You may reason, “I am not a Christian”—*fearful, awful thought!*—but this by no means excuses you. A child, a daughter in your father’s house, ought not filial love to control? Have you no wish to honor and to obey him? One of the commandments, given with such divine glory, and as

binding to-day as on that day when given on Mount Sinai, was "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." You, dear girl, do greatly dishonor him; for whenever in the pulpit, or in writing, he attempts to enforce these divine precepts, will not the sad thought press upon him: "If my own children do not obey me; if I cannot rule in my own house, how can I rule in the church of God?" And your influence does not stop with yourself.

I hear of your mother; of her holy, saintly life; and you doubtless have heard of it too; does it stir no desires in your heart to follow in her footsteps; to share at last, with her, the same glorious heaven; to receive the same welcome—"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?" But now "your all is afloat for eternity,"—

"But Bethlehem's star is not in view,
And your aim is far from the harbor true."

The great day of God's wrath hastens and will overtake you with its tribulation and anguish, if unsaved. O where will you fly for shelter? every refuge will fail you then, and, like the great statesman, John Randolph, you will look back on life's wasted opportunities; the Spirit so often grieved and nothing left but remorse! remorse!

O dear girl, turn now—before forever the day of hope and mercy is past!

This is the prayer of one who loves your soul must truly,

SARAH A. COOKE.

Almost every one wants to reach heaven—has a secret hope of some day being in the home of everlasting happiness and glory. When the Baptist lifted up his voice in the wilderness of Judea, "all the country was moved" as the news was heralded "that a prophet had arisen" and God had again visited His people. No prophet's voice had been heard for near four centuries. Priest and people—the rich, the poor,



John in Jones
Trin. C. Duke.

(See Pages 110, 231.)



L. B. KENT.

(See Pages 70, 104, 203, 206, 225, 350.)

the scribes and the Pharisees—hurried to see him; he, the glorious forerunner of their great Messiah, filled from his birth with the Holy Ghost. His words were full of burning power, with one message for all alike—"Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Herod, Judea's king, comes and hears him gladly, and does many things because of him; but the Baptist, no respecter of persons, knows just where the bosom-sin of Herod lies; he knows that the woman he calls his wife, by the law of God is the wife of another man; but he, refusing to repent, stains his own hands with the blood of the holy prophet.

The Holy Spirit comes, like another John the Baptist, and convicts—lets the light fall on the sinner's heart, and many, like the young man in the gospel, go away sorrowing at the sacrifice involved. "And now also the axe is laid at the root of the tree." A sister at the Springfield camp-meeting lay for hours, one Sabbath-day, under the mighty power of God, as He revealed to her that awful place of punishment, that lake of fire. She said: "I saw it, and the vast multitude were headed that way. They would come where they could see it, and would look and ponder. Now and then one would repent, turn from a life of sin, and start for heaven; but most would go on as before. I would hear shrieks of fearful agony as they would fall into that lake of fire." Our preachers may cease to preach it, and they do it at the awful peril of their own souls; but it is there; the Baptist preached it; the Savior preached it; the apostles preached it; and you must destroy the Word of God itself to take from it the teachings that there is this awful place of punishment for the unsaved. As I went in to see this lady, she threw her arms around me and said: "O Sister Cooke, you must preach hell as you never have, for I have seen it!"

We must work with the Spirit in bringing conviction to the hearts of the people. "When He shall come He shall reprove of sin, of righteousness and of

judgment." Talking to an unsaved man the other day, on the willingness of the Lord to save, and His love for souls, I remarked that I did not think there were many days together when the Lord did not convict and speak to the sinner; and he said he did not think so either.

I was so impressed by some thoughts of Caughey on this subject. He says: "O that dreadful future: how suddenly and shadowy does it pass before the imagination, like the shadow of a floating cloud over the fields, but too transitory to allow you time for measurement. It is gone and leaves no trace behind, save in the recollection of the beholder. It is thus that the shadows of the miseries of an eternal future pass and repass over the human mind and haunt it to the last moment of its connection with the body. They come involuntarily, and, like the shadows, too, from the passing clouds—come more on some days than others.

"But from whence come these fleeting shadows of a miserable future as within the bounds of an awful possibility? And what do they indicate? They come from eternity. They come from God. They indicate the path of duty, of wisdom, of safety. They indicate a substance, a reality, as all shadows do. The reality, an awful perdition to come, thus represents itself, thus interposes itself and its terrible shadows between us and the light that shines from Calvary. It follows or attends upon the doctrines of Calvary, and imparts to them a terrible significance. They indicate a period when 'the prophesying in part shall be done away,' when we shall know of heaven, and know of hell, as certainly and as surely as the angels do; the time when we shall see the heaven we have lost or won, or the hell we have escaped, or into which we have plunged." The Lord working with them in every part of the way, in bringing sinners back to God, Bishop Taylor says: "I have long since left off making plans of my own. I watch His leadings in everything I do."

The door to the human heart, as well as into every field of labor, is sometimes opened to us very unexpectedly and in strange places. Miss Marsh, daughter of a clergyman in England, a devoted Christian and a great worker among the railroad men, was one day passing down one of the streets of one of our great English cities, when she was strangely impressed to repeat aloud, "There is a river the streams whereof make glad the city of our God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High. God is in the midst of her ; she shall not be moved ; God shall help her and that right early." She yielded to the impression, believing it was of God.

Two weeks after, at a public meeting, a man addressed her, asking if she remembered on such a day, on such a street, repeating those words. "I was passing you at the time," he said, "on my way to the river to end my life. I was in such difficulties I could see no way out; but your words gave me hope and I turned back, and the Lord has helped me." How their hearts mingled in mutual joy.

After the close of the last camp-meeting at Rensselaer, Ind., I was on the train on my way to Chicago. Our train was due at 8 o'clock, but about six we came to a sudden halt. After a time of suspense we learned the cause. A freight train had been wrecked, and we must wait until the track could be cleared, which would take some hours. I looked up to the Lord for strength and grace, and then told my fellow-passengers that I had just come from a camp-meeting where the Lord had been very present to bless ; and, as we were likely to be so long delayed, I asked if they would not like to fill the time by holding a meeting. No one replied, though there was a look of surprise, not unmingled with interest, on most faces. Then, remarking that I could not sing, I asked if some one would start one of the old familiar hymns, "Rock of Ages," or "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." Still there was no response. "Well, then," I asked, "shall we tell our experience

and have a class-meeting?" A lady, whose voice I had heard in very animated conversation most of the journey, said: "We are not all Methodists; I am a Jewess, and my husband and son-in-law, who are with me, are both Jews." Soon the conversation was on the all-important theme—"The Messiah." Was our Jesus Christ their long-looked-for Messiah? She said, "No, He was not." She was well-read, and very intelligent, and the conversation soon became of absorbing interest. We went to the law and to the testimonies, and to their own Bible; we could surely know from its sacred pages all the truth. And from Genesis to Malachi came the proof. O the Scriptures glowed with light. All the prophecies were fulfilled in Him. What meant their long banishment from their own land; their beautiful temple laid in ruins—His own prophesyings so exactly fulfilled? Now and then a stranger would put in, helping me when any difficulty would arise through my not understanding the Hebrew language.

It might have been ten o'clock when some one proposed that we should try and take some rest, as it was not likely that we should get into the city before morning; so we all made the best arrangements we could for sleeping. Almost as soon as day dawned, this Jewess was leaning over me, renewing the conversation. It may be that never, until "I see Him as He is, and am changed into His very image," shall I more fully realize His help and presence than on that night. I could see that she was deeply moved; the light of the Sun of Righteousness was shining through that dark veil of unbelief, and it was passing away. Will she bow in lowly submission at His feet and crown our Redeemer "Lord of all?" Perhaps we will never know, on the shores of time.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith!"—advice, counsel, given to every child of God. "We wrestle not," said the apostle, in writing to the Ephesians, "against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places"—

subtle, invincible, save as we are armed by the power of God to resist and overcome.

Reading, lately, the life of Billy Bray, I found it helpful to trace the way in which he gained such wonderful victories and maintained a life of such joyful, triumphant faith in God; such daily victories over "the world, the flesh, and the devil." One night he had to pass a coal-shaft where some miners had lately been killed. It brought up the superstitious belief of his people, that passing a place at night where anyone had been lately killed their ghost would surely appear. With considerable apprehension he passed the shaft without the spirit appearing; but as he came near to a bridge he had to cross, just as he put his foot on it, the thought came forcibly to his mind that the devil himself would meet him on that bridge. This thought thoroughly aroused him, and he exclaimed: "The devil! Who is he? What can he do? The devil is a fallen angel. He was turned out of heaven by God; he is held now in chains! I am Billy Bray—God is my heavenly Father. Why should I fear the devil?"

Strong in the consciousness that God was his defence, he continued, as if addressing a visible foe: "Come on, thou devil; I fear thee not. Come on, Lucifer and all devils. Come on, old ones and young ones. Come on, black ones and blue ones, fiery and red ones. Come on, devil, and all thy ugly hosts. Come on; Billy Bray fears you not." Then, feeling himself a conqueror, he began to sing:

"Jesus, the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly."

Then followed a time of leaping, and dancing, and praising God, who had again given him the victory.

Billy Bray was a man of one book—his all-sufficient guide, the Bible. Joy in the Holy Ghost was the staple of his daily life. "If they would put me in a barrel, I

would still shout glory through the bung-hole," he would say. As he walked the streets, he says, "one foot would say glory! and the other hallelujah!" What was the secret of this amazing joy, this constant communion? Obedience; a life wholly given to God—a miner, working eight hours in his mine, and devoting another eight to the cause of God; with his own hands helping to build three meeting-houses; preaching three times on the Sabbath, and often walking from ten to fifteen miles. No wonder the well of water was springing up in his soul continually.

MY DEAR JESSIE: I take up my pen, this morning, to tell you of my deep conviction of the harm of novel-reading. No tongue can tell, to the fullest extent, the mischief that sensational literature is doing to-day. A thorough novel-reader is almost as much intoxicated as an opium-eater, and lives in a world of unrealities; the every-day surroundings of life to all such are tame and uninteresting. An ungodly father, with only one daughter, said that she should be put under no restrictions about her reading; she should choose for herself. He did not want her to be bigoted and narrow-minded. As the daughter advanced to womanhood, she became all absorbed in novel-reading; all her mind taken up with the imaginary scenes they depicted. Believing herself a heroine, able to take some high position in life, the common duties of her daily life became irksome, and her course downward. Infatuating dreams of sinful pleasures, created largely by novel-reading, made her an easy prey to the seducer. Virtue gone, infamy and disgrace followed; soon a broken heart, an early grave, and two infants left to perpetuate her shame; while the unhappy father, struck with palsy, lingered awhile and then sunk with sorrow into the grave.

Then about as pernicious an evil, and a growing one, is the reading of newspapers—the incessant love of news, until, like the Athenians of old, multitudes spend all their leisure time and thoughts "in hearing or telling some new thing," the mind filled, most of the time, with

what is evil, and only evil. No father, no mother, with good judgment would allow any one to come into their house and tell their children or themselves what the daily newspapers are filled with. Nothing to elevate, nothing to refine; nothing to prepare the mind for that great future lying just before us—as little recognition of God, in most ordinary newspapers, as if He did not exist.

Do you say: "We must have something to enliven and interest." O there is plenty, plenty. History is full of scenes of all-absorbing interest. Biographies of the good and noble are wonderfully helpful and instructive. And, best of all, the Bible. One writer has said of it: "It is a monument of the purest and best of the English language. The boys and girls who from childhood have been familiar with the music of the Psalms, with the magnificent imagery of Isaiah, with the poetry of Job, with the touching simplicity of the gospel narrative, have laid the firmest foundation for mental culture. This is the greatest source of moral and literary culture that a child can have. The verses learned in childhood, or studied for their literary value in youth, will come back in some hour of joy or sorrow fraught with a new meaning of comfort and inspiration." It opens up forever its endless teachings, from the first dawn of reason, until the greatest, fullest intellects revel in the grandeur of its thoughts; still they are beyond them.

For more than forty years the Bible has been my daily study, and if another forty were added, it would ever be pouring fresh light upon my way, and opening up its rich treasures to my heart and mind.

Did you ever think of how King David loved and revered the Word of God? You will find that he almost exhausts language to tell of his deep affection for it. Listen to him: "Thy word have I taken for a heritage forever." "I am wiser than the ancients, because I love Thy law." "I have esteemed the words of Thy mouth more than my necessary food." "More

precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold." And these holy men of old had only a small part of it, very little compared to what we have. Isaiah burst out, under the inspiration of the Spirit: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever." And, "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

Yours, in Jesus' love,

SARAH A. COOKE.

As I was helping Brother Kent in a meeting at Warsaw, Indiana, two ladies rose and left the service during his preaching. I felt a strong prompting to follow them. Bro. K. noticed my rising and said: "Do not be gone long, Sister Cooke," wondering, I suppose, at my leaving. I overtook them just before they were leaving the grounds, and found they were both under deep conviction. We sat down and talked together, and after a little persuasion they both returned to the meeting. The altar-service had commenced, and it was not long before one of them felt the joys of salvation, and in less than an hour the other was saved. How safe it is to obey the leadings of God's Spirit!

"All power in heaven and in earth is given unto Me." "Look up; the time of your redemption draweth nigh." Over sin and death our Jesus is a conqueror. The sin you have so struggled against, year in and year out, you shall, through Jesus, conquer. He lives; yea, He says: "I am He that liveth and was dead, and am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death." Come, ye bound ones—bound like that bent woman in the Bible, lo, these many years—at His word you shall be loosed. See, see, right out under the blue canopy of heaven, a preacher is calling sinners to repentance. Hark how he tells in tender tones of the love which brought from heaven the Son of God, of His willingness to save even the dying thief. A highway robber has joined the great throng; his heart is touched. O how the preacher urges the sinners to come; the arms

of Jesus are open to all. Bless the Lord, the arrow of conviction pierced that rebel's heart, the love of God melted it, and in a little while Thomas Oliver took his place in beseeching sinners to come to Jesus, and he soon became a prince in the Israel of God. Is not His power as mighty now as when Paul journeyed to Damascus? Yes, Jesus is just the same; eighteen hundred years have not diminished His love or His wonderful power to save.

"Offer unto God the sacrifice of joy." How few Christians have joy to offer! Grief, sadness, mourning—no clear, deep wells of salvation. "The living water," so surely promised by the Savior, has been stopped. When God would give Moses particular directions about the building of the tabernacle, and about its worship, He gave the caution: "See that thou make it according to the pattern shown thee on the mount." No room was left for his own reasonings or preferences in the matter. When the Lord led me into the experience of holiness, He gave me my pattern; clothing not only plain, but common and cheap; and so I followed the pattern shown me on the mount, until the temptation came so plausibly. The common black straw bonnet was about worn out, when the thought came to make one out of a rich velvet jacket that was of no use, and it would, the tempter said, cost less than buying a common straw one. How I reasoned, as I made it, about the costly apparel. But the first time I put it on, the Lord spoke to me in His own words: "Now is the offence of the cross ceased." Worldly relatives said that it looked respectable and genteel; but the offence of the cross had ceased, and with it the joy had gone. For two months I could not look up and say:

"Not a cloud doth arise to darken my skies,
Or hide for one moment the Lord from mine eyes."

I never shall forget the day it was laid aside, and the plain straw bonnet put on again, and the thrilling

joy that came back to my soul. "To obey is better than sacrifice."

O how thousands of Christians reason away their convictions; not God's will, but my own be done. The beloved disciple, he who had leaned on the bosom of his Lord, has recorded: "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world;" and "the world passeth away and the fashion of it." "These are such little things," the unwilling heart will reason; "God does not notice these little things." O yes, He does; "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your heavenly Father."

I have sometimes noticed on trees a little branch having leaves on it, so covered by a thin spider's web that the air and dew had been excluded, and every leaf was withered. So a little disobedience breaks the communion between us and God, and the sweet, fresh, spiritual joy will die out of our hearts.

"Watch," was our Lord's command; and "what I say unto one, I say unto all, watch; and pray lest ye enter into temptation." "It includes," says Wesley, "an earnest, constant, persevering, exercise of steadfast faith, patient hope, laboring love, unceasing prayer."

THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

Few may have read this beautiful song, composed by the Rev. John Scotford. It was a wonderful favorite with Dr. Redfield; but he would ever say that it was incomplete. When he was just nearing the glorious company, a friend was called up very early one morning to pen from his lips three additional verses.

1 Have you heard, have you heard of that sun-bright
clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame,—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

2 A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty, strangely fair,

- And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave, and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.
- 3 Millions of forms, all clothed in light,
In garments of beauty, clean and white,
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.
- 4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs or their changeless sheen;
Their ensigns are waving, and banners unfurl
O'er jasper walls, and gates of pearl
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.
- 5 But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where amid all things that are fair is given,
The home of the saved, and its name is heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.
- 6 But far, far above that countless throng,
I hear the notes of a louder song;
'Twas out of great distress they came,
Washed in the blood of yonder Lamb,
Who reigns in that sun-bright clime.
- 7 Prophets, apostles, martyrs, all,
From mountain cave, from lion's stall,
From Hebrew's furnace, flaming fire,
Raised by that whirling chariot higher,
To range through that sun-bright clime.
- 8 Ten thousand thousand, thousand more,
From every age, from every shore,
Who suffered till the war was o'er,
With God shut in forever more
To dwell in that sun-bright clime."

Who has not been interested in reading of the Egyptians embalming the bodies of their loved ones? That art is lost, and it is of but little consequence; but the memory of those who "walked with God," and served their own generation, is a legacy for all time. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance," and "being dead, they yet speak" words of

hallowed wisdom. In traveling, I often meet with Christians of deep experience, who received their first religious light, especially on holiness, through the lives and writings of Wesley, Carvosso, Bramwell, Fletcher, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. H. A. Rogers, and others, whose instruction is so clear, so practical. They lived it, and their words came with power. I know of no books, outside of the Bible, like these autobiographies. I copy a few gems from Rev. Mr. Bramwell:

"I could write it twenty times over to you, that it is continual prayer, with strong faith, which will produce every effect. You know how many slide back in the necessary ordinances; some by improper hearing, some by improper prayers, some in singing, many in sacraments. The eye is taken from God, and a want of prayer runs through all the means; hence we are neither cold nor hot. O my dear brother, be alive; be a man of God; be in the Spirit; be a flame of heavenly fire; burn, yea, burn for God and souls."

"Be all on your watch; suspect everything that does not present the meek and lowly Jesus. Have nothing but what He holds forth to you. Receive all by Christ and from Christ. Be satisfied in having Him for your all. Be clear in full salvation without a doubt. You will then produce deep convictions in others. I want you to live fully, to live forever, to live in all the glory, and to be changed into it more and more. The Lord seal these things upon your heart. Amen! I am receiving more love; it comes by drops, after agony of prayer. My soul becomes less than ever, but God is all I want at all times."

"To dwell in God is our place while on earth; and this is perpetuated by acts of faith. Faith realizes the glory; for though we cannot see, yet we see all things in believing; make all that He is our own, and feel all the happy effects on the mind. Thus faith changes us more and more; we are taken up in the fullest union. Hid with Christ in God; ready, and always waiting to leave this body, that we may be clothed upon with our

house in heaven. Glorious company! Glorious place! Come, Lord Jesus!"

"To Mr. Ligston, May 25, 1815: You know I have been about three months in the furnace; the mystery of God! I know not now. I cannot find it out, but I know He was with me. The glory I experienced was beyond all I can now relate. I was filled with mercy. I could have shouted continually, yet I never had so clear a view of the torments of the damned. It was shown me, most clearly, that the terrors of the law are not attended to in our preaching as much as is necessary; and you may depend upon it, this is one cause of our leanness. The world must be sick; they must feel the need of Christ. O what a view of this in my sickness! It was also made more plain to me that a full salvation through Christ is ever near those who hunger; His blood can cleanse; this is the song of heaven."

MY DEAR FRIEND: You speak of our preachers being so poorly supported, and of the necessity, often, of their working at manual labor to support themselves. The question hinges here: "Have they been called of God to the work of the ministry?" So many, I believe, are in that sacred office who have never been thus called, and are entirely unfitted for it; having but little natural ability—*no love of study!—no zeal!—no energy!—no all-constraining love for souls!* and, of course, prove a failure, utterly, in the work of the Lord. But others we know have had the call from the Lord. Did you ever notice the words of our Lord: "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he would send more laborers"? A dear brother, whose whole soul was drawn out in the work of the Lord, would invariably add, "Laborers, my Lord, not gentlemen; we have plenty of them."

One of our missionaries in Sweden, Bro. Ulness, says: "We were in some need, and I thought I would help out by fishing; but some way it did not answer, and the Lord told me if I would devote myself wholly

to His work He would take care of us, and He has." Better, far better, for a man to be honestly laboring for his daily bread, and for those belonging to him, than to waste his time as so many do. No mechanic, no laborer, no professional man, could make a success of his business, or meet his obligations, if three parts of the time he was just hanging around his home, etc., etc. Oh no! Does a preacher's holy engagements leave him thus idle? Are there not the unsaved in every neighborhood, outside of any church? If he treads closely in his Master's footsteps, as a man upon whom is the seal of "holiness unto the Lord," "a light in the world," he will soon be known for miles around. His hands will be full, his heart too, and, caring for the souls of the people, they will care for his bodily wants.

Our blessed Bro. Dake said, in a love-feast: "The Lord told me to sell all I had and to preach His gospel. I have never, in four years, bought a coat, vest, pants, or shoes, but have lacked nothing." No, no! "*My God shall supply all your needs.*" "If a man will not work," says the apostle, "neither shall he eat." Does not this apply to the laborers in God's work, as well as to the work of one's hands? I believe it does. The diligent soul shall be made fat, and he that water-eth others shall be himself watered.

Then much prayer must mingle with all the work. When Bro. Dake visited Sweden he would be early on the lake-shore, pouring out his full heart to God. His voice would rise higher, as his soul would be drawn out in earnest, longing desires for the work. The people could not understand, but would feel the hallowed influence and tremble under it. Prayer and faith in God will make the wilderness blossom like the garden of the Lord. It was said of Bramwell, no matter how unpromising the circuit he was sent to, how torn up by divisions, he took hold of God by the mighty arms of faith and prayer, and the kingdom of Satan began to crumble before him. Fervent in prayer, first; then loving and tender in preaching, and, when need be, terrific

in his declarations of the laws of God against sin and its awful consequences; nor less faithful and true in incessant visitations from house to house. He would often visit and pray in fifteen houses in one day.

How many of our preachers are half-sick, weak, nervous, unblessed, and no blessing to the churches? Much of the secret is right here. The love and favor of God is not resting upon them, because of unfaithfulness.

Moving among them so much, I know what I affirm is the truth.

Yours, in Jesus' precious love,
SARAH A. COOKE.

CHAPTER XI.

DWELLING in the life and light of love, if light is in excess of love, it will cause such harshness, even in our zeal to lead men to God, as to produce in them hatred for us and our well-meant labors in their behalf. Rev. Henry Venn, co-worker with Wesley and Whitfield, on his son's entering the ministry, wrote to him: "Look upon your people as persons under condemnation, for whose pardon and recovery you ought to feel as a tender mother for her children. Lament an unfeeling heart in yourself, as well as in them. Beg earnestly that you may long after their salvation. Cultivate a deep sense of your own unworthiness, necessary to make you speak with consciousness of your poverty and ignorance, necessary to lay hold on Christ, and find in Him all you need for acceptance, strength, comfort and usefulness; necessary to make you take pains and give yourself wholly to the work—that your profiting may appear to all."

On this fatal rock of unfeeling harshness how many of God's anointed preachers of the gospel have been

wrecked, or suffered irreparable loss! Christmas Evans, the Welsh preacher, so mightily baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire, tells us that in his early ministry his soul, on this line, suffered great loss. He once drifted into the barren highlands of controversy. He says: "I left preaching the glorious and grand gospel in all its simplicity, its awful nature, its universal hold on the human heart—the glorious remedy—Christ, the One offering, the all-sufficient atonement for the sins of a lost world—to strike without love at all errors, as I thought, of the people. This so affected me as to quench the spirit of prayer for the conversion of sinners. I lost the strength which clothed my mind with zeal, confidence and earnestness in the pulpit for the conversion of souls to Christ. My heart retrograded. Sabbath-nights, after having been during the day exposing and vilifying, with all bitterness, the errors that prevailed; my conscience felt hurt, and reproached me that I had lost that nearness to and walking with God. It would intimate that something exceedingly precious was now wanting in me. My soul, under this influence, became as dry as the mountains of Gilboa;" but the time of deliverance came. In a covenant with God, he asked: "Grant me the favor of being led by Thee according to Thy will, by the directions of Thy providence and Word, by the disposing of my own mind by Thy Spirit, for the sake of Thine infinitely precious blood. Grant Thy blessing upon bitter things, to brighten and quicken me more and more, and not to depress and make more lifeless." The Savior condescended to enter into fresh covenant with him; and, filled with His own tenderness and love, all Wales, under his preaching, was moved as by the breath of the Lord. People would fall by hundreds as he preached the wonderful truths. These precious times were preceded by mighty wrestlings with the Angel of the Covenant. As a prince, he had power with God and prevailed.

"And on each He putteth
His own secret seal."

“And His name shall be in their foreheads.” You do not need to be told of some people, “they are Christians,” the mark is so undeniably fixed upon them. As they walk on the streets, as you meet them in their homes, everywhere alike, you recognize they are the Lord’s.

At one of the Illinois camp-meetings, some years ago, I met one of these heaven-marked ones, a saint of the most high God. She was quite aged, having passed, I should think, the allotted three-score and ten, and yet, one day, as the glory of the Lord touched her, like David she danced before the ark of the Lord. One morning, at our love-feast, she gave this testimony: “I was living in the country with my family, in the world and unsaved, when the Holy Spirit began to convict, to show me my lost condition. I could get no peace. I had been brought up in the Presbyterian church, but there were no Presbyterians in our neighborhood. But there was a Methodist church, and one night I went. In the middle of the service the Lord so impressed me to get up and sing a hymn that I could not resist, and I obeyed; the light came into my soul, and my sins were all forgiven. Soon I joined the church, and as I read the Discipline, I found that the Friday before quarterly meeting was to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer; and so when that day came I prepared the breakfast for the family, but did not partake of it myself. My eldest boy had a good deal to say about it; “a foolish woman, a foolish woman,” he exclaimed. When they were through, and I went to wash the dishes, I had taken the water from the cistern, but that smelled so foul, I threw it out and drew some from the well and it seemed so pure; and the Lord said to me: ‘A religion without self-denial and sacrifice is to Me just like that cistern-water is to you.’” As we heard of her on that camp-ground—what a burning and shining light she was!—I felt that was the way and that alone; Christ first, and self and the body second; that in all things He should have the pre-

eminence; as necessary now, as in the days of early Christianity, to keep the body under, lest we, too, might be castaways. When the disciples had seen that wonderful sight on the Mount of Transfiguration; when they beheld His glory, and their eyes had gazed on the two great leaders of God's Israel, Moses and Elijah; yet coming down from that wonderful scene and meeting the father with the poor devil-possessioned boy, they could not cast out the devil; but as the Savior came along, and the man appealed to Him, the work was done. "Why could we not cast him out?" they asked. Mark the answer: "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

And are not many cases of lunacy, to-day, just like those when our Savior was on earth—simply possessed with the devil? One such case came to my knowledge at a camp-meeting, some years ago. A man, with a countenance awfully dark, accused another man of being the cause of hindrance to the camp-meeting, and then told him to come out and show himself to the people. With all the simplicity of a little child, the accused stood up and faced the congregation, his pure-looking face convincing every one that there was no evil in that heart. Then the accuser fell to the ground, and round and round that altar he glided like a serpent; bringing to our minds the words of God to the serpent after the fall: "On thy belly shalt thou go." All through the night we could hear the unearthly sounds, as from the man among the tombs. Soon after sunrise, one morning, there came a message for us to go to his home; he had been most violent all night. I proposed that we go fasting; but the leader objected, and we all sat down to breakfast. When we reached the house, we found that, wearied with the frenzy of the night, he had laid down on the bed, and seemed scarcely to know we were there, and we seemed to have no power to cast out the devil. In a little while, we heard of him in the insane asylum.

I am often impressed, on a Sabbath morning, to fast;

it seems to bring added power for the services of the day. The power that came to the early disciples is the same that comes to us to-day, and comes in the same way. Jesus is the same, the human heart the same, and, for aught that we know, the devil's power is the same in the heart of the people. Coming home, one morning, from the Sabbath service, at our dinner-table there were three unsaved men; two were Scotchmen, knowing well the Scriptures, but unsaved. I soon found out where they stood, and was drawn out to talk to them with great freedom of the things belonging to the kingdom of God. I soon noticed that every one had finished dinner, while mine was almost untouched, nor did I feel the least need of food. And the scene came up before me of Jesus by the well of Sychar, and how, as the disciples joined Him, they said: "Hath any man brought Him aught to eat?" And He said: "I have meat to eat that ye know not of. My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." More refreshing was it to Him to draw that soul unto Himself, than to take food.

See! see! they are hurrying a man from Jerusalem—a tumultuous crowd. What has he done? He has only preached Jesus, but they are cut to the heart and will not yield. He has been a witness for Jesus, and has brought before them their guilt in slaying that just man, and they gnash on him with their teeth; but to Stephen the heavens are opened, and he sees the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand.

What to him, is the rage of that infuriated mob? The stones are falling thick; the man who breathed out threatenings and slaughter, and who is soon to be the leader of God's host, is there; and as they stone Stephen, love to God and love to men fills his soul. "Lord Jesus," he cries, "receive my spirit;" and then, breathing out the love of his soul for his murderers: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!"

"The glorious company of martyrs praise Thee;" this is the first of the glorious company. The same

spirit is abroad through our land to-day. The Salvation Army had landed at Battle Creek, Mich. The devil was stirred, and determined they should have no foothold there. After they were thrown into a stream of water, three of them left, but one remained. He was put into prison, dragged through the filth of the street, his face covered with mud; but he still glorified God, and, taking his stand on the sidewalk, he preached "the unsearchable riches of Christ;" and as he talked the glory of God shone on him, and three thousand people gazed in wonder on that face, shining as did the face of Moses when he came down from the mount of God.

"Is not Thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?"

AN EXPERIENCE OF PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

"Once, as I rode out in the woods, in 1737, I had a view that to me was extraordinary of the glory of the Son of God as mediator between God and man, and His wonderful, sweet, great, full grace, love, and meek, gentle compassion. The person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent, an excellence great enough to swallow all thought and conception; which manifestation continued, I should judge, about an hour, keeping me for the greatest part of the time in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be (I know not otherwise how to express it,) emptied and annihilated; to be in the dust, and full of Christ alone; to love Him with a holy and pure love; to trust Him and live upon Him; to serve and follow Him; to be perfectly sanctified, and made free with a divine and heavenly purity. I have several other times had views very much of the same nature, and which have had the same effect. God, in the communications of His Holy Spirit, has appeared as an infinite fountain of divine glory and sweetness; being

full and sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul; pouring itself in sweet communications like the sun in its glory, sweetly and pleasantly diffusing light and heat."

"I SEND YOU FORTH AS SHEEP AMONG WOLVES."

Never perhaps, until brought into circumstances where the words of the Lord Jesus meet exactly our own needs, do we understand their wonderful adaptation and fullness. Then the words He speaks "are spirit and life." A little band of us (His disciples) were laboring in Lenawee County, Michigan. We had pitched our tent in a lumber region, where the people were rough and ungodly in the extreme. One evening, as soon as the service commenced, we saw evil was brooding, by the dark, defiant looks of the men who had gathered in a large crowd around us. Soon our voices were drowned by their yells. Closer and closer they pressed upon us; when our leader, Bro. Shaw, cried out, "Every one of you get down on your knees and pray;" adding, in a lower voice, "they have already got one of our company, and if we do not hold on to God for him, they will tear him to pieces." How the fervent, effectual prayer went up from our hearts into the ears of the Lord!

The sight was appalling. Then came the assuring words of Jesus: "Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves." No truer picture could have been drawn; they howled like wolves. Their teeth gleamed out like those of wolves as they gnashed upon us.

A girl had been to our meetings, was awakened, and deeply interested, but her father had forbidden her coming to the tent; and a woman had come against the wishes of her husband. The devil had spread the news, through his children, throughout all that neighborhood, and about three hundred roughs, with hearts full of hatred, now surrounded us, incensed by the rumor that we were breaking up families. Yea, just in the way Jesus said His gospel should divide families. He

is the Prince of peace; yet when He comes and sets up His kingdom, the carnal heart is stirred, and a man's foes are they of his own household. No little flock of sheep or lambs could have looked more helpless than did we that night. They seemed just ready to devour us. The scene became more and more fearful; when, above it all, came again the voice of the Lord: "There shall not a hair of your head perish." How vividly in that hour I seemed to see the martyrdom of Stephen—the gnashing of their teeth—the running on him. But the God who hears and answers prayer spoke to those waves: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther." Gradually the tumult subsided, and the crowd dispersed, every man going to his own home, and we to our little tents, secure in the thought that the angel of the Lord was encamped around us.

The dear brother who had been assaulted was roughly handled. His clothes were much torn, but not a bruise was on him. He said: "I felt they could not harm me while you held on in prayer;" adding, "when their fists came down upon me they felt as soft as pads of velvet." One man, who had been greatly incensed against him on account of his fervent style of Holy Ghost religion, had threatened his life, and had used means that night to overturn his buggy. The next morning, as he mused on this threat, the Lord drew near and gave assurance of His protection, showing him that the enemy was no more in His hand than a stick he could break in a moment. May we not take up the language of the apostolic, devoted Wesley?—

"Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

Yea, let man rage; since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain Thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove."

If possible, always before speaking in public, I love to get hold of God in prayer; audibly, in the congregation, as well as in private; on the street, as well as in a building.

Reading in Mrs. Booth's work on Godliness, I received increased light. She says: "I believe more people are convinced in real prayer than speaking. I have noticed this many times. I have seen in a hall, or theatre, a lot of the roughest men, behaving in the most unseemly manner, arrested by the influence of prayer; I have seen a woman stretch forth her hands and say: 'Now let us pray,' and I have watched the aspect of the congregation, and seen great rough-faced men get their heads down, and sometimes wipe tears from their eyes; and when we got up to sing, there has been no more disorderly conduct. It was the Holy Ghost wrestling for those souls in the heart of that woman, that struck them with conviction."

"Prayer is agony of soul—wrestling in the Spirit. You know how men and women deal with one another, when they are in desperate earnestness for something to be done. That is prayer, whether it be to man or God; and when you get your heart influenced, and melted, and wrought up, and burdened by the Holy Ghost for souls, you will have the power, and you will never pray but some one will be convinced; some darkened eyes will be opened, and spiritual life commence."

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." How many years these words have been like a sheet-anchor to my soul! Often, day by day, have I presented them at the mercy-seat. Life is like a kaleidoscope, its scenes ever changing. We are brought continually where wisdom is needed to say the right word, to do the right thing. I have often heard my brother-in-law say that on one occasion he had been visiting all day with some Quakers. They had seemed so wonderfully blessed in their visits, and

he remarked, as they returned to the house where they were staying, it was wonderful how they had been guided that day. Then one of the Quakers said: "Not at all, Brother Charles; did not we, before we started, ask the Lord to direct us? Our own wisdom, unaided, is an insufficient guide. Step by step, we venture to take the promises to Him, and believe for the fulfillment as we meet the conditions." Often in connection with the Lord's work would come the blessed exhortation: "He that winneth souls is wise." O we must press through all reasonings, all discouragements, with the promise.

It was said of Finney, that the way in which he would hold on to God was startling; wrestling in prayer until the Lord would seem to say unto him as unto one of old, "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt,"

We must ever be traveling for supplies, from our own emptiness to His fullness, having no stock of our own to draw from. "His strength," as to His inspired apostles, is "made perfect in weakness." How few ever reach the heights Paul had attained when he could say: "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me," never resting on the high plane of self-sufficiency; how many, once great soul-winners, have reached these high and barren peaks? Staying at the home of a Presbyterian elder, he asked me one night to lead their prayer-meeting. As a Scripture lesson, I took the latter part of the fourth chapter of James. What revelations of that wisdom which cometh from above, which I had pleaded for so often, but never so completely understood as then under the light of the Spirit, seemed to cover all the heights and depths of Christian experience. "First, pure;" in motive, in act, in thought; "then peaceable;" the contention all gone; the gentle, the lowly Lamb of Calvary the pattern; "full of good works;" the open hand, the sympathizing heart; "doing good to all men as ye have

opportunity ;" without partiality ; " no respecter of persons." " One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." " Without hypocrisy ;" no guile, no deception ; its culmination, its great tap-root, LOVE.

With the light shining through the Word, how the holiest, the most successful, of God's workers have drawn from this source. Wesley, in his introduction to a volume of sermons, speaks thus of the Bible : "To candid, reasonable men, I am not afraid to lay open what have been the utmost thoughts of my heart. I have thought : I am a creature passing through life, as an arrow through the air ; I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God, just hovering over the great gulf, till a few moments hence I drop into an unchanging eternity. I want to know one thing, the way to heaven ; how to land safe on that happy shore. God Himself has condescended to teach the way ; for this very end He came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book. At any price give me the Book of God! I have it ; here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be a man of one book. Here then I am, far from the busy haunts of men ; I sit down alone ; only God is here ; in His presence I open and read His book, for this end, to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Does anything appear dark and intricate? I lift up my heart to the Father of lights : Lord, is it not Thy word? 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not.' Thou hast said: 'If any be willing to do My will, he shall know ;' I am willing to do, let me know Thy will. I then search after and consider parallel passages of Scripture ; comparing spiritual things with spiritual, I meditate thereon with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable. If any doubt still remains, I consult those who are experienced in the things of God ; and then the writings, 'whereby being dead, they yet speak,' and what I thus learn, that I teach."

If Wesley's ransomed spirit could commune with

all who bear the name of Methodist to-day, would he hear a loud "amen" to these teachings? Paul, in writing to "his son in the faith," Timothy, two epistles (*mines of inexhaustible wealth to every young preacher*), says: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." And again: "Preach the Word."

We need not preach against infidelity; there is none of it real and honest. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," and all his arguings, reasonings and sophistry will not prove it. Said the wife of a doctor to me: "I know most people know where they are going. I have been by many death-beds;" (her husband had a large practice in the country.) "We had," she said, "a man who was lecturing around here and trying to persuade the people there was no hell. He was taken sick, and O the horrors of that scene! For three days he said he was in hell. He gnawed off the ends of his fingers in his agony." The secret of all infidelity is plainly given by Paul in his letter to the Romans, "holding the truth in unrighteousness." "The true Light lighteth every man that cometh into the world;" but "glorifying Him not as God, they became dark in their imaginations, and their foolish hearts were darkened." "I knew there was a God," said a professed infidel, "but I hated Him."

Said the statesman, John Randolph, when in the pride of his heart he tried to throw off all the restraints of religion, and all belief in it, "Never could I, for one day, silence my heart's testimony to the truth of the Word of God." O to preach the truth as though it had a living hold on our own hearts!

It is not the talent, but the unction that comes from close communion with Himself, that gives us power.

The administration is the same, but what divers ways the Lord has of working; what varied instruments; and we in our blindness would limit the Holy One of Israel, and say, with the disciples of old: "I

am of Paul; I am of Apollos; I am of Cephas;" all only ministers by whom you believe. "Christ is all and in all," the vessels of clay merely used to convey the living water. The Galilean fishermen, with no organization to back them, without prestige, or learning, hated of men, "for His name's sake," established Christianity everywhere. Their feet trod in the footsteps of the Lord—in the power of His might.

A monk of Germany, seeking everywhere for peace, but finding it not, trying scourgings and endless austerities, goes to Rome; and while climbing Pilate's staircase (which is said to have been transported from Jerusalem by miracle), on his bare knees, he hears a voice in the depths of his soul saying: "The just shall live by faith." He anchors on the Rock of Ages, and ever afterwards knows nothing but Jesus and Him crucified, wanting no other guide but the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever; and he is led out by the Lord in the glorious work of the Reformation.

In later days, a Wesley and a Whitfield, whose large hearts could not be hampered and shut in by the iron rules of Episcopalianism, went through the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, and, like flaming heralds, carried the news of salvation. Then, as the churches grew worldly and conservative, and the great crowds seemed unchurched, uncared for, a Methodist preacher stands in the East of London trying to solve the question how these untold multitudes can be reached with the glad news of salvation. The Master had said: "Go ye into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in;" and "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." "How shall they hear without a preacher?" No clothes fit to wear in our churches, and less of inclination. We must attract them. The fisher studies the fish, adapts himself to them. The people love music; he notices how they gather at the sound of songs; and soon on the streets and in the lowest parts of London William Booth and his band of workers draw multitudes of hearers.

William Hawkins, of hallowed memory, before called of God to his life-work of preaching the gospel, was a merchant of high position. He went into one of the low parts of New York to preach in their mission; he heard the Master saying: "When I was upon the earth I went among the lepers and touched them." O how humbled he felt, and he learned a lesson in that hour that was never forgotten. Heart must touch heart. Most preaching is far above the lower classes, touching no chord in their hearts.

When William Booth was asked where he expected to get his helpers, pointing to the saloons, he said: "From such places as those." Sir Walter Scott said: "Let me make a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes its laws." The sweet, tender songs would draw and hold the people. So thought Gen. Booth; hence the great prominence given to singing and varied music in Salvation Army work. Joyful songs, with thrilling music, will make men think there is a life and sweetness they knew nothing of. The hallelujahs that flowed from human lips on the streets of Jerusalem were echoed on the streets of London. The joyful testimony that came, all burning with love, from the lips of her who had met the Savior at the well of Sychar, "Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" brought a whole crowd to His feet, and was continually repeated from those who had been forgiven much, and who loved much. In the Salvation Army, all that can be is laid under tribute to swell and deepen the interest; the loud-sounding timbrel, the violin and the drum to attract the passers-by; and all the glory of its wonderful success is laid at the feet of Him who so crowns it with His own blessing. In over thirty-five countries waves the banner of the Salvation Army. From one of its officers, a personal friend, the words are wafted from India: "My heart bleeds for this dark land, for the sons and daughters of India. My life will be spent for them." If ever a people in modern times understand and carry out the

command of our Savior: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life," it is the Salvationists. This frail, delicate woman was twice publicly whipped, assaulted by a mob of hundreds, as she, with her little band, went to open a new hall, and was all but stoned to death; and through it all rejoicing to be counted worthy to suffer shame for His name's sake. To every clime, in every country, adapting themselves to the customs and style of the people, they go, thus getting so much more access to them. They say the missionaries who live in style have little access to the natives. They look upon them as a kind of nabobs or foreign gentry. We have thought, in reading of the wonderful success of these people, surely they have learned, from their divine Master, "to become all things to all men," that by any means they might win them.

The General is a man of boundless energy, infusing his own spirit all through the ranks. Sloth and love of ease, the great bane of the priesthood from the time of Ezekiel to our own day, could find little place in the life of a Salvation Army officer. Provision is made in the Field Officers' Guide for filling all the time, and calling forth every latent energy of his nature, if he would see the work prosper.

In India, perhaps the greatest trophies that have been won are the Brahmins of high caste who have been brought to the Savior's feet and are now advancing His cause. A Woman's Training Home has also been established, to send forth women to work among their own sex. May He who has taught us to pray, "that His kingdom may come and His will be done on earth," help us to rejoice in whatever way, and by whatever means, it is accomplished. Amen, and amen!

OUT-OF-DOOR SERVICE.

At a convention held lately, one subject discussed was: "Cause and cure of the small attendance at our places of public worship." Is not the greatest of all reasons the want of unction and divine power in the preachers?

"The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are life," said our divine Master. Such words ever have a drawing-power. We read of those first God-sent apostles. "They went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs following." And is not our Lord as mighty now as ever? He preached everywhere; on the Sea of Galilee, or by the well of Samaria—the earth the pulpit, the blue sky His temple. And is the servant greater than his Lord, that the preachers of to-day shrink from this work? Where is that old intensity of love and ardor which sends men forth everywhere to preach the gospel?

What made the glorious and wonderful success of Wesley and Whitfield; verily, their intense love to God and for the souls of men? They "went everywhere preaching the word, the Lord working with them." So it will ever be. At Moorfields, the great resort of the lowest and most sinful of London, one year, at their annual fair, Whitfield announced he would be there to preach. Friends remonstrated; his life would be in jeopardy. He knew it. The platform was reared, and at six o'clock in the morning he commenced preaching. With little intermission through the day, the listening thousands heard the cry calling them to repentance. He lifted up his voice, and told them of their transgressions; then urged them to "flee from the wrath to come." Then, in the melting tones of love, caught by intensest fellowship with his adored Redeemer, he would tell of His wondrous love, and power to save. The sheltering wing of the Almighty covered Whitfield that day, for at times the enemy raged. The stand on which he stood was again and again overturned, and many an effort made in vain to still that heaven-given voice. A mountebank near by, who could not hold the people, got so enraged with Whitfield that he mounted upon the shoulders of a comrade, and with a long-lashed whip tried to reach the preacher, but in every attempt overbalanced him-

self, and at last slunk away amid the jeers of the crowd. Thus the day wore on, on; and when night came, and Whitfield left that battlefield, the slain of the Lord were many—500 souls, they tell us, were the fruits of that day's labor—a marked day through all eternity. Glory to God forever!

The command, as wide as the universe, is given: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Did ever more encouraging, more thrilling words fall from the lips of our Christ than these? Boundless in their depths and fullness!—*proclaim it, tell it everywhere, glad tidings of great joy, to all people*; the balm of Gilead for every wounded soul. Many have thought it almost useless to try to approach the Roman Catholics. O not so; their religion is one of bondage, of fear, of uncertainty, and of doubt as to the final outcome; with an awful "purgatory" looming up before them at life's end. I have often been greatly blessed and helped in talking to them. On one occasion I had promised to hold a cottage prayer-meeting near the Rolling Mills in Chicago. Went at an early hour to visit and invite the people. In telling my errand, in one home, a large-built man, who sat smoking a pipe, rose to his feet, boiling over with wrath, and asked "how I dared to come to his house and ask him to come to a Protestant meeting." O the torrent of angry words he poured out. I quietly waited until the storm subsided, when he finished up by asking what I thought of the Virgin Mary. Answering in the words of holy writ, I said, "I think she was the most blessed among women." "A soft answer turneth away wrath;" surely it did here, for he cooled down considerably. Sitting down by his side, I began to talk of the great salvation. By and by he said: "You don't believe in the holy sacrament being the real body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ as we do;" and reaching down his prayer-book he read words just about like our own translation: "Except ye eat the

flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you," and "This is My blood which was shed for you, drink ye all of it;" "Yes," I said, "that is just so in my Bible, but you have not got the whole of it." Reading on: "He that eateth of this bread shall live forever," and yet to the fuller explanation, "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." No sword, like the sword of the Spirit, "the Word of God!" The literal flesh, the literal blood, could not feed the immortal soul.

Two women, at their wash-tubs, had been silent listeners, and when the conversation ended, and I asked the privilege of praying with them, the man said to one of them (his wife, I suppose): "Shall she pray?" "I don't mind," she meekly answered; and we bowed together, and in the arms of faith and love I held this family before Him, our Father and our God, who had so loved as to give His only-begotten Son for them. When I arose from my knees, how changed he seemed; taking my hand in his, he said, "Don't you ever come this way again without coming to see us."

One day, in our County Hospital, where there are always many Catholics, I came to a cot where lay a young woman, I should think about twenty-five years of age. She waved me away, saying, "she did not belong to my church; that was not her religion." Not appearing to notice her unwillingness to be talked to, I said there was only one religion that would land the soul in heaven; only one God, only one Redeemer, only one heaven, only one hell; only one narrow way, that would lead us to that everlasting state of peace and glory. She became interested; talked on of that wondrous life of Jesus; of the woman who said: "If I may but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole." How vivid it all was; the crowd surrounding Him, the trembling, emaciated, fearful woman pressing her way through, and then the touch, the healing. How deeply she was moved! Jesus had



FRANCIS E. WILLARD.

(See Pages 319 to 322.)



In Christian love
A. B. Shaw.

(See Pages 80, 216, 217, 244, 246, 264, 302.)

Himself drawn near, and I believe that afternoon

“She touched the hem of His garment,
And her faith had made her whole.”

And yet one more instance, in Chicago, comes before me. It was in the dead of winter. Many of the poor were out of employment, when a kind brother, Mr. Cooper, opened a soup-kitchen, (with the help of friends,) and gave to every one who came a bowl of soup. The kitchen was down in the basement, so every one had to come into the mission on the main floor, and the comers were then sent down in companies. A service was going on all the noon-hour in the upper room. One day, while speaking, I was suddenly interrupted by a man lifting up his arm and saying: “You are not telling the truth, lady.” I stopped, and asked: “In what am I not telling the truth?” He said: “There is but one true church, the Roman Catholic.” “There is but one true church,” I answered, “the church of the redeemed, to which every child of God, from the days of Paul until now, has belonged,” proving it from the Word. I resumed the service, when, in a few minutes, lifting up his arm, he again repeated, “You are not telling the truth, lady.” “And did not Jesus die for every man?” I asked. “Your Bible, as well as ours, says: ‘He bore the sins of the whole world in His own body on the tree,’ and if a poor sinner could not get to your church, could not get to your priest, do you think Jesus could save him?” I then went on without further interruption. On coming down from the platform and passing him, he caught hold of my dress, and looking earnestly in my face, said: “You are a first-rate preacher.” Never, I suppose, had dawned on that dark heart, until then, the all-sufficiency of Jesus alone to save.

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“Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?”

CHAPTER XII.

ARTHUR, in his "Tongue of Fire," says: "When John, in the Apocalypse, saw the Lamb on the throne, there were the seven lamps of fire burning, (which are the seven spirits of God, sent forth into all the earth ;) and it is only by waiting before that throne of grace that we become imbued with the holy fire. But he who waits there long and believingly will imbibe that fire, and come forth from his communion with God bearing tokens of where he has been. For every individual believer, and above all for every laborer in the Lord's vineyard, the only way to gain spiritual power is by secret waiting at the throne of grace for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. *Every moment spent in real prayer is a moment in refreshing the fire of God within the soul.* This fire cannot be simulated ; nothing else will produce its effects. No more can the means of obtaining it be feigned. Nothing but the Lord's own appointed means, nothing but waiting at the throne of grace, nothing but keeping the heart under the eyes of the Lamb, to be again and again penetrated by His Spirit, can put the soul into that condition in which it is a meet instrument. If thou, then, wouldst have thy soul surcharged with the love of God, so that those that come nigh thee will feel its power, thou must draw nigh to the source of that fire, to the throne of God and the Lamb ; and shut thyself out from the world ; that cold world, which so swiftly steals our fire away. Enter into thy closet, and shut to thy door, and there, isolated before the throne, await the baptism ; then the fire shall fill thee, and when thou comest forth, holy power shall

attend thee, and thou shalt labor, not with thy own strength, but with demonstration and with power."

It is recorded of the holy Fletcher that his study-walls were stained all around by the breath of prayer. No text was selected without asking counsel of God—no sermon preached but he pleaded, for his hearers, "the hearing ear and the understanding heart;" then, alone with God, after every sermon he asked His blessing to follow. After the prevailing prayer had brought from heaven on Richard Baxter the Holy Ghost fire and power, all Kidderminster was moved; scarce a house from which the sound of prayer and praise rose not like incense morn and night. Luther prayed till kingdoms were shaken and the papal power of Rome was broken in Germany. Mary, Queen of Scots, said she feared John Knox's prayers more than an army of soldiers. On, on he went, prevailing through the mighty power of God, until all Scotland was embraced in the mighty arms of his faith, and feels to-day the victorious power of John Knox's prayers. During the time of bitter persecution, when the priest-ridden Mary sat on the throne of England, her jails filled with prisoners suffering for conscience' sake, and her martyrs ascending from fires kindled in Smithfield, Knox took hold of God by faith for deliverance from the awful bondage of popery. One day he arose from his knees with the cry, "Deliverance has come!" The Lord would not hide from his faithful servant what He had done; as soon as a herald could reach Scotland, through the city the proclamation was carried: "Mary Queen of England, is dead." The later times tell of other princes in God's Israel.

"AND THEY BURNED INCENSE TO THEIR IDOLS."

At the Eureka, Ill., camp-meeting, walking one evening quickly across the camp-ground, two ladies who were strangers to me beckoned for me to come to them, and asked me to sit down and talk with them. Both were very fashionably attired. "And do you

think," one of them asked me, "is it necessary for you to dress so plainly as you do? Have you no love for the beautiful?" The Lord was greatly blessing me, and my full heart was like the Jordan, "in the time of harvest, overflowing its banks." Less than an hour before, all alone amid the beauties of nature, I had been so melted with joy at the wondrous beauty of the scene; the blue tabernacle, the waving trees, the setting sun—all spoke of God; of Him who "maketh the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice;" but to adorn ourselves is no real mark of a love of the beautiful. Then I told them my experience: how, like every fallen daughter of Eve, I had delighted in this outward adornment, but that under the all-searching light of the Holy Spirit, keeping in all things a conformity to His will, I had seen that from the world and all its vain fashions I must separate myself. How suddenly, one day, He had asked me, "Why do you dress so—is it for my glory?" And though my lips gave back no answer, the heart did: "No, Lord, it is for my own." I felt that the last idol was given up, and that in my soul the Lord had set up his own kingdom of "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." One of the ladies walked away; the other, I saw, was touched. Then came the confession: "I once dressed as plainly as you do: *the Lord led me*, and everything had to be common and plain, and I was very happy then; but I married, and my husband, although a preacher, was opposed to it, and gradually I put on all again." I can see her now. She wore a close-fitting velvet jacket; a long ostrich feather encircled her hat; a gold chain and finger-rings, and all the adornments of the world, but the joy had all taken its flight, "the light had become darkness" in that heart. Often, during that camp-meeting, when the waves of joy would pass over the congregation, I would look to see if any light had come into her countenance; but no, the veil of sadness was never lifted. O how many to-day have turned from the sweet waters that flow softly from the

throne of God to the broken cisterns of earth, which can hold no water. These beauties of self-ornamentation are just the burning of incense to the idol of self ; "ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost."

To keep free in the Lord will need an increasing vigilance on every hand. "Have faith in God," the consecrated Carvosso would say, and a whole congregation would be moved by the thrilling notes. "Nevertheless," said the Savior, "when the Son of man cometh will He find faith on the earth?" O it is the offspring of obedience ; and without obedience the first wave of difficulty sweeps it all away. To how many of the professed followers of Jesus His commands, when they come in conflict with self-interest, are as but a dead letter!

Speaking some time ago to a friend, who was a professed follower of Jesus, on the pride of life so evidently displayed in her home and surroundings, so much of time and money needlessly spent, she answered : "I would never have my home any different." In a little while reverses came, and that home had to be given up. O the sorrow of that heart. No triumphant faith in God, no saying with the patriarch of old, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Some years ago a family landed in New York from England. The youngest child, a babe, died on the voyage, and its little body was committed to the great deep. Overwhelmed with grief, that mother landed in New York with a delicate husband and five children. He whose tender mercies are over all his works directed her steps to Mrs. Palmer's holiness meeting. Sitting down in the back part of the room, the leader noticed her grief; and toward the end of the meeting said : "We would like to hear from the stranger who seems troubled." Her sad tale was told, and friends gathered around her, full of sympathy and help. In a little while work was found for her husband, and a little cottage on the banks of the Hudson was rented for them

But that heart had never been brought into subjection to God's will. In a little while she was back to the kind friends, but "she could not live in that home;" every time a steamer passed would come back the memory of her babe buried in the Atlantic. Another visit, this time, to tell "that her husband was weak, and not earning the wages they were giving him." Now Mrs. Palmer took the case in hand; severity, the fruit of love, marked her words, probing deep, to the very roots. She said: "Look here, Sister; in the course you are pursuing you will commit suicide, your husband will be a widower, and your children motherless. This is all rebellion against the will of God." Soon that mother knelt, others kneeling with her, nor rose from her knees until all had been laid on the altar; her will all surrendered to God; then He came in, and the rest was glorious. No more she testified a weak nervous body, no more a sickly husband and five helpless children; they had all been cast on God, and from that hour Bella Cooke

"Rose to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within."

Forty years have passed since that day, and life, with its many changes, has tried that faith, but it has been "founded to the praise and glory of God." The husband died, and when they had committed his body to the grave there was not a dollar in the house, not a dollar owing. Now an invalid, with never a waking hour without pain, still her sick room in New York City is a place of strength and help to multitudes of souls. The world for Christ, in every heart, has been the pre-eminence. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

THE GIFTS OF HEALING.

"To another the gifts of healing," says the inspired apostle of that Spirit who divideth to every man sev-

erally as He will. Many years ago I had heard of a sister who in a most remarkable way had possessed this gift of healing. Laboring in the vineyard with Bro. Kent at Ashton, I found we were only a few miles from this sister's home; so, taking the train, I started with the fervent desire that in some way God's blessing might be on that visit. Living with her daughter, I found this aged saint, eighty-three years old. At first she scarcely seemed to understand the purpose of my visit, but as we bowed together in prayer, and the Holy Spirit fell upon us, what a oneness we felt; "no longer strangers, but one in Christ Jesus." Soon the memory of other days came back all fresh, and our hearts burned within us as she told of the Lord's wonderful dealings with her, which I will tell for God's glory, as nearly as I can recall them.

"I was living," said Mrs. Broadstreet, "with my little family in New York, when I became deeply convicted of my lost condition, without God and without hope in the world. I had none to counsel with; no human help, save a few words, once, that dropped from the lips of a Presbyterian woman; but the Lord led me and revealed Himself to me as a Savior mighty to save. How my soul exulted in His love! Time passed on, when the Spirit presented to me that He would bestow the gift of healing upon me. How I shrank back! How I pleaded, Not on me, Lord, but on some one else, bestow this gift. For three months the struggle lasted. One winter night, lying all night on the floor, often in an agony of suffering, I put up my hand to my face; it was bathed in sweat; in a moment Jesus stood before me, covered with great drops of blood. I said, Lord, mine is not a sweat of blood; I will take it. He had shown me something of the persecution and suffering this gift would bring; that I would be baptized with the same baptism He had been baptized with. The news soon spread far and wide, and the opposition and persecution commenced, but the work went on, and from early morning until late at night my whole time

would be taken up. The Lord in every case would make known to me what to do, and then when the moment came for healing, the words, 'In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ arise, or be healed.' Once they brought to me a little babe; it had fits continually; as I took it in my arms the Lord said take it to the brook and dip it in. I did so, and as I looked at it there were no signs of life. Do it again; and still no signs of life; do it again; and the third time it began to cry violently, and it was healed from that very hour. Once, and only once, my strength gave out, for I used great exertion, as my soul in many cases would be drawn out in mighty prayer. I said one day to my husband, I think my work is done; my voice was gone, and I was utterly prostrate. He let friends, two miles away, know, and they came to take me where I could have quiet and rest. In a day and night my voice came back, strength returned, and I went back to my home. A team had come to fetch me sixteen miles, to the home of a poor woman paralyzed through a hurt in the spine. I went; there was the sufferer, unable to move hand or foot; and as I called for a bowl of water the mother brought it with tears in her eyes, telling me how it pained her daughter to be disturbed. I dipped my hands into the water, then passed them all over the body, and then in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ bade her to arise, which she did, perfectly healed. In a few minutes that room was filled; some were shouting, some in deep distress for their souls, and Jesus was there healing not only the body, but doing the greater work of giving life to dead souls. When I reached home after riding those thirty-two miles, I felt as rested as though I had been sleeping on a bed of down."

I shall never forget those two hours of hallowed communion with this dear saint of God, extremely weak, and feeble, just ready to step into the land of light and glory. Methinks our next meeting will be as we surround the throne and join in the song of triumph to Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins

in His own blood. Hallelujah! To Him be all the honor and glory for ever and ever,—amen and amen! As during the night memory brought back again the wonderful scenes she had so vividly spread before me that day, I began to muse: how blessed; how favored to possess such a gift; bye and bye the Spirit whispered, “And yet show I unto you a more excellent way”—the way of all-enduring, all self-sacrificing love, the greatest of all gifts.

O make it, blessed Holy One, the atmosphere of our souls on earth as it shall be in heaven.—Banner of Holiness. Nov. 23, 1885.

SEEKING THE DEATH OF SIN.

Let us look attentively into our hearts, look into the written Word, and look up to God, for the light of the Spirit to shine upon the heart and the Word. Whatever we discover in us contrary to the Word, let us bring it before the Lord (for we cannot take it away ourselves), and plead with Him until we feel power to venture on Jesus for its destruction. When God speaks in the inmost soul, “Be clean,” all corruption and defilement shall depart, and purity shall be diffused through the soul. Let us not be discouraged, however frightful our hearts may appear, and however feeble and helpless we may feel. Jesus’ blood is all-cleansing, Jesus’ grace is all-powerful, Jesus is ours by faith. God offers Him to us. O, let us lay hold of a whole Savior. Let us force ourselves to the foot of the cross, lift up our eyes and look to Jesus till our hearts are pierced to the very bottom with His dying love. Let us continue there till His love has melted us down, that we may receive and retain the impress divine. “Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.” “Be ye holy, for I am holy.” For this purpose was the Son of God manifested in the flesh, that He might,—what? subdue the works of the devil? weaken the power of sin in the heart? No, but that he might destroy the works of the devil. O, then let us say, as God says, Destruction—complete destruction to sin! Faith

which is a continued and conscious act, will preserve us pure. Let us cry day and night to God for this faith—perfect faith. We shall meet with much opposition. The world cannot do with this, but few professors will do with this, but the will of God! the will of God! Make good use of your time. Live by rule. Love Jesus with all your heart.—Rev. John Smith, of England.

Letters written to a brother in the ministry, on whole-heartedness in the cause of Christ:

August 22, 1889.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST: A duty long neglected is often done awkwardly, and not in just the right way when it is done. So it was with me, dear brother, at the camp-meeting. My mind was full of the subject, confirmed and strengthened by what I had heard on the camp-ground, but it was not just the time or place to speak to you. It should have been prefaced by prayer, and in the spirit of lowly meekness on my part, and between you and me alone. Your gentleness and general consistency of character wins the good opinion of those around you, and if they have seen your deficiencies and lacks, they have been slow to point them out to you. Your slackness in the Lord's work, and the time needlessly spent on the merest trifles while souls all around you were perishing for lack of knowledge, have often amazed me. I have heard Brother Ebey tell of a sister in their neighborhood, when he was a boy, the only professor of holiness, whose consistent, blameless life was marked by all, and they thought "surely that death will be most triumphant." The dying hour drew nigh, but a gloom was on that dying face. Some one suggested that she loved flowers, and they had better fetch some for her; and a beautiful bunch of roses was brought to her from her own garden. "Take them away," she said; "take them away;" and then the dying regret in the light of eternity; "O," she said, "the time I have

wasted in my garden that ought to have been spent in leading souls to Jesus!" She humbled herself under the mighty hand of God; he forgave her, and she passed away in peace.

Alleine, that mighty man of God, would say he was ashamed if he heard any laborers at their daily work before he was up in the morning, considering "his business was so much more important than theirs." Archbishop Ussher, one of the most diligent of men, prayed fervently at life's close: "O Lord, forgive my sins of omission." How many of our preachers are just gentlemen of leisure! Laboring with one of these, some time ago, I said: "Brother, you do not put in two square hours a day for God." Badly supported—and no wonder, for God has said: "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." Show me the preacher who puts in as many hours a day for God and His glorious cause as he would have to do if engaged in any business, and I will show you a man who is provided with everything that is necessary for this life.

O brother, arise and shake yourself; be around among your people; feed the flock, go after the lost, or as surely as you live you will die spiritually, and the blood of souls will be on your skirts. I write in love, and ought to have done so long ago.

Yours in the precious service of our Lord,

SARAH A. COOKE.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST: Your letter, written so long ago, has just reached me. I have not been at home, and while the family I live with are always prompt in forwarding my mail, this one was probably misplaced. I hasten to answer it. I read it late at night, and its contents so took me by surprise that I did not sleep much; and as I pondered it over, the words of the Psalmist have come again and again: "Let the righteous reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head."

That you misunderstood my letter, as well as the words spoken on the camp-ground, I could not doubt.

Why, dear brother, the thought of your being idle was not what I meant; but this, that having given yourself to the work of the ministry, *the most glorious, the most self-sacrificing work on the earth*, so little time and energy is devoted to it; home and its comforts, and its pleasures, and its work, so engross you. Look at any tradesman, farmer, or mechanic; could he attend to domestic matters the most of his time and earn the bread for his family? Can you tell me why a preacher should not put in as many hours a day for God's work?—or if the work of God will move on if he is not a laborer? Are not the fields white unto the harvest? I never was in a place yet where the work of God could not be extended by a zealous preacher; prayer-meetings started in the homes of the people; house to house visiting; for the unsaved are everywhere; fresh preaching appointments opened up in every direction. To me this is an awful fact. Our preachers are just taking care of their little appointments, and making no efforts on the outside against the kingdom of Satan. O how little of the spirit of their great Leader, "who went about doing good," or of Wesley, whose constant experience was:

"The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave."

Now about the charge you bring against me, "that I am harsh and driving." If you knew how much I strive against it you would feel some sympathy. I know it is mostly in zeal for my Redeemer's cause. The words spoken as prophetic of Him have often blessed me greatly; He drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple; and the disciples, looking on, remembered that it was written of Him; "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." When I see, everywhere, and especially with ministers, such a lack of whole-hearted consecration, and know that the principal cause of the barrenness of our Zion lies right

here, my spirit is often greatly stirred within me.

Mr. Wesley said: "Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin, and desire nothing but God, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen; such alone will shake the gates of hell and set up the kingdom of heaven upon earth."

Dear brother, we are all hastening on the wings of time to where we shall know as we are known, and all that is imperfect shall be done away. In Jesus thine,

SARAH A. COOKE

"Thou hast magnified Thy Word above all Thy name."

All nature speaks of God, His power, His wisdom, but His Word tells of His holiness, His hatred of sin; every sin is, in His Word, "drawn out in living characters," and marked by His displeasure. It is for covetousness Gehazi goes from the presence of his master a leper, white as snow, the leprosy to cleave to him all through life. It was deceit and guile that caused Rebecca to never again see the face of her favorite Jacob, and made him flee for his life from the presence of his incensed and wronged brother Esau. Is it pride which God hateth? Haman, favorite of the king Ahasuerus, is stirred with wrath because a Jew will not do him homage:

"For pride is restless as the sea,
And empty as the whistling wind;"

and in seeking revenge he makes his own destruction sure, and swings himself on the gallows he had raised for Mordecai.

Nebuchadnezzar, in all his lofty arrogance and boastful pride, becomes the companion of the cattle of the field, his nature like their own, until, humbled under the hand of God, lowly in heart, he takes his place again on the throne of Babylon.

Is it unbelief?—a doubting of God's promises? For this two million people, on the very verge of the promised land, are turned back again, for forty years

to wander in the wilderness; and only two of that vast multitude are permitted to enter in. Is it a disregard in parents for the training of their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—to enforce obedience to His holy commandments? For this the otherwise spotless life of Eli, the high priest of Israel, stands as a warning for all time. "His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." Terrible was this sin in the sight of God, in one whose high office between God and man raised him as an example in the sight of all the people; and these wicked, God-defying sons were both slain in one day, and his own life ended under the awful displeasure of the Almighty. Is it adultery? Hear the wailing cry of David: "My sin is ever before me. I water my couch with tears." That fair name is sullied, and, though forgiven, all through life its memory would haunt him like a spectre. The God whom he had so loved he had dishonored. And so to the rich man, "lifting up his eyes in torment," and asking that Lazarus might be sent to his five brethren to warn them, Abraham said: "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them."

"Wisdom crieth, she lifteth up her voice" on every page of God's holy Word. Is it haughtiness? Vashti refused to obey the command of her husband, her king, and verified the words of holy writ: "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall;" and the crown is taken from her brow. Glorious light streams through every page of God's Word. Praise God, millions of it are to-day being circulated all over the world!

"The Power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise—
They rise but never set.

What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none."

Riding one day in an open street-car, in Chicago, a young man was standing close beside me. Handing him a copy of the book of Proverbs, I asked him if he had ever read it, remarking: "My eldest brother used to say that every business man ought to read the book of Proverbs every month, it is so filled with all the wisdom he would need in his daily life." He began to turn over its pages, and seemed much interested. In a little while he asked: "Is this the Bible? What would it cost to get the whole Bible, and where could I get it? Is it in the Roman Catholic Bible?" I told him they all came from one source—the great Father of Light, and handed down from prophets and apostles. How my heart went out to God that the "entrance of His Word might give light," as he took down the address of our American Bible Society.

Daniel Webster, the greatest lawyer of his age, said: "My heart assures me, and re-assures me, that the gospel of Jesus must be a divine reality; from the time that, at my mother's feet or my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred Word of God, they have ever been my daily study and vigilant contemplation; and all I am I owe to my parents for instilling into my mind an early love for the Scriptures."

TO PARENTS.

"For the promise is unto you and to your children." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Is not this the sure Word of our God? "Her children rise up to call her blessed." Yes, verily, but how few, in their children, have reaped the blessed fulfillment of these wondrous promises. There is failure all along the line; many children of the godly take the broad path "which leadeth to destruction." How many parents, with the open Bible before them, have said: "This shall be my one guide in training my children for immortality and eternal glory!" How early this training must begin!

To the parents of Israel, after telling them they

were to love the Lord their God with all their heart, with all their soul, and with all their might, God gave the command how to train their children. They were to talk to them of God and instruct them in His laws. "When thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." What a training; what holy reverence in these young hearts would be inspired for God from the first dawn of reason. "The mind of a child is like wax to receive an impression; like marble to retain it."

Wondrous book, the Bible, full of encouragement, full of warning. No lesson deeper, nothing in all its pages stronger in its lessons of warning to parents, than that of Eli, the high priest of Israel. What desolation marked his home, saddened his last days, like the leprosy which clung to Gehazi, and settled on his house forever. The one great sin in the sight of God was the utter failure in enforcing the commandments of God, and all reverence for His worship. One can almost see, looking back to childhood, the sinful indulgence which overlooked the foolishness bound up in the heart of a child; the self-will, which made the service of God's house irksome; the lack of true, whole-hearted devotion to God, which would have made everything else bend; in a word, the honoring of God, "which He will honor," the despising of Him, which consists so much in not obeying, and, as we have the opportunity, enforcing all His law, and of which those who are guilty shall be lightly esteemed.

And does not the worldliness of the church to-day speak loudly of this lack? I look back to the days of childhood and see the place where, every Sabbath morning and evening, were gathered seven children from my father's home, at three sessions of Sabbath-school, and twice a day at public services. How hallowed were those days. Where are the children to-day? Restless, wandering everywhere. How few are trained in the house of God! Beloved parents, in you lies the sin,

which is helping to make your children "despise that which is good." O remember that the education you are so anxious to give them says "it is not in me." No preparation on that line will lead them to God, who has said, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" the Bible, God's own guide-book, cast aside; its teachings mostly ignored; He who made us for His own glory, and to share forever His presence and love, when the fleeting years of human life shall close, when the spirit shall return to the God who gave it, are all left out in the teachings of our public schools. O parents, read to them "the Word of God, which abideth forever." Lead them early to commit much of it to memory, their knees bowed with yours, from earliest infancy; your lives so pure, your obedience so complete to all the will of God, shall be to them a daily help, a daily light. Then shall you claim the promise and see its glorious fulfillment, and "instead of the fathers shall rise up the children whom He will make princes in the earth." Amen and amen.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

I have always loved the Sabbath-school and to work among the children; their hearts are so easily impressed and their life is all before them. "The mind of a child is like wax to receive an impression, and like marble to retain it." Few people know how early in life the Lord begins to work on the hearts of children.

While quite a small boy, one of England's greatest preachers, Charles H. Spurgeon, was living with his grandfather, a preacher in Stamborne, Essex, when the Rev. Richard Knill, a missionary and great soul-winner, and a mighty preacher of the gospel, came to Stamborne to preach their missionary sermon. He asked little Charles where he slept, and every morning he would call him up early and take him into an arbor in the garden, cut out of a yew tree, and there, in the most winning way, would tell him stories from the life of Jesus—of the blessedness of trusting Him, and lov-

ing Him in childhood; then would kneel down and pray with him.

On the morning Mr. Knill left, he took little Charles on his knee, and, in the presence of all the family, said: "This child will one day preach the gospel, and he will preach it to great multitudes of people. I am persuaded he will preach in the chapel of Rowland Hill" (Surrey Chapel, London). He spoke very solemnly and earnestly. Then he gave him a sixpence, as a reward for him to learn that hymn beginning:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm;"

getting the promise from the child, that when he should first preach there he would give out that hymn. Mr. Spurgeon says that it was with indescribable emotion he arose to preach there, for the first time, giving out the chosen hymn. O who can tell the influence on his life of the three days' visit of that holy missionary, who preached in the very heart of London for nearly forty years, to its busy multitudes, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Just on the verge of heaven, he exclaimed: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith!" "Our people die well," Mr. Wesley would say. *They do, they do!* "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

In 1786, in the minutes of the conference led by Bishop Asbury, we find this record:

"Question: What can be done to instruct poor children? Answer: Let us labor as the heart and soul of one man to establish Sunday-schools in or near the places of worship. Let persons be appointed by the bishops, elders, preachers, or deacons, to teach gratis all that will attend and have a capacity to learn, from six o'clock in the morning until ten, and from two o'clock in the afternoon till six, where it does not interfere with the public worship."

Eight hours a day; how different from the shred of time given to Sunday-school work now!

"He shall guide thee continually." O what an anchor this has been to my soul, what incessant seeking for this guidance. Bishop Taylor says: "I see more and more clearly that it is too late for me to begin to make plans for the Lord by which to work, when God has so long ago made plans for me. It is not mine to ask Him to indorse my plans and go with me, but by all available means to discern His plans and go with Him." He wrote, May 2, 1891: "To-day I am seventy, by the great providence of God, who has promised me, 'With long life will I satisfy you.' I may yet put in twenty more years; this, I think, will fill up my life of service, bringing, I trust thousands of these African heathens to Jesus."

What a wonderful street-preacher he has been! He says he never but once asked permission of the authorities, and that was in New York. He was refused, but went right ahead, taking his commission from his Lord: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Said Wesley: "What marvel the devil does not like field-preaching. Neither do I. I love a commodious room, a soft cushion, a handsome pulpit; but where is my zeal if I do not trample these under foot in order to save one soul?"

"To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundance, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath." Out-door meetings develop our young converts, and give them courage to push out anywhere with the gospel. No preacher will just boom over the heads of his congregation who is used to mixing among the people, talking to them in their homes, on the streets, and in the highways. He could not hold an out-door congregation unless his heart was in it. This would bring him often to Jesus, for the courage, the strength, the holy anointing. With our eyes ever upon Jesus, our question will be continually the first on the lips of Saul of Tarsus when he

recognized the Messiah: "*Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?*" and perhaps the last in that life of wondrous devotion before he laid his head down in martyrdom.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE following sketches I have taken from the life of Billy Bray, and while traveling have distributed them largely as a tract. He being dead, I would like to have his earnest, devoted life to shine upon these pages :

Throughout all the country of Cornwall, England, familiar as a household word is the name of Billy Bray. His young life was marked by much ungodliness, though often during these years of open rebellion against God deeply convicted by the Spirit. His conscience troubled him, and dreams terrified him; and he would fear to sleep lest he should wake up in hell. In the good providence of God there came into his hand a book of John Bunyan's; "*Visions of Heaven and Hell.*" The vivid scenes depicted roused Billy to deep anxiety, particularly the description of two souls in hell cursing each other for their misery. He applied it to himself and an intimate boon companion, and the thought burned within him, "*Shall he and I, who love one another so much, torment each other in hell?*" The convictions were also deepened by the words of his wife, who had once enjoyed the favor of God, but had backslidden. "*O Billy,*" she would say, "*no tongue can tell what they enjoy who serve the Lord.*" "*Why don't you begin again, then?*" he asked, "*for then I might begin to get converted; and show me the way, for you bean't such a sinner as I be.*" Though suffering awfully under the lashings of a guilty conscience, the devil, as he said, had such a hold of him that he was ashamed to pray before his wife, and went to bed that night without kneeling. But Billy's

trouble was too much for his shame. In the middle of the night he sprang out of bed and fell on his knees, praying to God for mercy. "The more I prayed," he said, "the more I felt to pray;" and day and night, at work and at home, he wrestled for deliverance from guilt, often roaring out in the disquiet of his soul. His companions reproached him for making so much noise. "You would roar out too, if you felt my load," he would say, as they bade him be still; "you would roar out too; and roar out I will until I get it off." There was no more drunkenness, no more shame, but one incessant cry: "What must I do to be saved?" and work and food and sleep were forgotten in the intensity with which he sought the Lord.

One day, as soon as he reached home, he went straight to his room with one resolve. "The work must be done now," he cried to the Lord: "Hast thou not said, they that seek shall find, and they that knock shall have the door opened? and I have faith to believe it." That moment the pardon came. "I shouted for joy. I praised God with my whole heart for what he had done for a poor sinner like me. Everything looked new to me, the people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a man in a new world. I told all I met what the Lord had done for my soul. I have heard some say that they have hard work to get away from their companions, but I sought mine out, and had hard work to find them soon enough to tell them what the Lord had done for my soul. They said I was a madman, but they meant I was a glad man, and glory be to God! I have been glad ever since."

Billy's whole life was spent in praising the Lord; and for the most part aloud. He couldn't help himself; with a heart always in tune, every influence, every breath, shook from its tremulous chords some note of thanksgiving. "As I go along the street," he said, "I lift up one foot, and it seems to say 'Glory!' and I lift up the other and it seems to say 'Amen!'" and they keep on like that all the time I walk."

But probably you would have come upon him singing : " Bless the Lord, I can sing," he would say ; " my heavenly Father likes to hear me sing. I can't sing so sweetly as some, but my Father likes to hear me sing as well as those who can sing better than I can. My Father likes to hear the crow as well as the nightingale, for he made them both."

Billy soon joined the Methodists. His earnest, deep-toned religion was felt everywhere he went ; his every look and all his words told of Jesus. His glad heart swelled to overflowing with joy and yearning tenderness for others. In about one week his wife joined him in the race for eternal glory.

" There were men who professed to be converted before I was, but did not love the Lord enough to own him and us, enough to pray with us and tell us we were going to hell! But when I was converted, praise the Lord! he gave me strength to tell all I met with that I was happy, and that what the Lord had done for me he would do for anybody else that would seek his face. There was nobody that prayed in the mine where I worked ; but when the Lord converted my soul he gave me power to pray with the men before we went to our different places to work. Sometimes I felt it a heavy cross, but the cross is the way to the crown. Sometimes I have had as many as from six to ten men down with me, and I have said, ' Now, if you will hearken to me I will pray for you before we go to work, for if I do not pray with you, and any of us should be killed, I should think it was my fault.' Then I would pray in what people call simple language, but as I hope the Lord would have me. When praying I had used to say, ' Lord, if any of us be killed in the mine, or die to-day, let it be me ; let no one of these men die, for they are not ready, but I am, and if I die to-day I shall go to heaven.' When I rose from my knees I would see the tears rolling down their faces, and soon some of them became praying men too."

To Billy Bray, every one he met had a soul Jesus

had died to save, and that he might influence forever ; and he would do all he could to save it. From the time of his conversion his zeal for souls was as a "flaming fire," never checked by difficulties, only developing a stronger faith and mightier victories. His ear was ever attentive to the voice of God. One day, walking over a hill near his home, the voice of the Lord said to him, "I will give thee all the souls that dwell upon this mountain." Then began a course of earnest prayer for wisdom and earnest effort for their salvation. As a miner he had leisure every day, only having to work eight hours. He visited them constantly, reading, talking and praying, until every one was brought to Jesus. With great joy he told the Lord, asking for a larger field of labor. He rose from prayer satisfied with the assurance that soon there would be work enough upon his mountain.; and sure enough, in a little while they began to build a church school-house on the hill, and then a vicarage for the clergyman. On came the clergyman, and with great expectations Billy went to hear him ; but he left much disappointed, for, as he said, the new pastor was a Pussy (Dr. Pusey was a leader of the Ritualistic party in the Church of England), and he reckoned he should have more trouble with him than all the rest on his mountain.

By day and by night Billy Bray wrestled in prayer for him ; at work and at home he besought the Lord for this one soul. So the weeks and months passed, the clergyman continuing to preach that the sacrament alone was able to save; no salvation for anybody out of the Episcopal church ; and he succeeded in making many of his people hold to his own notions. Among his hearers was a zealous ritualist, a man after his own heart. This man was taken suddenly ill, and soon was evidently sinking in consumption. He became much troubled. He had heard of some having a joyful, triumphant hope ; he had none. The outward forms of religion failed to support in the prospect of death. In much distress of mind he sent for

the Methodist to pray for him ; his eyes were opened ; he saw he had never been converted, dead in trespasses and sins ; in Jesus he beheld a Savior mighty to save, and ventured on him. The work was done. His peace brightened into joy so deep that he rose from his bed and walked the room, shouting and praising God. In the providence of God the clergyman called, looking on in perfect astonishment, while with heaven's own light beaming on his face he shouted, "Glory! Glory to God!" "O sir," the converted man cried, "I know that you love me and I love you. You don't know this peace and joy ; I'm sure you don't, or you would have told it. O sir, pray the Lord to give it to you. I will never stop praying for you. The Lord bless and convert your soul!" The minister left him, perplexed and bewildered. Could it be that he was mistaken? Was there a power and life in religion to which he was an utter stranger? Did he know what it meant to be converted? Did he, a clergyman teaching these things to others, understand them himself?

Full of misery, the Sabbath came. The bell was tolling for service. Trembling from head to foot, he read the prayers. How could he preach with nothing to say? As soon as he opened his mouth the glory of the Lord shone upon him; Christ as the only Foundation, Christ as the only Salvation, Christ as the All in All, was revealed to him. It was the beginning of a glorious revival that spread on every side.

Now came the answer to Billy Bray's oft-repeated prayer that he might go and see the parson (he was now living some miles away.) So he started, as he said, hitching up the donkey, and singing all along the road, getting to the clergyman's house about breakfast time. In the house the favorite expression ; " Bless the Lord!" was heard in the hall. Opening the door, there stood the early visitor.

"What is your name?" asked the clergyman.

"I be Billy Bray, sir. Be you the parson?" he asked. The man told him he was.

"Converted be ye, sir?"

"Yes, thank God, I am," said the clergyman. In a moment Billy was filled with delight that knew no bounds. Throwing his arms around him he lifted him up, carrying him around the room, shouting "Glory! Glory! the parson's converted! Glory to God!" Now the vicar's wife came in. "Be this missus converted?" asked Billy. "Yes, thank God!" was the joyful answer. "O" he said, "I's be so happy I can hardly live." But suddenly Billy checked himself. "All the souls on the mountain?" he said to himself; then asked the lady: "Bean't there some maids in the house?"

"Yes," she answered, "there are three."

"Be they converted, too? for they do live upon my mountain." He was assured they all were converted. Then they all knelt together, thanking the Lord for the mighty works he had done.

Amidst many discouragements and difficulties he commenced with his own hands to build a chapel near the place where he lived. "The Lord," he said, "sent us many friends, who sent me money to pay the masons, and we got the walls up and the roof, but the last bit of timber had been used, the last penny spent." Billy got down before the Lord in simple, earnest, believing prayer. How could he doubt? Had not the Lord said, "The silver and the gold are mine?"

The next morning he came down to his work again without timber or money, but with faith in God. He didn't wait long. A man who lived near came up and asked him, "What do you want a pound note for?" "Just the money I want to put a principal on the end of the chapel," said Billy, with twinkling eyes. "Well," said the man, "I never knew such a thing in my life; all the morning it has been coming in my ears, 'go and give Billy a pound note.'" So off Billy went to buy the timber, blessing the Lord all the way. Souls were so exceedingly precious in his sight that when less zealous friends would dissuade him from undertaking to build another chapel under great discourage-

ments, his argument against every objection was this: If this chapel should stand a hundred years, and only one soul was converted in a year, that would pay well enough; for "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." And so this Cornish man ran his race, a fullness of joy and peace flowing through his soul—like the tree planted by the river "bringing forth its fruits," till the glorious light of eternity dawned, and he took his place around the throne, to go no more out forever.

The Lord has said: "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." How they stand out on the pages of history, belonging to every sect, to every age; like Enoch, they have walked with God, filling the church with the perfume of their goodness. One of these, the Rev. William Tennant, a preacher in the Presbyterian church, in the last century, had preached one morning and had taken for his afternoon text John 3:16, and had gone out at the noon-hour to meditate on the glorious theme of God's love. As he did so, especially on the infinite wisdom of God as manifest in all His works, and particularly on the wonderful method of salvation, through the death and suffering of His beloved Son, the subject suddenly filled his mind with such a flood of light that his views of the infinite glory and majesty of Jehovah became so inexpressibly great as to entirely overwhelm him, and he fell almost lifeless to the ground. When he had revived a little, all he could do was to raise a fervent prayer that God would withdraw Himself from him, or he must perish, under a view of His ineffable glory. Over-staying his usual time, some of his elders went in search of him, and found him prostrate on the ground. He ascended to the pulpit on his hands and knees. He remained silent a considerable time, earnestly supplicating the Lord to hide Himself from him; then he stood up, holding on to the desk, and in a most affecting and pathetic manner gave an account of the view he had had of the infinite wisdom of God, and deplored

his own incapacity to speak of Him in a manner at all adequate—so infinitely glorious, beyond all powers of description. Then followed a prayer so fervent that it drew tears from every eye. The sermon followed, from “God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Forty souls were converted as a result of that service, and he called it his great harvest day.

OF ADAM CLARKE.

In watching the majestic flow of a river like the Hudson or Mississippi, who would not look with deep interest to the little rill, perhaps from some fissure in the hill-side, whence it took its rise, swelling in its course till on its bosom the mightiest ships could sail, and everything on its banks drew sustenance. Such are the lives of the illustrious ones who have left their “footprints on the sands of time.” To be had in everlasting remembrance are the names of that illustrious galaxy raised up by the great Lord of the harvest to spread abroad the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, when formalism, like a blight, had settled down on the pulpits of our land—priest and people alike; with only here and there a witness of God’s power to save. When the hearts of the Wesleys, Whitfield, Berridge, the Countess of Huntington and many others were touched, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire descended upon them, its results were always the same in every church, in every nation, impelling love to God and man.

“The love of Christ doth me constrain,
To seek the wandering souls of men;”

Simultaneously there was a young boy in the north of Ireland moved to join Mr. Wesley to go forth as a preacher. His mother, a Presbyterian, his father, of the Church of England, opposed, but the young Adam Clarke had learned that Abraham heard when he lived away beyond Charran, “Get thee out of thy coun-

try, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house unto a land that I will shew thee, and I will bless thee." He started, he sailed for Liverpool with a loaf, a pound of cheese, and three half-pence in his pocket. On reaching London he presented himself to the apostolic Wesley, who asked him: "Do you wish, Brother Clarke, to devote yourself entirely to the work of God?" He answered that he did. "We want a preacher for Bradford," he said; then, turning, he laid his hand on the young man's head, with a fervent prayer for God's preservation and blessing. Ever preaching, ever studying, his proficiency was wonderful. The great secret, he said, was redeeming the time. One loves to turn to the causes that tend to produce a life so far exalted above most of those "whose dwellings are in houses of clay." His resolution at the commencement of his public ministry was: "I am determined by the grace of God to conquer or die!" Over his mantel-piece he placed this motto: "Stand thou as a beaten anvil to the stroke." Indomitable energy marked his course. "Always in haste, never in a hurry," what his hand found to do he did with his might. Idleness found no ally in him. In whatever company or situation, his mind was always occupied. While others slept or wasted their time, he kept the glorious issue always in view. He ploughed with all his heifers, regardless of the wind or rain. To a young man he wrote: "The grand secret is to save time. Spend none needlessly. Keep from all unnecessary company. Never be without a praying heart, and have as often as possible a book in your hand." Learning opened to his inquiring mind her richest stores; never seeking honor, it was poured upon him. Princes sought his society. The great and good would sit at his feet and learn of him. He loved the poor, sought their homes and loved to minister to their wants. Speaking of the way in which the clergy carried themselves aloft from their people, "lording it over God's heritage," he wrote of Methodist preach-

ers: "They have another kind of greatness—their humility, their heavenly unction; and the sound of their Master's feet is heard behind them."

Everything to him was as dross compared to the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. "Learning," he said, "I love; learned men I prize; with the company of the great and good I am delighted. But infinitely above all these and all other enjoyments I glory in Christ in me, living and reigning and fitting me for His heaven."

His greatest work, next to that of being a preacher of righteousness, turning multitudes to God, was his Commentaries. By them he yet speaks to the hearts of thousands, opening up the rich treasures of its inexhaustible storehouse, the holy, blessed Bible.

"HOLINESS BECOMETH THINE HOUSE."

When our Savior's indignation was stirred, as He came to the temple and saw there the buyers and sellers, with the sheep and oxen, he took a scourge of small cords, drove out the cattle and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and declared that His Father's house was a house of prayer, but they had made it a house of merchandise. It was a lesson, for all time, of the sacredness of God's church and its consecration to His worship.

On the North Side, in Chicago, they had commenced special services, and the indications were good for a blessed time. Souls had already been saved, and there was deep interest, when some of the people insisted that Friday night was the time for some entertainment—I forget its nature. The meeting was dropped, and the Spirit so grieved that He departed. People reason and argue that the world can be drawn to the church that way. *Never—never!* The church is drawn to the world. Another argument is, "to raise money." The very worldly class, in the church, makes all so costly, with extravagant buildings, fine furniture, worldly men and women paid for singing

God's praises, and large salaries to be paid the pastor (who, if he has his commission from his Lord and would follow closely in His steps, would lead a life of plainness and simplicity, "coming out from the world and being separated from it,") that only by carnal means can expenses be met.

"We must do it," say others, "to hold our young people." The happier people are in the Lord, the less they need amusements. Delight in the Lord is the sweetest, deepest, purest of all enjoyments.

In the days of awful persecution, God was the all-satisfying portion of His people. Hear Madam Guyon in the Bastile, the awfulest prison in France:

"My sole possession is Thy love;
On earth beneath, or heaven above,
I have no other store;
And though I pray,
And importune Thee night and day,
I ask for nothing more."

The Puritan church, in the days of her spirituality and power, held her young people. The Presbyterian church held hers in the days when her own piety was deep and broad. The Congregationalists landed at Plymouth Rock, where

"They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer;
Amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
With the anthem of the free."

It is only when God's people become worldly and lax, themselves partaking of the spirit of the world, that they lose their influence on their children. The Presbyterians, settling in Kentucky, spread over a large tract of country. At their quarterly meetings they would gather together, often coming great distances, and in large wagon-loads. The roads were bad, and traveling was slow, and mostly they spent a night on the road; but seasons of blessings they would

have at the time of evening worship; so much of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that they would not separate before eleven or twelve o'clock. No building could hold the multitudes that would gather, and thus commenced the camp-meetings. Young people of the church wanted nothing better; the unsaved know the joyful sound about as well as we do, and like doves to the windows will they be drawn.

A church that by its worldliness has grieved away the Spirit is like the salt of which our Savior spoke, "having lost its savor, and is trodden under foot of men;" and all worldly wisdom fails to raise it. "O how they slave and toil!" said a dear friend to me: "O how I worked for the church; how I would weary myself in getting up entertainments." But the Lord, one night, awoke her and showed her she was walking according to the flesh. A horror of great darkness fell on her, and the consciousness that she was not ready to die. The first light came through these words: "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." She pleaded the soul's deep need, deep longing, and into that parched heart the waters of salvation flowed. She went to her church, told of the wonderful things God had done for her, and as the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire fell upon her, she spoke with other tongues, as that Spirit gave her utterance, and they said she was beside herself.

When Isaiah in the temple caught a sight of the glory of the Lord, of His holiness, and the seraphim veiled their faces with their wings before Him, then he cried, "Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." Then, when the lips were touched, the iniquity all purged away, how ready was he to do the Lord's work: "Here am I, Lord; send me." The nearer to God the more we love and are prepared to do His work.

One night, at the close of a meeting in Farwell Hall, a middle-aged woman asked me to call and see her niece, who was unsaved, and in a decline. I went, and was met at the door by the sick one. I saw at once that her days were numbered, but she was buoyed up by false hope, a new doctor having told her he could cure her. After some conversation the Lord touched her heart, and she broke down before Him. Full of hope, I repeated the visit in a few days, but could not gain admittance, the doctor having said "he could not cure her if she allowed herself to get so excited; she must not talk to me." The door of her heart and home were closed. One day a hasty summons came to go to her immediately. I was out, but Mrs. Hawxhurst went at once. She found her sitting up in bed in awful distress. The doctor kept buoying her up, while it was evident to all around her that she was sinking. That day the mother had followed him out of the room, beseeching him to tell her the truth about her daughter's case. Then he said: "She will not live twenty-four hours." The mother returned to the room with the words of the doctor. Then came the awakening; within twenty-four hours of death, and all unprepared. Lovingly, earnestly, Mrs. H. told her of the plan of salvation; of Jesus, His might, His power, His willingness to save. Hour after hour passed; sometimes, almost overcome by weakness, she would arouse herself again—*"With such a work to do, so near the end."* Then, in the night, she requested them all to leave the room, and they heard her pleading: "Jesus, I am all unworthy; I have neglected Thine offer of mercy so long;" heart-broken confessions from those dying lips. As she drew near the Lamb of Calvary, and by faith touched Him, she felt the saving power. "You may all come in," she said; then told that Jesus had saved her, entreating every one around that death-bed to seek the Lord *now*. "Tell Mrs. Cooke," she said, "everywhere she goes to warn the young people from me." "Yea, saved as by fire, as a brand plucked from the everlast-



GEN'L WM. BOOTH.



John Wesley

(See Pages 126, 147, 299.)

ing burning," was Mary Harrison. Often, when talking to the young, that message is brought to me by the Holy Spirit.

I am more and more convinced that there is too little of warning in most of the teaching and preaching of this day. It mingled greatly in all the teachings of the inspired prophets, in all of John's, the forerunner of our Lord; in the teachings of our Lord and of His first disciples; and the Apostle Paul could appeal to those who knew him well, "that for three years he had not ceased to *warn every one, night and day, with tears.*" O for such tenderness; never found, save in those who walk very closely with the Redeemer.

MRS. MARTHA SMITH, HILLSBORO CAMP-MEETING.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up." Often there would come into our early meeting at Hillsboro a sister with face all shining with the glory of God. We knew well she had already been on the mount of communion; and one day, from her own lips, I wrote down her experience. Believing it may help and bless others, I give it here. Mrs. Smith said: "We were living on the frontier, and I was only seven years old. My father was to be away from home one night, and mother led the family worship, and in her prayer she said: 'Lord, hide us in the hollow of Thy hand and under the shadow of Thy wing.' After mother went to bed I sat down by the fire, thinking so much of my mother's prayer; what a wonderful being God must be, who could hide us in the hollow of His hand and cover us with His wing. My heart seemed so wonderfully drawn up to Him, and the God who spoke to little Samuel, three thousand years before, spoke to this child, saying, 'I will be with you all the days of your life.' O how changed I was from that hour; the room seemed filled with His presence, and my heart was constantly drawn out to Him. There were a good many snakes around our house, and we had great fear of them; but every time I went out to

gather berries, or out into the long grass, I would look up to God in great confidence that He would take care of me. After that I had no fear of going into the dark. They called me the little preacher, for if any did wrong, I always had to tell them about it. My mother went away from home to see my aunt, and was with her when she died. When she came home I heard her tell my father how happy my aunt was; that she said, when dying, 'O that I could go over all the world and tell everybody to live and die a Christian and meet me in heaven.' She gave me her bonnet and shawl to take up-stairs and put away. When up there, how I asked the Lord to help me to live and die a Christian like Aunt Martha. O how He blessed me there and accepted my prayer. About this time a little brother died. I would lie down by him and sing and talk to him of heaven."

Some forty years had passed since those early days, and still her covenant-keeping God was the same. Her voice was lifted in the great congregation in testimony, or ringing shouts of victory and holy triumph. One of her sons was a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion.

On one occasion we commenced our meeting at 5:30 in the morning, and as she came in, all filled with the Holy Spirit, she said: "It is a habit I formed long ago to get the first time in the morning alone with God, and He does so bless me." Surely, she understood the words of the Psalmist: "From the womb of the morning thou hast the dew of thy youth." One of the duties so insisted on and practiced by the early Methodists was early communion with God. I recall one of these veterans of the cross, a local preacher and class-leader in England, Mr. Bennett, father of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Bass. He had a large farm, but his invariable custom was to spend one hour in prayer and reading the Word of God before the family and servants were called. That deep voice would be heard getting hold of God in that early morning hour. How legible was God's own seal on him. Every one felt it

who came near him. He would say that everything on his farm talked to him of God. Living for years in the home of my brother, what a hallowed influence surrounded him. How I would love, at the time of the setting sun, to sit at his feet, and we would talk together of God's love and faithfulness. One day one of his grandsons, Arthur, came to his mother, telling her he (a little boy of some six years) wanted to be just like grandpa; that he prayed a good deal, and five times that day he had been alone to pray. May it be so, that his mantle of deep piety may descend from generation to generation; richer heritage than all of earth's possessions, a million-fold. As he passed from earth, his last words were words of holy triumph.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: There is a natural shrinking, in every heart, from stepping out of the beaten track; doing differently from those around us: and yet you cannot follow Jesus without being unlike others. The way to destruction has nothing singular in it. Multitudes walk together there in that broad path; but "enter in at the strait gate, the narrow way," and you are singular at once—"not as others are." I have a letter before me now from one of the most gentle, amiable women I ever knew; and in writing to me from Brooklyn (she is visiting friends there), she says: "It seems to me I never loved God more and with deeper love than I do to-day. His keeping power is most wonderful. O what love! I am surrounded with worldliness, and O it seems so hollow! I stand alone amid it all, and the blessed Lamb of God upholds me by the right hand of His power. I realize so fully that we are a separated people. I guess I am a whip to many worldly people; they get very uneasy, and worldly professors don't like me too near; their looks show it." You know Jesus said to His first disciples, "Because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you;" and "the servant is not greater than His Lord."

He came, dear ones—our Jesus came to "redeem

unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." Don't be too long in company with others without getting alone to pray. It keeps the heart tender and fresh; keeps you so near that you can hear the Shepherd's voice.

From the day of my conversion, I always took the first time after breakfast for reading the Bible and secret prayer—one chapter in the Old Testament, and one in the New. Then I heard the Lord talk to me, and my heart would be subdued and ready for prayer. Pour out all your heart, all your cares, everything that affects you, to Him, and then believe He will help you; and as the light comes through His holy Word, or directly by His Spirit, always yield, saying: "I will obey Thee, Lord!" And, as you say it over and over, you will yield to Him.

Then about noon (Daniel's hour), I would get so hungry to be alone. It was summer-time, and we had a lovely garden; I would bound up the long graveled-walk, and, almost before seated in the garden-chair, I would say,

" Lord, I am come alone with Thee,
Thy voice to hear, Thy face to see,
And feel Thy presence near;
It is not fancy's lovely dream,
Tho' wondrous e'en to faith it seem,
That Thou shouldst meet me here."

A few verses read in the little Testament, a few minutes spent in prayer, and I would go back into the house again, O so quickened and refreshed in soul. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

It is the way, dear, the righteous have ever trod—the path that leads to glory. Having started, press on, for the crown of life is before you; let none hinder you in your course. Press forward every day, looking unto Jesus to help you bear the daily cross and give you the daily triumph. In His most precious love, thine,

SARAH A. COOKE,

MISS MARIAN FORD.

While laboring with Miss Ford, in our work, she gave me this account of the Lord's dealings with her; and, believing that it may be useful as a warning to some, and helpful to others if they are in deep despair, I insert it here:—

From my earliest childhood I was the subject of deep convictions. At about the age of twelve years, a protracted meeting was held in our neighborhood. Deep feeling entered my young heart; and one night, when at home with the younger children (parents and all the older ones having gone to meeting), I began to feel very sorrowful. Others had gotten religion. I went into my mother's room, and wept and cried my heart out to God; and there and then, all alone, He, for Christ's sake, forgave all my sins.

When God converted my soul He converted me to my closet. Oh, the blessed change! I had at that time little outwardly to help me; no Sabbath-school or class-meetings, and preaching but seldom; but the Lord led me to read and love His holy Word—the all-sufficient guide. I had read of Daniel three times a day in secret prayer, and made that my rule.

When I was about sixteen years of age, my parents were going from home on a visit, and they engaged a young lady to come and stay with me, who was not a Christian. Miss H. V. came. She was somewhat older than myself, and here came the fear of man which bringeth a snare. I was ashamed to pray before her. The Spirit prompted me to pray at the evening hour, but I thought I would pray after I got to bed; and so, during the four days she was with us, I kept deferring, only twice that I remember going alone secretly. My parents came home on the Saturday night. Again the Spirit, true to His mission, prompted me to go alone and pray; but my now rebellious heart answered, "No; I want to hear all about their visit." The next morning (Sabbath) we had Sunday-school at nine o'clock. I went to that, and again in the afternoon, finding no time

or inclination to go alone and pray. I was tired, and towards evening laid down and slept. When I awoke I was all alone. Then I thought, this is a good time to pray. I left the parlor, and going into the bed-room I knelt down and said a few words. Then came the awful words: "Depart from Me!" Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that awful hour on June 23, 1850. I could not say another word. I could not shed a tear. A horror of great darkness had fallen on me. God had turned away from me. For the next twenty-four hours I could remember nothing. When I came to myself, I was sitting on the opposite side of the room. The agony of my soul I can never forget, neither can I describe it. Language is too weak. I said to myself, I cannot stand this; and began to pace the floor, but the awful feeling was there. I thought I would get relief if I went to bed. The moment I laid my head on my pillow, if I had laid it in hell-fire I could not have been in greater torment. Again I paced the floor. Oh, that awful night! Not once did I close my eyes in sleep. The next morning I took my Bible, thinking I could get something there to comfort me. To my utter astonishment I could not hold it in my hands long enough to read a verse. It seemed as though it burned my hands as well as my very soul. I turned away; but everywhere I went the pangs of hell had hold of me. I know I have tasted the awful burnings of that lake of fire. When the Bible speaks of the worm that never dies, the fire that is never quenched, it is no strange language to me. For days I would go alone, and on my father's hay-mow roll in awful agony. It seems to me, the most earnest prayer I ever prayed was for God to let rocks and mountains fall on me and hide me from His presence. I was tempted to go and hide away, or go into the dark; but go where I would it was there—the awful agony of my soul. I just as much thought I was lost as though beyond the boundaries of time. I had no hope of forgiveness. Then it would come to me: Have I got to go down to hell

and spend an eternity with all the drunkards, murderers, liars? Oh, it was awful! I was afraid to go to sleep, for my dreams would be worse than my waking thoughts. My bodily strength left me. My mother thought I was sick. I could not open my heart to any one, and whenever I would try to pray it seemed as though there was a stone wall before me, and every word would bound back again. For three months this lasted. The gnawings of that guilty conscience, the foretaste of that awful hell, were mine.

As I groaned day by day before God, at the end of three months there began to dawn the first hope that again the Lord would receive me. The "Depart from Me!" had not been followed with "ye cursed, into everlasting fire," and again hopes of mercy came glimmering—faintly at first. I agonized day by day, until there came again the glorious consciousness that all had been forgiven, and I walked in the sunlight of God's love. At night I would lie down to sleep encompassed by His arms of love. How often since have I with tears of deep thankfulness blessed the Lord for leading me through this deep experience. What deep watchfulness and carefulness it wrought in me, lest I should ever again depart from Him, "my life, my Lord, my all." To-day the language of my glad heart is,

"His presence is my paradise,
And where He is 'tis heaven."

Crystal Lake, Ill.

CHAPTER XIV.

OFTEN, when down in the city, I would go to the Rock Island depot ; I found it a good place to work, inviting passengers who had long to wait for their trains to the Pacific Garden Mission, only two blocks away, and to others talking of their souls. One day I spoke to a stranger, asking if she had long to stay. She answered that their train left at eight o'clock; they were going to Oberlin. "And did you know Mr. Finney?" I asked. "O yes," she said, "my husband was a member of his church." Soon the husband, who was much crippled with rheumatism, joined us ; and, telling him how dear the memory of Finney was to me, I asked if he could give any personal reminiscences of his life. He thought a little and then said : "We had had a very severe drought ; and everything was drying up, when Mr. Finney was impressed with the thought, 'what will the infidels in the community think of us and of our God, when we continually profess to them that He hears and answers prayer?' At the morning prayer he took hold of God in mighty faith, spreading the whole case before Him, saying : 'Lord, thou knowest there will be a famine in this land unless thou sendest rain. The cattle are lowing now for food; the grass is all dried up ; even the little squirrels are panting for water, Lord.' Faith omnipotent took right hold of God, and he finished, saying, 'we want rain, and we want it now.' The heavens were cloudless when the preacher took his text, but not more than half an hour elapsed before the rain began to dash on the windows. Mr. Finney stopped ; and as that large congre-

gation rose simultaneously to their feet, he gave out this hymn :

'When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.'

"There might have been," the man said, "three thousand people there that Sabbath morning, but I don't think there was a dry eye in the place." A stranger, a commercial traveler from the East, had joined us, and O how the blessing came upon us in that depot. He took out his note-book to write our addresses and the date of that, to him, wonderful meeting.

And being dead, yet such holy, devoted men speak. Mrs. Lucy Rider Myer, in speaking of him, says: "I shall never forget the first sermon I heard Charles G. Finney preach ; how, after being fairly carried out of myself by the logic and eloquence of his discourse, I was astonished to see him drop back upon the long, low lounge that was across the whole end of the church, where he sat during all the rest of the service, his face in his hands and his elbows on his knees, groaning and crying aloud, so that he was distinctly heard all over the church. I thought he was ill. If it had been in the Methodist church, I should have understood it. I soon found out my mistake, however ; he was in an agony of soul for the message he had just delivered. Sometimes these outbursts would take place in the middle of the sermon, but he would talk right on through them, in broken voice and partly restrained sobs.

"Often Mr. Finney would preach very long sermons in the afternoon, the service beginning at half-past two or at three o'clock; and often, as we walked homeward, talking of what we had heard, the summer sun would be so low in the sky as to suggest very strongly the coming evening."

And why, O why, have God's people departed from these landmarks of our fathers? During the very

best part of the day for reaching the unsaved, our church doors are closed, and the people rove around the streets, with no place to go to hear the word of life. Mr. Wesley would begin the services in the Tabernacle at London, on Sabbath, at half-past five o'clock in the morning, and would hold on, with very little intermission, all the day. He would say: "Our people are at it, and always at it;" hence, with the blessing of God, their wonderful success. Our Savior said: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." They do not close their stores and offices all the best part of the day. Sabbath is the great harvest-day of the week; shall the most of it be spent in listlessness, while the unsaved are all around us, pressing down to eternal death? When his people told Fletcher that they could not awake early enough to come to his early meeting, he would go around the village ringing a bell, and the wicked would say of him, "There goes the soul-winner."

Speaking of Charles G. Finney, a writer says: "While he had true tenderness of heart, his sternness was awful. I have known him to pour out the vials of God's wrath on persons in certain states of mind, and then turn away and weep and groan over the wounds he had inflicted.

"Never did a tutor lay such stress on the duty of his pupils being filled with the Holy Ghost as he did—their utter worthlessness without it. How mightily he prayed for the enduement of the Spirit on his students before they went forth on their mission, none but those that heard him can know. Such prayers as he uttered I shall never hear again. It was a hard heart that did not melt while he prayed. Frequently his prayers were more like intimate conversations with God. O how he would plead, and reason, and beg, and argue with God! I never listened to such prayers. How many times I have exerted my strength to restrain myself from crying aloud, while in his wondrous intercessions he bore us to the very throne of heaven."

"Ye have not, because ye ask not," or "because ye ask amiss," says the Apostle James. The promise is not to prayer, but to the "effectual, fervent prayer," reaching to the very mercy-seat of God, with the whole heart, with singleness of purpose, and a grip like that of Jacob's "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

The Apostle Peter, in speaking of the wife, beautifully draws her character. What inimitable touches—how much in a little! The sweet subjection; the chaste conversation; the fear of God; the fashioning of the outside garment; the ornament, in the sight of God, of a meek and quiet spirit; what a beautiful life! A professed infidel once said: "I can meet all the arguments and earnest appeals of ministers unmoved; but the low, earnest pleadings of my wife, that come to me from her room, where she gathers our little ones every day, and her sweet, gentle, angelic look, as she comes out to take up the duties of the day, convince me that she has got something that I do not possess—that there is a God who meets with her."

Said the teacher of Augustine (a heathen): "What wonderful women these Christians have!" Yes, transformed into His very image; the work begins here, to be consummated when we see Him as He is.

"Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works," says the Apostle James; and "by their fruits ye shall know them," said Christ. "Faith that worketh by love." I was much struck, one day, by the remarks of a very shrewd, witty Irish woman. Speaking of a people with whom it is all believe, believe, believe, she said: "Why, the devils believe and tremble; they don't do as much as that." How many are gathered into the visible church this way, with a mere head-belief.

Mrs. Booth, of the Salvation Army, was visiting a gentleman in the country, when he told her that, a little time before, a popular evangelist was staying at his house; and one morning, at the breakfast-table,

told him that he would be very glad to learn that both of his gardeners had been converted that morning. He was somewhat surprised, but, of course, glad to hear it. In the course of the day, in conversation with them, he told them he was glad to hear of their conversion. "They could not say that they were converted, but the gentleman had come and talked to them, and had read some verses out of the Bible and asked them if they believed it, and they had said they did;" and that was all.

Conversion! The most wonderful thing that ever comes to a human soul is conversion; the translation from darkness into light, from the kingdom of Satan into that of God. Joy of heaven—joy of earth! One of the old Methodist preachers grandly explodes these sham conversions. He says: "The salvation of a soul is heart-work, not head-work; it begins with a broken heart; it becomes a peaceful heart; salvation cannot be learned or got by rote, this way: 'Did Jesus die for all men? Yes. Then did not Jesus die for you? Yes. Are not you a man? Yes. Do you believe that? Yes. Is it not true that he that believeth shall be saved? Yes. You believe; then clearly you are saved!' O this salvation by syllogisms is a delusion. 'Jesus died for me,' minified into the mere premise of an argument on impenitent lips, is as worthless as any shibboleth bigot ever pronounced. Precious truths, so held, are as harmless as seed-corn in a mummy's hand. Thousands can get through the narrow step of that poor mental exercise, only to realize that in its bosom lies a sophism, and that its conclusion is a lie."—Thomas Collins.

"We know that we have passed from death unto life," is the testimony of every saved soul. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new;" and some who will read these pages may go down to death from festive scenes. No terrible storm to wreck the vessel—no rock on which she shall strike and founder

—but, like the “Royal George,” as with banners floating, and music playing, while hundreds gazed upon her, she went down with 800 human souls on board. O death, thou comest everywhere; no wisdom, no forethought, can shut thee out of our homes; thou mayest at any hour come and lay thy hand upon our hearts and they will cease to beat. At the altar, but a few weeks ago, a bride fell speechless, and death claimed her as his own. A man stood looking at himself in the glass, and remarked, “that he looked so well.” Ere the shades of evening fell, he was cold in death; and the spirit had returned to God who gave it. What says the Word of God? “What is your life?” and then for us He answers the question: “It is even as a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

“And can it be,” you say, “that my life is so frail a thing?” Yes, yes, it is so, for God has said so. We read that after God had created Adam out of the dust of the earth, and fashioned with skill every part of that wondrous body, he was without life. “And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.” “What,” says one, “is death? A breath from the Almighty blowing out the flame of life.”

We were at a camp-meeting in Illinois, some years ago. The Doxology had just been sung, and the meeting was about to be dismissed, when I felt the strong promptings of the Spirit to speak on these words: “What is your life?” I told how I had watched from our bridges in Chicago the vapors ascending from the fire-engines, and even while looking they vanished away. I knew the Lord had a message that night to some heart—a *last message*. It was Sabbath, and during the day a man had been very profane and showing much hostility to the work of God. The meeting was dismissed, and a dear sister and her son, driving home, heard behind them the sound of mocking; the “Glory to God” and “Praise the Lord,” on the lips of an un-

saved sinner, are all unlike the praises of the redeemed; and she said to her son, "That is from beneath; let that man pass." They drew to one side, and the man passed on. When they reached the village they found he had been thrown from his buggy and lay dying. God had emphasized His Word that night. O, beloved, our breath is in our nostrils, and we are "crushed before the moth."

"Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land."

SHALL WOMEN PREACH THE GOSPEL?

In the opening of the gospel dispensation, when, on the day of Pentecost, the cloven tongues sat upon men and women alike, and "they began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance," the Apostle Peter explained it by referring to a prophecy given by the prophet Joel: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; also upon the servants and hand-maidens, in those days, will I pour out my Spirit."

An angel commissioned the women at the sepulchre to go and tell the disciples "to go into Galilee," and on their way Jesus met them, giving them the same commission; and shall a seal be put on her lips now? We do not know that the Lord commissioned the woman at the well of Samaria, after she had found He was the Messiah, to go and tell it in Sychar; but we know she went, and as she came back with a whole crowd of those who had believed the message, methinks the Savior looked up, as they wended their way to Him, and then uttered the words: "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to the harvest." He had sown the seed on that heart; there was the harvest.

Hebrew scholars tell us that the literal translation of the words found in the 11th verse of the 68th Psalm: "The Lord gave the word, great was the company of those that published it," is: "of the woman preachers there was a great host."

But the great objection has been from the words of Paul himself: "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law; and if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." 1 Cor. 14:34. "But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence," or quietness. 1 Tim. 2:12.

Now we have to find out the exact meaning of St. Paul's words. In the same epistle to the church at Corinth, he favors women prophesying; and Philip, the evangelist, had four daughters who did prophesy. Are we not to understand from this, one who spoke under the direct influence of the Holy Spirit? not in its primary sense does the word prophesy mean to foretell future events; "for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." Rev. 19:10. "He that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification, to exhortation, and comfort." 1 Cor. 14:3. How does this differ from preaching? Paul gives particular directions as to her attire. "Every woman," he says, "who prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered, does it in an uncomely way;" puts off that which is a badge of female modesty in public assemblies; a distinction between the two sexes which, through all the Bible, is so carefully taught. Surely we never err more than when we would take from men the supremacy that God from the creation has given him. But in the glorious privilege of being co-workers in bringing back a lost world to Himself, women surely share. If woman may prophesy, surely she may preach, proclaiming the way of life.

What, then, did the apostle mean by those words of prohibition? In reading carefully the epistle to the Corinthian church, we find that great spiritual gifts had been conferred upon them, but a great deal of confusion and lawlessness had crept in. In the synagogues it was lawful to stop the speaker to ask questions, and so on; no doubt causing much of a clamor. Paul, referring to it, says: "If they" (the women) "will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home."

Infinite wisdom marks all the government of God. A favorite expression of Madam Guyon was: "I nourish myself on the daily providences of God." He opens the way to every woman He would call to preach His gospel. "Behold I have set before you an open door." The apostle Apollos, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures, in the providence of God, finds his way to the home of Priscilla and Aquila, and they teach him the way of God more perfectly. The great requisite is a yearning, tender love for souls. freedom from all the dross of worldly ambition, and from every wish to rule or to usurp authority in the church. When she tries to rule, ruin is almost sure to follow; but as the help-meet, the adviser—yea, the Aaron and the Hur to hold up the hands of those to whom God has delegated the government—she is a true help for him.

And, best of all, God has indorsed—put His own seal to her work, by saving multitudes of souls. In the last century he called forth many whose names will be in everlasting remembrance: Elizabeth Fry, whose voice was heard publicly, for the first time, in the awful prison of Newgate, London, where women were herded together like cattle, and multitudes of those who had been thought too degraded for any influence to reach them, were brought as bright jewels to sparkle in the kingdom of heaven forever; Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Barrett and Ann Cutler—and, in later times, Mrs. Booth, wife of the General of the Salvation Army; and a whole host of women who are spreading

the glad news of salvation in every quarter of the great earth.

MARRIAGE.

"And there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee," and Jesus crowned the joyful occasion with His presence, and still comes, when invited; for He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." In reading the Life of Mrs. Fletcher, we learn that for many years there had been a strong attachment between her and the seraphic John Fletcher; but circumstances had prevented their union. Never, perhaps, had the presence of Jesus been more realized than at that wedding. As Mr. Fletcher was reading the mutual duties of husbands and wives, so beautifully defined in God's Word, he repeated: "Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands," when the bride added, "In the Lord." "Yes, my dear," was the immediate rejoinder; "and if I ever wish you to do anything contrary to the Lord's will, resist me with all your might." Very exactly is everything adjusted in God's Word, not only according to His will, but for the supreme happiness of His creatures; therefore, says the Psalmist, "I consider Thy precepts concerning all things to be right." The poet Cowper speaks of domestic bliss as "the only bliss that has survived the fall." Surely, no place so blessed as the family circle, after the divine copy; and surely domestic strife is about the sorest ill of human life. O the ruin and desolation I have seen in these lives!—the wife imperious, determined to rule or reign; the children soon rising up to dispute her authority, and confusion all through, mark these homes.

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

My husband being unsaved, often we would see differently. Many times, as I would feel the movings of the Spirit to go here and there to work for the Lord,

I would mention it to him, and at first there would be decided objection, and then the words would so often be applied: "The Lord shall fight your battles, and you shall hold your peace." I remember very well, at the time of the Western Holiness Convention at Jacksonville, in 1880 (the last time I left the city before he passed away in April), the church appointed me its delegate, and on telling husband he objected: "Too far to go in the depths of winter;" and the next day, stronger still, he objected to my going. The convention was to commence on the 15th of December; and, as we sat together on the evening of the 13th (the subject had not been mentioned again), husband reading the newspaper, the paper was laid down, and opening his pocket-book he took from it a ten-dollar bill and handed it to me, saying: "Will that be enough to pay your expenses to Jacksonville?" O how the Lord had undertaken the case for me; *praise His holy name!* What a blessed meeting of God's people; it was never to be forgotten!

"Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another." How many people know nothing of the sweetness it brings to one's own heart to confess; the Lord has always held me so strictly to this. O it does not, as some think, lower us in the estimation of others, but brings a tenderness and a fellowship of feeling. Said a dear sister, whose married life was one of peculiar happiness: "We always have a mourners' bench in our home, where we get down and confess and pray one for another." Homes full of alienation and sadness to-day, would soon be filled with love and peace were these full, deep confessions made to each other and to God.

Said a dear sister once, speaking of the alienation which often comes in betwixt the dearest friends: "If the devil can only get anything betwixt you, if it is no thicker than the blade of a knife, he will do it." Out laboring, some time ago, when from the hour of entering the home where I stopped during the meeting, I

felt it was like stepping into an ice-house, the alienation was so complete betwixt husband and wife. The enemy had been sowing tares. In a little while both had opened their hearts to me, each thinking the other one at fault. Nothing but just simply love had died out, and imaginary faults and slights had been dwelt on and magnified, until they had become like a mountain of separation between them. How I tried to labor with both, and the last morning, as we stood around the stove, we three together, I said: "There ought to be a wedding in this house—a remarriage." Just the confessing to each other, the breaking down before the Lord, the tender watchfulness over themselves, and pleading with the Lord, and there would again blossom in that house peace, joy and love.

The Word of God is so full of instruction in regard to these things that none need be in darkness. Whole books are written teaching people their mutual duties and obligations. Herein the Bible is light enough for everything; no mixture there; no homes made desolate by following its teachings, as many homes are to-day. Still go to the law and the prophets; if men speak not according to their teachings, "it is because there is no light in them;" and then the further revelations of our Savior and His apostles bring light on every subject. What teachings to-day? People wise above what is written; but all would be righted by the careful study of the seventh chapter of First Corinthians, and kindred passages on this subject.

EUNICE COBB.

About this time, at the St. Charles camp-meeting, I met with Mrs. Eunice Cobb, one of God's saints, who, like Enoch of old, "walked with God," and on whose face, as legibly as on the brow of the high priest, was written, "Holiness unto the Lord." Obtaining and living this blessing before its revival and teaching by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer and Bishop Hamline, the band used of God to revive its teaching, the Holy Spirit convicted her of living the life of a careless, worldly

professor, and she awoke to seek the Lord with all her heart. With all the trappings and adornments of the world upon her, the axe was laid at the root of the tree—this great tap-root of woman's pride and idolatry, to which most women burn incense all their days. Under the deep-searching light of the Holy Spirit, she made her full consecration to God, deeper than even the written Word directly teaches, and the Lord revealed to her His will: Not only as to every Christian woman, the gold and pearls and costly apparel to be laid off, but hers to be the dress of a servant; and for forty years and more her dress had been of blue calico. She would love to say, referring to it: "Mine is the dress of a servant, and I am a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ." Also, the same Teacher led her into other paths of self-denial; to endure hardships; never to ride when she could walk, often walking six or seven miles to a quarterly meeting. Once, when the roads were unusually bad with mud and ice, she said; "It seemed as though I was lifted over the worst places."

Yea, and all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution; the nearer the walk with Jesus, the more of it. Soon after the plain garb had been adopted, she met, on the street, a lady who had been more than a common acquaintance; as she looked on her plain dress, she swept by with a look of contempt, not deigning to notice her. "And have I," came the painful thought to her heart, "so separated myself from everybody?" In a moment the Spirit lifted up the standard and a dazzling robe, and above it she saw a bright crown, while the words were spoken to her: "You shall come and wear these." How hallowed is every incident connected with this saintly woman; memory loves to linger; but I must pass on. The last time I saw her we crossed the lake to a camp-meeting in Michigan. In passing over a very rough road, the country seemed new, and in the deep hollows had been thrown logs of wood. As we journeyed in a wagon, the jolting must have been hard on her feeble frame,

but no word of complaint fell from her lips ; and, like the honey-dew, words of praise and thanksgiving dropped from her lips continually.

Sabbath morning dawned on the camp-ground. It was a morning of wondrous beauty. We had no tabernacle but the waving trees above us, nature's own temple, and the blue dome of heaven. We were just singing the hymn which preceded the preaching, when such a sense of the Savior's presence came over me as I shall never forget, while the words were spoken : " Stand forth and say: 'Behold the Lamb of God!' " I stopped to reason ; the preacher, Bro. Terrill, had already opened his Bible ; a number of ministers were on the stand ; and it would look so presumptuous, said the enemy. I faltered, hesitated, and disobeyed. And O how the glorious light went out of my soul. In a few hours I sought Mrs. Cobb, to tell her my trouble. How she helped me ! " Confess it all to the Lord," she said ; " don't let the condemnation rest on you ; and tell Him you will never disobey Him again." The last morning we mingled our prayers together, we parted to meet no more on earth ;

" And yet once more, I trust to have
Full sight of thee in heaven."

A dear brother who was with her in the closing scene said : " Mother Cobb, you have made yourself very peculiar, for Jesus' sake ; now you are so near the end, does it pay?" Lifting up her hands in holy triumph, she said ; " It pays, it pays ! Victory, victory, eternal victory !" A tablet marks where all that is mortal of Eunice Cobb rests until the resurrection morn, and on it is inscribed : " Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all," while a cross is just dropping from the uplifted hand and over it is a crown. " Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." And still these are the words of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the early experience of holiness, and seeing so

much of the hindrance to God's work in fine dress, conformity to the world, etc., Mrs. Cobb very plainly and earnestly bore her testimony against it. This caused offence, and on one occasion the presiding elder called on her and wished her to desist. Naturally gentle and amiable, she promised not to do it any more. She realized how deep were the teachings of the Lord, as He withdrew from her much of the light and joy of His presence ; teaching her for all of future life that she must be faithful unto Him.

FROM HER DIARY.

"It appears to me that I might easily get sour in this age of pride and worldly display in the church, and no less in the pulpit than in the pew, but I must not. Perfect love keeps sweet to sweeten others. I feel, too, that I might easily drift with the church in the worldly current, but I must not. Perfect love dwells only in the bosom of simplicity. True religion is severe in simplicity. "O for more laborers in this harvest," and we shall have them when we get this baptism of fire. O the buried talents in all our churches ; gifted, educated women, who would be a power in their generation while living, and, dying, their works would follow them—who are now a mere cipher in the church for the want of entire living for God. O for more holy women! Amen and amen."

On this point the Lord once taught me a lesson, which has often been useful to me since I have been out laboring in his cause. I saw in some of the workers what seemed to me something quite out of place and wrong. I talked to them about it with much earnestness and vehemence. After getting alone, on my knees before God, these words came to me : "You did not show much of the meek and lowly spirit of the Lamb of God this morning." I thought it was the Spirit, and began to confess, but, some way, it seemed as though I had no access. Then came the words, with the scene in the temple : "And they remembered it was written of Him, the zeal of thine house hath

eaten me up." How plain the Lord made it to me ; the zeal for self and for His holy cause are different ; and He greatly blessed me there. "Thou shalt not suffer sin upon thy neighbor ; thou shalt in any wise reprove him." O how much of this faithful dealing we need with each other. The Psalmist knew its value when he said : "Let the righteous smite me, and it shall be an excellent oil, that shall not break my head."

GRACE AND BLESSING IN SICKNESS, AND DIVINE
HEALING THROUGH FAITH.

Who among us, the redeemed of the Lord, have not experienced, like the sweet singer of Israel, that it was good for us to have been afflicted ? How sweet and tender the hallowed influence that falls upon the heart in times of sickness, when the swift current of human life is checked, and we have more time to commune with our risen Lord and our own hearts.

"Times of refreshing to the soul,
With sickness oft He brings ;
Prepares it then to meditate
On high and holy things.

"I would not, but have passed those depths,
And such communion known
As may be had in this border-land,
With Thee and Thee alone."

How we know, from blessed experience, that our heavenly Father does not "willingly afflict, or grieve the children of men," but that we might be "partakers of His holiness" ; and while we faint not under the chastening rod, it yieldeth to us "the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

What extreme—what unscriptural views many of God's children are being drawn into in regard to the healing of the sick, grieving many of God's afflicted ones by harsh judgments. But, say these teachers of indiscriminate healing, "Does not the Word of God say : 'And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and he shall be healed?'" Yes, beloved ; surely they are

the words of holy inspiration ; and when the Holy Spirit aids you in thus praying (Romans 8:26, 27), the healing will surely come, but no amount of will-power can do the work. This faith is given of God. Shall I give you an experience the Lord gave me some four years ago ? Out in the country, laboring, the weather cold and damp, the long rides to the home where I was staying brought on a severe cold and cough, with much general prostration. Simple remedies were tried, with nursing and care, and though the cough became less troublesome, there seemed no general rally. It seemed as though it might be the first stages of consumption. The promises respecting healing would often come to my mind, but evermore, as I would lay the matter before the Lord in prayer, I felt a sweet sinking into His will. "It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth good to Him." O the indescribable sweetness of lying passive in His hands, where "the clamor of self is over," and we know that living or dying we are the Lord's ; to abide and labor on, or

"Stretch our glad wings and mount away
To mingle with the blaze of day."

The cold of winter passed, and "the singing of birds was heard in the land," when the movings of the Spirit came to go out again and labor in the great harvest-field. Knowing the voice of the great Lord of the harvest, I started in all my weakness, believing His strength would be all-sufficient for my every need. I probably had been in the work a week, when one morning, on first awakening, these words came with great force : "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." I thought at first it was from the Lord, and began to consider : Was everything settled ? Had I not better at once return to Chicago ? As thoughts began to run out in that direction, solemn indeed was the thought of the ending of life here, which might be very near, and yet no shade of fear.

An hour might have passed, when with such a

thrill of unearthly power these words came to me: "Thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." What life in the words! "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." Shouts of triumphant joy burst from my lips. Body and soul, in that hour, were touched with the healing power, and from that day I do not remember to have been laid aside for a day, save when I have overworked. "Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

CHAPTER XV.

SAID a noted evangelist: "When I want a thorough heart-humbling, I sit down and read the life of Abraham, 'the father of the faithful—the friend of God.'" How came he into the possession of a title so glorious? Not by natural descent—O no; but by a love and obedience so greatly beyond that of most of the children of men. Away in his own country, among his own people, he heard that voice: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will show thee." Abraham's country and kindred were as dear to him as ours are to us, but he obeyed. And in one way or another, the Lord of glory appears to all of us—how suddenly—often all unlooked-for. Said a brother-in-law to me once: "When I am riding over my farm and watching the setting sun, and everything looks so splendid, there is such a feeling of despondency and misery comes over me." The God of glory appeared unto him in warning; these warning voices come to us all through life. But Abraham obeyed the voice of God, and went into that place where no foot of land, save for a burying-ground, would ever be his own; but the almighty God was "his shield and his exceeding great reward," and every move had a reference to God's will. The great caravan had moved, and when they came to a halting-

place, before, it may be, the first meal is eaten, there Abraham built an altar unto the Lord. The twelve stones are laid in their places, the lamb is laid in sacrifice, the fire is kindled, and as the smoke of the offering ascends, the God of glory meets Abraham there, and he looks forward to that one sacrifice "for the sins of the whole world." That beautiful land, in which he is only a sojourner, is to be peopled by his own descendants. The years pass on, and they are childless, but, trusting in God, he "staggers not at the promises of God through unbelief, but is strong in faith, giving glory to God." And the Lord tells him to look on the midnight sky, and as numerous as are the stars so shall be his posterity. But age is creeping on, and the loved companion of his life, the beautiful Sarah, is aged. To nature, the promise seems impossible ever to be made good, and through her unbelief and plannings much sorrow has been brought to her heart and home; and when the promise comes through an angel, she laughs a laugh of incredulity and unbelief. O how this unbelief has robbed most of us of many blessings!

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

"Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His vast designs,
And works His sovereign will."

Years after, comes the crowning test of faith; this is beyond every other. "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt-offering." O wondrous faith! wonderful confidence in God; wonderful obedience! The three days' journey, the altar built, the loved son laid on it, the knife uplifted, the hand arrested, the testimony to full and perfect consecration given, the ram discovered caught in a thicket, the sacrifice—God to all generations holding him up as

our example: "Father of the faithful, and friend of God."

One of the first preachers I ever heard on holiness was the Rev. B. T. Roberts, the first Superintendent of the Free Methodist Church, walking with God as did Enoch, the praises of God continually on his lips. I do not know that I ever met him but as our hands clasped the first words would be, "Praise the Lord, Sister Cooke," and the response ever, "I do, Brother Roberts." Like a shock of corn fully ripe, he was gathered into the garner. In the closing scene he would offer "praise the Lord" with great fervency. Among his last words, after relief from extreme pain had come, he said: "Amen—

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace."

As Psalm 110, and a part of the 100th, were read at family worship, he responded to every petition. He often tried to sing, but his articulation was imperfect, saying: "How good those old hymns are!" When passing through the valley, he said: "He has come at last, praise the Lord! I have lived for this hour, praise the Lord! Amen;" and the pure spirit passed to join the innumerable multitude around the throne. The loved partner of his life was not with him as he passed away, and when the shock came there was a tumult of sorrow. "When," she says, "I was calm enough to hear God's voice, He said, 'Did not I take my servant Aaron to Mount Hor to die, and Moses away from his people to Mount Nebo? My ways are not your ways.'" And the great sea of her soul, that swelled itself with waves, was stayed on God.

Perhaps no sweeter, deeper letter of sympathy (may it cheer many a mourning heart) was ever written than one to our dear sister from M. H. Mossman, Ocean Grove, March 2, 1893:

"MY OWN BELOVED: Is it so? Has our precious brother outstripped us in the race? Is the last pain past, and is he now to be forever in glory? Is it so? Well, then we must forget ourselves and at once take up the rejoicing. The Bible does not tell us to rejoice for those who do rejoice, but 'with those,' as one with them. Who should excel in this as you, his closest companion? As you would look back upon yourself and surroundings, you would feel a void, a crushing loneliness, but that look is not for you; you are to come right to the living God and have Him fill the void with Himself—fill it to overflowing. Thus, according to your measure, your joys will be equal and one with his, and you will never know a separation. Amen."

One of his most loved friends, Mr. Hawkins, a kindred spirit, passing from earth, on the very portals of glory repeated:

"On the nethermost banks of the sunlit, swelling tide,
Departed forever from earth's solemn strife;
'Midst the beautiful fields on the Paradise side,
I shall lave in the crystalline waters of life."

O well might the man whose eyes were opened by the Almighty say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

"Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."—Matt.. 3:2.

The whole land of Palestine was stirred by the cry that a prophet had arisen there. Nearly four hundred years had passed since Malachi had closed his prophecies with the promise that "the Lord would send Elijah; that he should come before the great and terrible day of the Lord." In the desert of Judea, he comes. Prophecy and miracle had attended his birth; the angel Gabriel had foretold that "he should be great in the sight of the Lord and filled with the Holy Ghost." Expectation had been raised, and people hastened to hear; the priests, the men of culture, the

Pharisees and the scribes go; one message meets them all—the tillers of the soil, the soldier, the civilian, a motley company of every class; they gather around him; one theme for all—one message for all—the call to repentance and the coming of the kingdom of God. “Will you,” said the Lord to a preacher, as before his mind’s eye he brought a great company—the poor, the rich, the learned, the ignorant—“will you preach the same gospel to all?” “I will.” How the Lord tested the fidelity of that holy man of God. A prosperous man came to the altar, to seek the blessing of holiness. True to his office-work, the Holy Ghost revealed to him that all his property must be laid on God’s altar; there was a struggle then, and he drew back, saying, “the price is too much.” Soon he back-slid entirely. Years passed away, and he was laid on a sick-bed, when the Lord asked this preacher: “Will you preach this man’s funeral sermon from the text, ‘Died Abner as a fool dieth?’ O there was an unutterable shrinking; but, true to God, the promise was made. The man died, the sermon was preached, and much anger and reproach followed, but God’s approval was on his faithfulness.

A long walk taken through deep snow brought on a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and swiftly passed into bronchitis. There was then a feeling of separation from all the earth, and that I might soon pass through the “valley of the shadow of death;” yea, I believe I did pass through; but His Word there was my shield and buckler, as it would again come to me so sweetly: “He hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.” One day a loved friend came to see me, and I told her that the Lord had not yet made it plain to me whether He would take me to Himself or raise me up. She said, “You are not going to die; we on the South Side of the city are taking hold of God for you.” From that hour the disease was rebuked; but I was very weak, and the doctor had told me I must not think of going out of doors

until the weather had changed and it had grown quite warm, or I might have a relapse. I had just lighted the lamp one evening, when a voice said to me : "Go to the Chicago Avenue Church." "I am not well enough," was the quick response ; and again : "Go to the Chicago Avenue Church," was repeated. I knew the voice : His sheep hear His voice, and they know it ; and though the wind was blowing, and the rain dashing on the windows, I prepared to obey.

I had been so taken up with the command and obeying it, that I had not even looked at the time-piece, and reached the church just as the janitor was lighting it. I was much blessed as I sat there waiting for the service to begin. The leader read, as a lesson, a part of the seventh chapter of Romans, explaining it as the experience of the great apostle ; then he spoke of the delusions of those who thought they could be holy in this life. "I see it, my Lord," I said ; "I see it ; Thou hast brought me here as a witness ;" and as soon as my turn came, O how the Spirit helped me to tell that for years I had known no better way. How the flesh would war against the Spirit, but deliverance had come, and He who had given the command, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," had made provision for it. Jesus had suffered without the gate that he might sanctify the people with His own blood. I told of the struggle to yield up all to God—to lay everything on the altar ; but when the consecration was complete the work was quickly done, and the kingdom of God, "which is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," was set up in my heart, with a sense of purity in my soul that none can tell but those who have passed into its blessedness.

When I came in sight of home, I thought : "What will my husband say?" and I feared he would be quite displeased ; and so he would have been had not the Lord undertaken my case. He looked up, as I entered, saying : "What ever made you go out such a night as

this?" Going up to him and putting my hand on his shoulder, and looking into his face, I said: "John, I had to go." Methinks my Lord had told where the command came from, for he answered me not a word.

MY HUSBAND'S DEATH.

"I will make with you an everlasting covenant," said Jehovah to his ancient people, "ordered in all things and sure." Vividly, as if only spoken yesterday, came back to me, on that last night of my husband's life, the words of the holy man of God (Mr. Cecil,) who, as we stood at the altar together, in loving, tender words admonished us, husband and wife, of our mutual duties to each other; adding: "Remember that one will have to stand at the other's death-bed." Nearly twenty-five years had passed since that covenant was made, and now it was about to terminate. My husband had been prostrated by sickness for about five weeks; having been seized first, one Sabbath afternoon, with a very acute pain in the chest, which the doctor pronounced neuralgia. After intense pain for about a week, it subsided, but still he did not rally. We called in one of our first physicians, Dr. Davis, and he pronounced it inflammation of the lower part of the brain. He was often quite delirious, talking almost incessantly, and sleeping but little. During the last week he was more sensible and quiet, while news would come from every part of the city, "we are holding on to God for the salvation of his soul." From the first of his being stricken, the one desire above every other was that he might be saved. O how good the Lord was in that time of need, sending in kind, loving Christian friends!

As his sickness advanced he had become much more gentle and patient.

Never in the whole of my life do I remember having had such a view of the all-sufficiency of the atonement as on one night, when the words thrilled my soul as they came right from the Lord: "The wages of sin

is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." I have laid him there to die, was the deep impression on my heart. "Look up for the gift," came the response. Repeating to my husband the first words: "The wages of sin is death," I said, trying to bring it right home to him; "but there are two sides—the gift of God is eternal life.' Do you believe it?" "Yes, I do," was his answer.

I repeated to him later that night—

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bids't me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

He asked me to repeat it again. "Do you," said a beloved Christian brother, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?" "I do," he said with a firm voice. A little later, and Bro. George Ferries repeated

"Your latest sun is sinking fast,
Your race is nearly run."

"It is," he said; while from those dying lips would come, "Jesus, save me." With my hand in his, and repeating two or three times my name, his breath grew shorter, and he peacefully passed away. How often I have wished the evidence had been clearer, but I thank God for a hope that he was saved, though "as by fire;" that this uttermost salvation had reached his case.

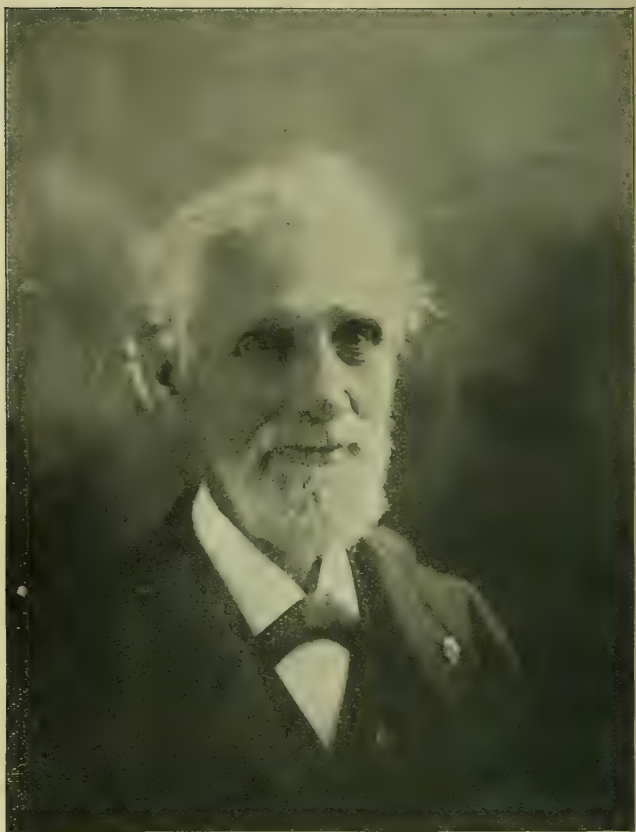
The morning dawned when we were to lay him away in the house appointed for all living. My Bible lay open on the table, and as I looked down upon it, the first words that met my eyes were: "Thy Maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is His name." Spirit and life direct to my heart; how faith grasped them as God's own message that day to me; and, kneeling by that lifeless form, the covenant was sealed; for fifteen years how faithfully kept by my "covenant-keeping God!"

To this day when any one speaks of me as a widow, I always feel like dissenting from it. The lonely void



Eunice Cobb

(See Pages 179, 181.)



You to in His Name.
W. D. Jones.

(See Pages 43, 46, 54, 219.)

is all filled with the presence of God. *My Maker is my husband.* O, the all-sufficiency of our God for every need!

"Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only Jesus know."

For about a year after my husband's death I would, at times, be greatly exercised about the property he left me—whether I ought to hold it or not. One night, on the St. Lawrence camp-ground, in Michigan, I was awakened again and again with these words: "Sell all that thou hast"; and I thought of the first disciples—how the Lord told them not to lay up any treasures on earth. But nothing definite was ever put before me—no particular way to dispose of it. I took counsel with some I knew lived near to God, and in whom I had much confidence, and they all advised me to keep it, as they thought I could use it myself more for the glory of God than to pass it on to any one else. Then I wrote a covenant: "I will look upon myself just as a steward; all I have is the Lord's. Not a dollar should be spent unnecessarily on myself; just my simple needs supplied; and no demand that the Lord should make but I would meet." And this He who searcheth the hearts knows had been my plan for many years before; and if this was according to His will, my soul might quietly rest. After this I had much more settled peace about it, while the impression to help others—*mostly those engaged in the Lord's work*—was given in these words: "And her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord; and it shall not be treasured nor laid up; for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord, to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing." Isaiah 23:18. In my Bible that verse is always underlined, and my initials under it, and carrying it out often brings much joy to my soul.

"THEY SHALL TESTIFY OF ME."

Everything, in one way or another, brings its trib-

ute to Him "who ever liveth," "God over all, blessed for ever." During the French Revolution, when its leaders, who were haters of God as well as of men, did all in their power to blot out the remembrance of God ; closing all the churches ; making ten days, instead of seven, a week ; setting up a harlot as a goddess to be worshiped, instead of the God who made the heavens and the earth ; then apparently God—the God whom they so hated—left them to themselves. All restraint was withdrawn ; depth answered to depth ; all the waves of sin rolled over that fair land of France, and all day long the guillotine did its fearful work, till the Revolution gained for all time the name of "The Reign of Terror." When Napoleon came into power, he re-instated Christianity, re-opened the churches, too far-seeing, and with an intellect too bright, for atheism or infidelity. One evening, walking on the terrace of his favorite villa, he observed to the company, among whom was Volney, the infidel historian : "Religion is a principle which cannot be eradicated from the heart of man ;" and, looking up to the sky, which was clear and starry, he said : "Who made all of that ? But last Sunday night," he added, "I was walking here alone, when the church bells of the village of Ruel rang at sunset. I was strongly moved, so vividly did the image of early days come back with the sound. If it be thus with me, what must it be with others ?" Pushing out a little farther, thou great conqueror, thou mightest have found Jesus ; submitting thy powerful will to His, thou mightest have been a polished shaft in His hands, have ruled in His fear, and saved thyself that life which became, in thy exile to St. Helena, the very horror of horrors.

What has been the secret of the peaceful, prosperous reign of England's Queen Victoria, for more than fifty years holding the sceptre, loving and beloved of her people ? On the day of her coronation she said to her mother, the Duchess of Kent : "I shall perhaps become more accustomed to this *too* great state ;" and

that day the new-crowned queen passed some of the first hours of her reign on her knees, praying for herself and her people.

One writer has said : " This English queen has the heart of gold, the will of iron, the royal temper of steel, and unyielding patriotism, with the deepest religious feelings."

From the balcony of her palace she was overheard praying: " Almighty Father, this splendid palace is more congenial to me than my own gorgeous one; here can I breathe freely; here can I pour out my whole soul to Thee, and here can I know and feel that Thou hearest me. Look down, I beseech Thee, upon Thy poor orphan child, who hath no arm to rest upon but Thine. Placed upon the summit of a fearful height, to none but Thee can I look for help; but do Thou support me and lead me through the perilous path that I must tread. Thou understandest, Thou knowest that I am but one of Thy frail children, and more in need of Thy tender care and guidance than the meanest thing Thou hast created. And why should man not thus regard me; why does he expect me to be more than an erring child of nature? With Thee, my God, I enter into a covenant—help Thou me to keep it—that I will not be elated with the incense of man's praise, that I will not be entangled by his snares, that I will not pamper to his ambition or listen to his intrigues, that I will not oppress the poor, whose claims are great upon me—but I will nourish and protect them, that I may indeed deserve the title of ' Mother of my people ' and obtain a blessing from Thee, which would be more precious to me than a crown of gold. I cannot fathom the depths of man, I dare not place implicit trust in him, but in the still hour of the night I will commune with Thee, O Lord, and do Thou instill wisdom into me and make me Thy trusty servant and useful monarch to the people over whom Thou hast given me dominion."

How often, doubtless, the words spoken in the last

hours of Israel's greatest king must have strengthened and cheered her heart. The message to him was the same to her. God, the unchangeable, is always the same: "The God of Israel said, The Rock of Israel spake to me, he that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without a cloud; and as the tender grass springing out of the earth, by clear shining after rain."

Those who have watched that life know how tender that heart has been kept, how full of compassion and sympathy. When asked by an ambassador from an Oriental court (I think the court of Persia) the secret of England's greatness, the queen rose from her seat, and, taking the Bible from the table, placed it in his hands, saying: "That is the secret of all of England's greatness."

Some one has wisely said: "One chapter ought to be added to 'Volney's Ruins of Empires,' telling truly why those empires passed away." Yea, verily; only one cause, and its Maker has given it: "For the nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." Isa. 60: 12.

During the years when Oliver Cromwell reigned in England under the name of the Protector (protector of the rights of God and man), the Duke of Savoy ordered all his subjects to come back again to the Roman Catholic Church, on penalty of the confiscation of their property and death. The command was rejected, and troops of soldiers were sent forth to spoil and kill, the whole Mountain of Piedmont becoming a scene of carnage, and the people, without respect to age or sex, were slain. The news reached England; the Protector was deeply moved, and ordered a day of fasting before God. He then wrote a letter to the Duke, telling him that if he did not stop his awful work, England's fleet would soon land on his territory. God put the fear of England's great power upon him; the work of persecution stopped. No supine indifference marked the con-

duct of these "soldiers of the cross, these followers of the Lamb." The Protector called for a contribution for the sufferers, and £40,000 was raised; while Milton stirred the whole land by his poem, calling on God to avenge His people:

"And the God who lived in Cromwell's time,
Is just the same to-day."

Can there be any motive so high as that of glorifying God on the earth? When Madame Guyon was passing through much of domestic trouble and sorrow, she dreamed one night that she had reached the home of the blessed; there was the King in His beauty. The Prince of Peace, pointing her to the ocean spreading out before them, asked if she saw those swimmers, all trying to get to that shore? Yes, there they were, a whole company, as far as the eye could reach; and then He told her to go and help them. Her one work was to lead souls to the Lamb of God; but Jesus was hated in Paris; and for four years she was imprisoned in the awful Bastile, yet singing there:

"A little bird am I,
Shut in from fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well-pleased a prisoner to be,
If so, my Lord, it pleaseth Thee."

CHAPTER XVI.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST: What has been helpful to us in our own experience we are likely to think will be helpful to others; and so this afternoon I take up my pen to write to you. How I do bless the Lord for your Christian life, your tender sympathy and helpfulness; for the way the Lord has led you, for your life of self-denial and sacrifice in the work of the Lord. O, how truly "the Lord has done great things for you, whereof we are glad."

One thing, dear brother, I want to point out to you, in which I think you might be greatly helped. The Apostle Peter speaks of "girding up the loins of the mind." And still another apostle says: "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." Do you not let time and thoughts run greatly to waste about things that are of no consequence and minister no grace to the talker or to the listener? and often your mind is weary, and when you read the Scriptures, or join in prayer, there is a lassitude about your manner almost amounting to indifference. Recollection; a continual seeking to have the mind stayed on God; as soon as what has necessarily taken up the attention has passed, then letting it centre again on God—this is to be "spiritually-minded." Much of the conversation everywhere, if not positively injurious, is little more profitable than counting the grains of corn on a cob. What rich returns the time thus spent would bring if passed in prayer, in reading the Word, and in meditation:

"Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,

Your joyful cry would often be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me."

No knowledge is so glorious for ourselves—none will bring such blessings to others—as a deep spirituality in our own hearts. John Smith, of holy memory, would say : "Get more of God, and you can diffuse more of God." I remember well that not long after my brother James was converted, a lawyer came down from London and was holding a series of meetings, making his home at my brother's. He was so struck by his deep spirituality and joy in the Holy Ghost, that one day he asked him how it was that he, a lawyer, his time and thought so occupied, could be so spiritual. He answered that he had all his mind and thought on what he had to attend to, but as soon as through with it, his thoughts went up to God. How much the Old Testament saints knew of this : "My meditation of Him shall be sweet." And wondrous are the blessings on those who meditate on God's promises night and day. "Blessing the Lord at all times, His praise is continually on their lips." O I tell you these old saints walked closely with God. A blessedly holy man from California (Brother Paterson), who was very quiet, gave as a reason that the will always followed the tongue ; and a greater than he has said, "In all labor there is profit, but the talk of the lips tendeth only to poverty." The soul feels dry and parched after much talk. As we carefully watch the leadings of the Spirit, how He will reveal these things to us ; then out of the abundance of the heart our lips will speak. If our thoughts have been dissipated, wandering after everything suggested by others, or letting the mind wander anywhere as it would, how little force and power there will be in our words ; not coming from a full heart, they will have little influence with others. Paul, in the beautiful city of Ephesus, little cared or thought of its attractions, its buildings, the hundred and one things which would have taken up most of the thoughts of the worldly, of those whose minds are on earthly

things. And he saw in every one a soul on its way to the glories of heaven, or to be forever lost ; and so, when giving his parting charge to the elders at Miletus, he uttered these wondrous words. After commending to their care the flock of God, and warning them of the dangers, he adds : " Therefore watch, and remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every man night and day with tears." O my dear brother, pray that in our little measure we may know something of the yearning tenderness, that all-absorbing love for the lost ; redeeming the time for Him and His service. In Jesus' most precious love, thine,

SARAH A. COOKE.

" The more we deny ourselves," said Mrs. Cobb, " the freer we shall be from sin, and the dearer to God ; they that deny themselves will find their own strength increased, their affections raised, and their peace continually advanced. Let us not imagine that excess, luxury, superfluity and the love of pleasures are less displeasing to God because they are common." Did not the very dress of the ancient prophets tend to foster that humility and holy courage that so richly distinguished them, that rugged independence of character, calling from the Savior that comment on his forerunner : " What went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold they that wear soft clothing are in king's houses." But this man was a prophet—" yea, more than a prophet." Not " a reed shaken by the wind." How we need to beware of everything that fosters pride, the lordly "*I*." The human heart is the same in every age, in every clime. " Beware," said the great Teacher, " of those who love the uppermost seats and the long robes." The greatest prophets this world ever saw were clothed in the commonest clothing ; no priestly robes, no seeking the highest place among men, but all intent on advancing not their own, but God's glory—" Peace on earth and good will to men." He, our Head, our Lord, our Master, our Teacher, our King, " made Himself of no

reputation, but took upon Him the form of a servant."

"WARN THEM FROM ME."

"And shall cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." How vividly these, and kindred words of awful warning, from the lips of our Savior have been brought before me to-day, by a scene at the close of our noon prayer-meeting. For more than a quarter of a century in Chicago this meeting has been held with only one intermission—the day of our great fire, when Farwell Hall was burned. There, day by day "the thoughts of many hearts are revealed," and often

"Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat."

To-day being Thanksgiving day, the attendance was quite small, but there was a meeting of unusual interest. As we were leaving the room, we found a man in great distress. His sins like a mountain had risen before him, too great, he felt, to be ever forgiven. "I am such a sinner!" again and again he exclaimed. "You don't know what a sinner I have been. I have broken all the commandments." We tried to get his eyes off from himself to the Lamb of Calvary. "Don't you believe," a brother asked, "that Jesus tasted death for every man?" "Yes," he answered, "for almost everybody, but not for me. I am such a sinner." Then he asked again and again, "WHAT IS HELL? Is it real fire and brimstone, or is it remorse? I have got it now. For days it has been in my soul. It is remorse—the worm that dieth not." It seemed as though at times reason staggered under the awful lashings of that awakened conscience. After a time of united prayer came a quiet over his spirit—the Dayspring from on high, the first faint hope that God's mercy could reach him. Then we parted, with the promise of meeting again to-night at the Pacific Mission.

How little there is in the preaching of these days to awaken and lead sinners to see their awful danger

and to a deep, heart-felt sorrow for sin! God's holy commandments, God's hatred of sin, the law our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, are almost left out. O for the view Isaiah caught of God's holiness when his train filled the temple, and the holy inhabitants of heaven veiled their faces with their wings as they cried "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts!" this, the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, our Immanuel, the Lamb of God, and greater nearness to the Lord, would bring to all of us, as to the prophet, deeper, clearer views of sin, its exceeding sinfulness, and of the wrath of God for which it is always calling; and but for the intercession and atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, hastening on all the wings of time comes the unsaved sinner's awful doom, when his desolation shall come as a whirlwind, and distress and anguish shall be his bitter portion. Well might the yearning, tender heart of Paul o'erflow with warning every one at Ephesus, "night and day with tears," to flee from the wrath to come. Again, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead." O how, without continued watchfulness and prayer, the drowsiness settles down on us! "Seeking every one his own, and not the things which are Jesus Christ's."

Once, when Dr. Chalmers (man of blessed memory) was traveling, a Scotch laird had expressed a wish to spend an evening in his society. Arrangements were made, and the evening passed very pleasantly. The doctor was a man of great general information. The time was spent in talking of the poor-laws and kindred subjects belonging to Scotland. Soon after parting, Chalmers heard a heavy groan in the room opposite his own. Hastening out, he found his companion of the evening, dying in the arms of his servant. With a countenance betraying deepest grief, he exclaimed : " Now I know what the apostle meant when he said : Be instant in season and out of season. How differently, had I known this, would I have talked to him!" Opportunities come in our way to

direct others to Jesus, the Lamb of God, to warn them to flee from the wrath to come. We miss them, and THEY ARE GONE FOREVER.

DEAR BROTHER KENT : In Northern Wisconsin, up among the pine forests, I rode to Maple Grove, eight miles, amid the beauties of nature, unrestrained and free, and as beautiful, it seemed, as on the morning of creation. No human hand had made those forest trees, and flung everywhere the flowers of every hue. Everything there showed forth the praises of God. Lilies and morning-glories, and the royal flower of France, were there, and the woods were vocal with the songs of birds. We started from the last camp-meeting long before the break of day, and as we watched the first dawn of the morning light, we thought of the words of God's inspired prophet : "Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord, whose goings forth are prepared as the morning." Gradually, as the light dawned, everything became clear to our vision. In the divine life how much is to be learned of the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths, of the love of Christ as He reveals Himself in us, and the soul presses forward in the divine life. "Not as though I had already attained," said the chief of the apostles ; "but, forgetting the things which are behind, I press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling." As soon as a soul thinks it has attained all, it becomes stunted and dwarfed. In reading the lives of the holy Fletcher, Bramwell, and others, we are struck by their spirit of lowly humility, and their ever pressing upward and onward. It was said of Fletcher, that in his heavenliness of spirit and the triumphs of faith he seemed to soar above every one, yet, in his lowly humility, to be at the feet of all.

"After fifty-six years spent in the service of God," wrote Carvosso, "I find I have nothing to keep my soul in motion but faith in the blood of Christ; without this I should at once be as a ship becalmed. Even when we are cleansed from all the pollution of sin, we

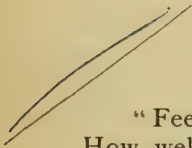
shall be sensible of numberless failings and deficiencies, which will render it necessary for us to continually have recourse to the atoning blood; and our best services are so imperfect and unworthy that were they not offered in the name of Christ, and on the ground of His all-availing sacrifice, they would by no means be acceptable to God. But while we live in the constant exercise of faith and obedience, we shall have constant experience of the efficacy of the Redeemer's blood, and shall, from moment to moment, enjoy a complete salvation from sin." The deepest, lowliest humility marked the closing scene of his life. He often exclaimed:

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

In Jesus, thine,

SARAH A. COOKE.

THE SHEEP AND LAMBS TO BE FED.



"Feed my sheep, feed my lambs," said our Lord. How well that lesson was learned! As we read the epistles of Peter we are struck by their wonderful depth and tenderness. Can this be the man so impulsive, so unreliable! Many, many years of discipline have brought out all that tenderness, subdued his will, till every thought has been brought into captivity. With open face, beholding as in a glass, he has been changed into the image of his Lord, and he utters to others the charge once given by his Lord, "Feed the flock, taking the oversight"—the church which He has redeemed by His own precious blood, not lording it over God's heritage. How has my soul been pained this summer by seeing, all over the land my feet have trod, the lack of such pastors. The sisters would gather together and talk of God's work. What grief! One sister told how, when the new preacher came, he said he was going to have everything straight, if it cut off the best members of the church; and so they cut, and slash and drive, like Jehu of old, leaving desolation behind. I once

heard a very prominent minister give his experience on this line. New in the experience of holiness, with vision wondrous clear, such as this experience never fails to give, he was appointed pastor of a large church. He saw its worldliness, and began to hew and strike on every hand. One night an old disciple, one who had led Bishop Hamline through into his glorious experience, talked to him. This was not the way God would have him do. He would scatter the flock, and so on, Not the way of Him who led His flock like a shepherd by the hands of Moses and Aaron. "I went home," said the pastor, "and that night God gave me a vision. I saw a large flock of sheep. Some were bruised and torn; some were weak and feeble; some hardly able to walk, and some just little lambs, and there was I beating all around with a large club. O how ashamed I was! The Lord taught me a lesson that night that I have never forgotten." And then the brother told us how every morning he would go into his study and, with the church-book before him, he would plead for two hours for the members by name! and in about three months, in that church, he saw the most glorious revival he had ever seen.

And then others are so idle, "lying down, loving to slumber;" not laborers in God's vineyard, but idlers; gentlemen of leisure, whiling away time in any way. O who that looks on can believe that such preachers have any love for the deathless souls of those around them. I was in a meeting in Illinois, where more than twenty preachers were present. One evangelist did most of the preaching. Every day a prayer-meeting was given out for the following morning at six o'clock. Three mornings the hour came, but not one of the twenty preachers was there. My soul was stirred within me. If alive to God, would they not have been there to take hold early for a blessing on the multitudes who would gather there through the day? Awake, beloved preacher of the gospel!

Wesley, before the close of his glorious ministry,

saw the great danger here; "like priest, like people." What the teachers were, soon the churches would be. He writes to his friend, Mr. Mather: "No, Alex.; no! The danger to Methodism does not lie here. It springs from a different quarter. Our preachers, many of them, are fallen. They are not spiritual. They are not alive to God. They are soft, enervated, fearful of shame, toil and hardship; they have not the spirit which God gave to T. Lee at Partly bridge, or to you at Bolton. Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin, and desire nothing but God, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen; such alone will shake the gates of hell and set up the kingdom of heaven upon the earth."—Banner of Holiness, Nov. 25, 1885.

WOODBINE, Jo Daviess Co., Ill., June 18, 1888.

DEAR BRO. KENT: Brothers and Sisters of the "Banner": "Where shall I His praise begin?" Once more I am amidst the beauties of nature, breathing the fresh country air, and tracing every day the works of our God, His handiwork in hill and valley, in the moon as she walks in her brightness, and the sun in his glorious majesty making the circuit of the heavens; still, as in the days of old when the prophets walked this earth, "all His works praise Him," and His saints, taking up the chorus, "bless His holy name." As we rode together yesterday, the heat was very great, and the thirsty land seemed calling for the rain. After a long pause, the dear brother whose thoughts had gone home to fields and crops, said: "I wish you would pray for rain!" I answered I would; "and let us pray right now;" and, slacking the horse's pace, we poured out our full hearts to God—the God of Elijah. We took dinner at a friend's, where he left me, to go some fourteen miles farther to his home, to return in two or three days. Long before he could have reached his home the clouds gathered, the lightnings flashed, the thunder pealed, and then, in torrents, came the refreshing rain, making all nature to rejoice. "O that men would

praise the Lord for his goodness, who still maketh the bright clouds and giveth the showers of rain!"

In this section of the country there had been a spiritual dearth; churches closed for want of preachers, none to break to the people the bread of life. Bro. Buss, who has been superannuated lately, health poor, heard the Macedonian cry: "Come over and help us." When he came, like his great Master, his heart was "moved with compassion as he saw the people as sheep having no shepherd." From him the invitation reached me in Chicago. Heart and hands seemed full of work; but as I laid the matter day by day before the Lord, often in the words of His servant Moses, "If Thy presence go not with me carry me not hence," the answer came: "My presence shall go with thee;" and, nothing doubting, I started nearly two weeks ago.

Last Sabbath was a day of special blessing; on the Saturday before, to my surprise, I found it had been announced in the Galena "Gazette" that I would preach three times on the Sabbath, the afternoon appointment being six or seven miles away, on the most rough and hilly road I ever traveled in the hill country of Jo Daviess County. I dared not excuse myself, as the notice was out. O with what trembling I held on, not only for strength of body, but for grace to "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ," and both were given. Never had I more liberty; never did God's Word open more blessedly as the command came, "preach the Word;" the message all my Lord's, I only a voice in the wilderness, crying "prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight." Day by day we have visited from house to house. It seemed the Spirit had gone before us, there was such breaking down, tears and confessions, with earnest invitations to come again. Everywhere there seems to be the sound of an abundance of rain, while the "Lo, I am with you alway" stimulates our faith in this blessed work.

Every talent you have is needed to promote the glorious cause of our Redeemer, and in your hands, as

you use it for His glory, it will greatly increase. Do you want a triumphant faith in God? Live for God, prefer His holy cause and kingdom before everything on earth, spend and be spent for Him ; no sacrifice you make but the hundred-fold will come to you here!

Do we want an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ? Then let our lives be full of the love which "seeketh not her own," holy courage in His cause, brotherly love, godliness, charity, in word and in deed. This is the way and this alone, having our fruit unto holiness, with a daily application for more of this heavenly grace at the feet of the lowly Lamb of God.

CAMP-MEETING NOTES.

If there is one place nearer heaven than any other, methinks it is a camp-meeting. There gather God's own elect, many of them, it may be, through the year separated from much of Christian fellowship. Many coming, not exactly as the worshipers came to the temple at Jerusalem, bringing the first-fruits, the bullocks, doves, and lambs to lay upon the altar, but making sacrifices to them more costly. One brother told me, with a face all lighted up with joy, of preparation he was making in the town he lived in to advance the kingdom of the Redeemer, when for the first time it flashed upon my mind what David meant in the 51st Psalm, that the righteous should lay *bullocks* on His altar—make large sacrifices—and I said, "You have laid a bullock on the altar." Ah yes, and the hundred-fold of blessing had come, and kept coming on his soul through all that camp-meeting.

Sometimes the Lord calls for costlier offerings than these. At a camp-meeting in Wisconsin, one summer, a young girl, just in the bloom of early womanhood, came to the altar to seek the blessing of holiness. It was a long struggle, as the Lord revealed to her His will concerning her, but the victory came, and with it the joy unspeakable and full of glory. His own king-

dom of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost had been set up. Early the next morning, just before service, her father came into the tent, and said, with deep emotion, "I thought I had consecrated my all to God." Our camp-meeting was on his farm and much of the labor had fallen on him—a whole-souled child of God. "But," he added, "I had not; I know now He wants my child for His service. O pray for me that I may make this sacrifice. I feel as Abraham felt when God commanded him to offer up Isaac." It seemed as though the light and joy would be gone from that home. O what a struggle, as he knelt at the altar! How he wrestled with the angel of the covenant to give him the victory, and prevailed! Mother and father knelt there together, while the dear girl looked down on both, reminding us of that scene on Mt. Moriah, where Isaac with submission was bound to the altar. The victory was won; the next day, with a band of workers, she went forth into the great harvest-field, and we know that while the eyes of the parents' faith are turned upward, God will pour more of joy into their souls—will be more to them than seven sons or daughters, and they will rejoice continually,

"That aught so dear, so pure, was theirs,
To bring before their God."

We seem coming back to apostolic times—to the Lord's way of working—sending forth workers fresh from Himself, with the joy of His salvation upon them.

The woman from Samaria's well moved the people as perhaps no collegian, fresh from the study of divinity, could have done. And the demoniac worked so effectually that when Jesus came that way again, the people were waiting for him. O glory to our God! When the message has the thrill of Holy Ghost power and life, no matter through what lips, "the dead hear the voice and come forth and live."

Hands off, beloved, from every one who has this seal. Though they are not of our fold, in the name of

our God let us bid them God-speed, "lest haply we should be found to fight against God."

WAYSIDE NOTES.—I.

"Palms of victory, crowns of glory,
We shall wear."

The St. Charles camp-meeting is just closed. While waiting for the train, and to refresh, it may be, the souls of others, I would jot down one of its hallowed incidents.

Miss Everhart was speaking of her work in the Olive Branch Mission, Chicago, and of her own insufficiency to meet its great demands; of the thousand visits paid last year; of the calls on every hand, and of the Whispered Voice, heard continually above all the pressure: "HE IS ABLE!"

Again and again were these words repeated, being emphasized by His almighty presence and power, until the whole tent seemed filled with His glory, and a hundred lips it seemed, were unsealed to shout forth His glory.

"If heaven were no better than this," said one of the redeemed, "I could stay here forever." Yes, yes; and this is but a beam from the eternal glory.

"He is able." Fill it up, beloved, with just your needs, and he shall supply them—all out of "His riches in glory."

O the unfailing supply! The holy Wesley said: "A thousand cares sit as lightly on me as the hairs on my head." The secret, entire devotion; the eye so single that the whole body is full of light.

Why the weakness in all our land? Paul, in his day, spoke of the few who were all devoted, and used these sad words: "All seek their own, not the things which are Christ's."

God's vineyard is let out to those who bring not in the delicious fruits for Him, but who labor for themselves; the vineyard trodden down; the great Lord of the vineyard not laboring with them.

SARAH A. COOKE.

WAYSIDE NOTES.—II.

How many ways the Lord has of awakening the unconverted by His providences! One such instance comes before me now.

One Saturday morning, on my way to a children's sewing-school at the Rock Island depot, Chicago, the rain was pouring heavily. I noticed before me a lady in deep mourning, with no umbrella. Stepping up, I remarked, the morning so wet, would she not share my umbrella? Thanking me, we walked on together. The conversation soon passed on from the physical to the spiritual—to the joy of having the Sun of Righteousness shining in the soul. It was one of those precious seasons when the well of water was springing up into everlasting life in my soul.

I gave the stranger, I suppose, but little opportunity of talking; but as we parted with a warm grasp of the hand, she said, "Come and see me; I live at 199 South Desplaines street." It may have been two weeks before I found my way to her home. She received me most kindly, and as we sat together she told me of her conversion.

"It was a little before our great Chicago fire," she said. "We were keeping a restaurant. I had only one child, my little Mary, some five years of age. She left her play one day, and running up to me, said, 'Mamma, I shall only be with you one month longer.' I started; it was as though a sword went through my heart. And as I remonstrated, and tried to check her, she again repeated it—'I shall only be a month with you, mamma.'"

"The days passed, and the impression strengthened that it was only a child's fancy. But a few days before the time, little Mary sickened and died." And the mother described her anguish; her whole soul's love had entwined around that little one. Broken-hearted, life became to her a burden.

"One night," she said, "my little Mary came to me and said, 'Mamma, read the 77th Psalm.' I was a

Roman Catholic, and had no Bible; but I borrowed one of my neighbor. In that psalm I found an experience exactly like my own. How I dwelt on it! every verse brought light." And, like the Psalmist, she found the Rock—the everlasting Rock of Ages—and the new song came welling from her lips, even of praises for evermore.

He who led His people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron, had led this poor sheep into the fold, where she could find pasture. Coming up through great tribulation are those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Chicago, Ill.

SARAH A. COOKE.

CHAPTER XVII.

TEMPERANCE IN EATING.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You seemed surprised, yesterday, at my remarks on eating, so I sit down to write my thoughts to you more fully. For many years the conviction has been growing upon me that with many people their "table has become a snare" unto them. Did you ever read and ponder the words of our Savior: "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and the cares of this life." I had two intimate friends in Chicago, Dr. and Mrs. Duncanson, who were both in the medical profession; they had concluded that in forty, out of every forty-five cases that came under their observation, the sickness had been brought on by over-eating or eating things that were injurious. Some years ago, a doctor in St. Louis penned the following: "How happens it, amid the lasting cry against drunkenness, we never hear a word against its sister evil, gluttony? I think I can assert, that in a long practice I have known three die from over-eating where one died from drunkenness. Whence come apoplexy,

paralysis, dyspepsia, and a host of other diseases, but from too much and too rich food, taken often under the most imprudent circumstances? And yet we hear of no society formed to prevent this growing vice." It startled me wonderfully ; but from close observation I think it may be true, and it is a sin that is growing on the people. Said a woman to me not long ago : "We kill ourselves by all this needless cooking." Yes, dear sister, and you greatly, spiritually and physically, injure those for whom you spread these sumptuous tables.

How grieved I have often felt, at some of our camp-meetings, over the needless luxuries, the time and money spent "for that which is not bread." Did you ever think, when the multitudes had followed Jesus, listening to Him "who spake as never man spake," until His compassionate heart was touched (just as now) for their bodily needs, the bread and fish were multiplied, and five thousand men, beside the women and children, sat down to that bounteous meal? He, the Creator, could as easily have commanded every delicacy, but it was just the needed food—the bread and fish.

All who have lived very close to God have found the need of watchfulness at this point. Hear the great apostle of the Gentiles : "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I should myself be a cast-away." The early Methodists were models of abstemiousness, as well as all other phases of self-denial. A friend told me, once, that when Dr. Adam Clarke was preaching in the neighborhood, he was invited to her father's house to dine and meet some friends. Dr. Clarke had his seat on her mother's right hand, and in a most kindly way he asked if they had any potatoes and buttermilk, the only thing he touched at that sumptuous table. At another time he had taken the morning service, and going to the house where he was to dine, he asked the lady if she had any bread and cheese. She said, "Yes, Dr. Clarke, but dinner will soon

be ready ;" but the doctor's request was granted, the frugal meal partaken of, and, most likely under some tree, or in some secret place, during the interval of worship, his soul was holding communion and getting a fresh anointing from God.

Billy Bray would say : "I never preach so well as from an empty stomach." So all-important did Mr. Wesley consider fasting, that on one occasion he said : "I should as soon expect to see a man in heaven who never prayed, as one who never fasted." It ever seems to say to the body, "stand back, while I get into a closer communion with my God."

Watch and pray ; on every line we will need it, if we would have fellowship with our Savior, and have the victory over the world, the flesh and the devil. Yours in Jesus' precious love,

SARAH A. COOKE.

"But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others I myself should be a castaway."

No young disciple, no babe in Christ, no ordinary Christian, penned these words, but the chief of the apostles, the man who had received the commission from Jesus, who had been caught up into the very heavens, and heard what it was impossible to utter. Surely, if any man might have thought himself beyond the reach of temptation, it might have been Paul. He seemed to echo the thought of the divine Lord : "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Reading one morning, at family worship, of the disciples on the Sabbath, with their Master, plucking the ears of corn and eating, "for they were an hungered," and of the captious, hard-hearted Pharisees finding fault, I thought how much more blessed for themselves if they had taken them to their own homes and supplied their needs. I thought of the wonderful contrast, in these days, of many of those who profess to be in the apos-

tolic succession, often living in homes of luxury, and gratifying every desire of the flesh.

Self-indulgence is not practiced by those who live in very close fellowship with their Lord ; they keep their bodies under ; they know how closely are linked "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," and how many have been overcome by them since the days of the awful fall of Israel's bard, prophet and king. And all along are these warnings given, saying to every child of God : "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

How often the church is amazed and grieved by the awful fall of some great leader into gross sin, while the world looks on and blasphemes. Paul's warnings, and those of his Master, had been unheeded. No knowledge, no amount of intellectual culture, has any power to save ; nothing but a constant watchfulness, a *keeping of the body under*. Solomon was wise above all other men. Of him it was said there was none before, and should be none after in wisdom like unto him—the man who sought to find out acceptable words of deepest, clearest teaching, marking out to every generation the path of prosperity, happiness and peace. Yet he fell first into sensualism, and then, forsaking the God of his fathers, and uttering some of the saddest wailings that ever fell from human lips, left no evidence as to whether ever again forgiven and restored to the favor of God. How many mighty men have been cast down by this sin ! Samson, whose birth had been foretold by an angel, raised to be the deliverer of Israel from the bitter, galling yoke of the Philistines, a man of dauntless courage and on whom the Spirit of God descended at times with mighty power, was entangled, overthrown by this one sin, a blind captive grinding at the mill, and dying in the midst of his enemies. We are in an enemy's country ; and what constant watchfulness we need ever to exercise !

"He keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." I was struck with some remarks of a

young sister this morning. She said : "I was very busy one Saturday morning, and as I worked on, I found my mind was all on my work and I had lost sight of God. O how frightened I was, and how quickly I got back to Him." This is the secret of "his seed remaining in him, and he cannot sin ;" while the loving eye of faith is on God we will have victory over every temptation from the world, the flesh and the devil.

"What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake ;
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back ;
Portrayed, it bears a bleeding Lamb—
I dare believe in Jesus' name."

THE ANARCHISTS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER SHAW : It seems such a long time since I have either heard or written to you. Is it well with thee ; is it well with thy wife ; is it well with thy children?—a household all given up to God ; "the sound of rejoicing heard in the tabernacles of the righteous?" How little real joy anywhere else on this green earth !

I came into Chicago the beginning of last week, and there seemed such a gloom over the city—"men's hearts failing them for fear," as the rumblings and upheavings of the strong hatred of the masses to law and government seemed ready to burst forth at any time and deluge our city with blood. As the day neared for the execution of the Anarchists, every precaution was taken by the authorities to prevent a riot, but we well know all would have been in vain, if the Lord had not spread His sheltering wings over us and said to the proud waves, "Be still."

There were more than ten righteous ones holding on by mighty faith for the peace of the city. It was said 15,000 men were from their work on that day, and yet all passed off quietly, the poor deluded Anarchists

dying as they had lived, in open hostility to God and man. How often, on a Sabbath afternoon, in the South Park, they would come over, when we would be holding our meetings, to break them up; but they never succeeded. We would get down on our knees and hold on to God for victory, and it would come;

“For the Lion of Judah would break every chain,
And give us the vict’ry again and again.”

Dear brother, preach the gospel everywhere; preach AS YOU GO. PREACH THE GOSPEL, the one great antidote for the sin and misery of human life! Don’t let anything switch you off from this—NO SIDE ISSUES, however good, are to be put in the place of “repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ;” then to follow a full salvation, deliverance from all sin—washed white in the blood of Calvary’s Lamb. For the last two or three days these lines of Wesley’s have been thrilling my soul:

“They see the Lamb in His own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze transported at the sight
Through all eternity.”

Live near Him, so near the Lamb that nothing shall intercept His love, the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. It was said of George Whitfield, so close was his communion with the Lord before he came out to preach to the people, that when he came amongst them it seemed as though a halo of glory encircled him. One hour, often two, alone with God, was his rule before preaching; and so these holy preachers who moved the world kept the divine unction descending from them to the people, like the precious ointment from Aaron’s beard, that “went down to the skirts of his raiment.” This holy unction comes in no other way but through this deep, hallowed communion. Jesus said to His first disciples: “Without Me ye can do nothing.” When the preacher’s words only come from the lips, the hearers are unfed,

unmoved. You know something of this mighty Holy Ghost power, which rested on those first disciples, and wafted, as its first installment, three thousand souls into the kingdom of our Redeemer. "Never," President Charles Finney, of Oberlin College, would say in his charge to the students, "never go into your pulpits without this baptism of the Holy Ghost upon you." Then you will stir three worlds, bringing, it may be, much persecution, but the glory will follow, and souls be born from above. May you have many—your joy here, your crown of rejoicing over there. Yours in the precious love of our Immanuel,

SARAH A. COOKE.

CHICAGO, ILL, March 22, 1887.

MY DEAR BROTHER JAMES: Have received your last letter, inclosing a draft for twenty pounds. It came just right, for I had overrun my income (so many calls for money in helping the Lord's work along), that I was just considering what part of my stock I must sell out. This, as the Americans say, "just fills the bill." The first fruits were given the next day to the Lord, in the person of a dear superannuated preacher—\$5. Blessed, glorious privilege of helping on the Lord's cause and His dear, poor saints! I received the magazine with the account of yours and Mrs. Bass's work; did not remember whether I had written to you since. Like you, I have so very many correspondents that my letter-writing is never done.

How my heart has been overflowing with joy, as I laid down my pen and the memory came back again of early days; of that walk with Mattie, and her telling me of your conversion; the words came as directly from the Lord (ever since associated with you): "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." O how it has all come back; and the wondrous love of Jesus preserving us all through life from falling; giving the unspeakable privilege of laboring for souls; of seeing that our labors have not been in vain in the Lord, and ever looking forward to an immortality of eternal glory

—all, all the purchase of our Redeemer's sufferings and death ! Well may we say in the language of Wesley:

“ Our hearts o'erflow, our words are lost,
Nor will we know, nor will we speak, of aught beside—
Our Lord, our love, is crucified.”

I so wonderfully see the Lord's goodness in preventing my coming back to England. So much better for dear mother to be in the midst of Brother Thomas' family, in the old home. I have not seen Henry since his return, but have heard from him. He found dear mother much better than he expected.

Have been engaged in a glorious work the last six weeks, holding services with a dear sister, Miss Mary Knecht, a German, in two Congregational churches in Michigan. She is wonderfully used of God. When the Spirit of the Lord is upon her, in preaching or exhortation, I have scarcely ever heard any one so impressive. Loving to take the deepest, most alarming hymns in our language, she often sings them all alone, her voice rich and deep ; then follows the sermon or exhortation, almost always the staple of it being death, hell and the judgment. O how she, or the Spirit through her, grapples with the sinner's conscience. One night, last week, sixteen or eighteen hurried forward to the altar ; what a scene of weeping and crying for mercy ; and night after night the same scene ; crowds follow wherever she goes. We see a glorious summer's work before us, should her strength hold out ; but she is often completely prostrated, and unable for a day or two to do anything. Truly the heavenly treasure is in a weak tabernacle of clay.

Brother and Sister Jones and Brother and Sister Gittings live together, and I with them, when at home. Will remember your message to Mr. Moody, should I have a chance of talking with him. He has been laboring in Chicago the last two months, I hear with much success. Sam Jones was there some eight weeks, but I don't think there was much work done ; a tre-

mendous excitement, but too much laughter and hilarity for any deep work of the Spirit, we think.

When you write again will you tell me something of our old friends, William Cole, Mrs. Tebbutt and her two sons—are they Christians? John Crosher and his wife—are they still at Melton, and actively engaged in the Lord's work? Hope you will have a blessed summer's work; may the Lord baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Life and labors end together. O I hope so; would not like the idea of living to be weak and imbecile, or even useless in the vineyard. May we not claim the promise: "In old age they shall be fat and flourishing; yea, they shall bear fruit in old age." Amen, amen, my Lord: faith claims the promise! Would like to know your dear wife and mother; expect with the latter, especially, I should have sweet communion. I am a thorough Methodist in the feeling part, and when the Lord hides His face, like the Psalmist, "I am troubled." Much love as ever. Yours in the precious love of our Redeemer, our all and in all,

SARAH A. COOKE.

In one of our meetings, Miss Knecht told of her conversion. Brought up in a home where God was feared and loved, her proud heart rejected him. The meek and lowly service of the Redeemer had less charms for her than the vain trifles of earth. The light within had become darkness. Going with her mother to a meeting, she had said on the way: "I don't believe there is a Christ; I don't believe God sent Him to die on this earth; I don't believe there is a hell." She would fain have absented herself from the meeting, staying at home with friends, but her plans failed; and in a devoted band of Christians her mother broke forth in prayer, and soon the Lord drew near, and, like Saul of Tarsus, she was prostrate on the earth. There appeared before her a face full of gentleness and love. She knew the face—the face of Christ the Lord.

Then another scene came before her. This was the lake of fire—the hell whose existence she had so arrogantly denied; while a voice asked: “Do you now believe in a hell—the powers of the world to come?” She had tasted of them. Prostrate, in deep agony, awful moans burst from her lips, and Jesus, as the only Deliverer from the place of torment, soon spoke forgiveness, and she went out, full of His power to save and to preach the everlasting gospel.

CHICAGO, Ill., October 8, 1889.

MY BELOVED BROTHER: Your letter was long in reaching me, as I was out in the country, engaged in the Lord's blessed service. In some respects our lives are so much alike—both continually engaged in the Lord's work. How we love it, rejoicing that He counts us worthy to labor in his vineyard! As you say, we are both verging upon old age. I can hardly realize it; life has gone so swiftly, and I feel none of the infirmities of old age, save that memory is slower, and I forget names and faces more quickly. I believe we shall both live to a good old age, and “come to our graves like a shock of corn fully ripe,” and our labors with our lives lay down.

Your affliction, asthma, I know from dear father, is very painful at times, but it does not seem ordinarily to shorten life. Mrs. Bennet has suffered from a girl with it, and finds much relief, during severe attacks, from the burning of paper saturated with spirits of nitre, in her room.

I can just enter into your feelings in regard to the work of the Lord; how much of it, like the clay, is marred in the hands of the potter. The brother I am laboring with now is very talented, but what a lack of tenderness and love—a driving, cutting spirit, and I fear the work will not move on without some change; the tenderness and love seem the longest in fully developing the Christian character. If I could live my life over again, how I would pray and labor for

these graces, of which there has been great lack. As I write, these words come :

“ And O from sin, from grief, from shame,
I stoop to hide me in Thy name.”

O bless the Lord! In Him, His work, His righteousness, is all our confidence ; there is no other way into the holiest but through the blood of Jesus.

Do you ever hear from William? And when he writes does he ever refer to spiritual things? Sometimes he comes very vividly before me, and I have some degree of faith in bringing him to the Lord. I should have written, and occasionally sent papers and books, but I have lost his address ; send it to me when you write. Our dear mother's case is a mystery to us all ; we cannot reason it out, we must believe and trust her in God's hands. I am so thankful always that she is in Brother Thomas' family. I could not bear the thought of her being with strangers. A kind and noble mother she has been to us ; how much, under God, we owe to her in the development of all that is good and upright in our characters! I scarcely ever, in all the houses in which I stay, see such a wise mother--so just, so true. A little while, and she will emerge from this darkness, and it will seem but as a troubled dream when one awaketh. “ Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.” Your affectionate sister,

SARAH A. COOKE.

CHICAGO, Ill., February 25, 1890.

MY DEAR BROTHER JAMES: Your kind letter duly reached me. Am always so glad to hear from you, so deeply interested about our dear mother. Years ago I should have been back to take care of her till life's close, if the Lord had not so plainly, again and again, shown me it was not His will. Brother Henry often says, “ Our mother was a wonderful woman.” Ada wrote to me some time ago about the probability of their going back again to Tasmania, but has not men-

tioned it lately, so I suppose it has been given up. I am glad your health is a little improved, and I expect we will live out our three-score-and-ten years. The Lord most wonderfully gives me health and strength. For more than seven months I have not been home—all the time out in the Lord's work; if the people did not so continually refer to me as old and aged, I should hardly realize it from my own feelings.

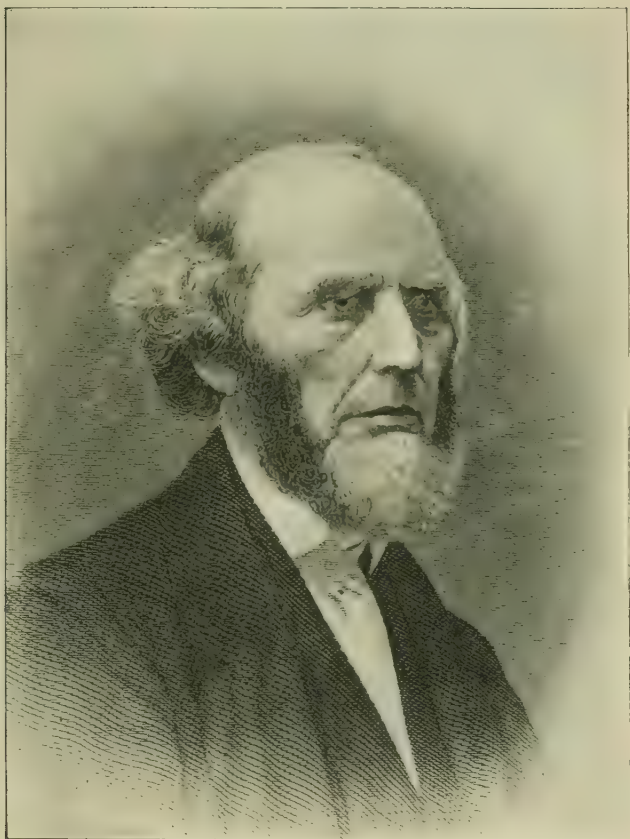
Have been lately engaged in the most glorious work I have seen since we were in Indiana, about the time you were in America. O it has been glorious. In a large coal-mining village, St. David, Illinois, the people were very ungodly. A young sister, Miss Embury, descendant of Philip Embury, the first Methodist preacher who preached the gospel in America, came and started the meeting. At first there was but little interest, but the Lord began to work wonderfully, and the hardest sinners would be melted and break down. I joined her when the revival was moving blessedly, and on it went till more than a hundred had professed salvation. It seemed as though the very air was laden with salvation. Conviction was everywhere—in the homes of the people and in the mines; salvation the one theme.

One day, when visiting from house to house, I went into the office of a Justice of the Peace; several persons had gathered, and soon the conversation was on the all-important subject, the salvation of the soul. I proposed that we have a class-meeting, and, just in the midst of it, the door opened and a stranger entered; when he saw me, he turned around quickly and was going out again. I arose and welcomed him, telling him we would be glad to have him stay. He took a seat, and when it came to his turn, I asked if he was a Christian. He said: "No, I am not." I urged upon him the importance of immediate decision, and we closed with prayer; and as we all rose from our knees he was still kneeling, his whole body moving with the intensity of his feelings. Soon we united our faith and

brought him to the Lord; then victory came, and this soul had passed from darkness into light, from the kingdom of Satan into that of God's own dear Son. He had come in two miles from the country; could not rest that day at home, and, he said, as he saw the woman-preacher when he came into the office, the devil got hold of his coat-tail and tried to pull him out again. He went home and brought his wife to the next meeting, and when the invitation was given for seekers he brought her to the altar, and she was blessedly saved. It was just at the time when la grippe, like an epidemic, was passing through the land.

One night, after the evening service, a message reached us that a man in the country was very sick, and wanted to see us. It was near midnight when we reached the home. A woman was at the gate watching for us, and, as we alighted from the buggy, told us it was too late; he had all day been watching for us, and now he was dying. We passed in with sad hearts, just to watch the closing scene. He was too far gone to notice any one, and in about half an hour the struggle was over; the silver cord was loosed, and the spirit had returned to the God who gave it. The urgent message had been sent to us by the doctor the day before, but, being pressed night and day, he had forgotten it; and they told us that all day he had watched the door for us to come; then came the consciousness that Jesus could save him without the help of "the woman-preacher," as they all call us. He had been, before his sickness, to the meetings, and had got under deep conviction; in about an hour deliverance came; and now we knew why the message had not reached us—to get his eyes off from us and upon the Lord.

Miss Embury left on Friday to go to a most needy field in Kentucky, while I have moved three miles west to help hold a meeting in a Protestant Methodist church. O such a "valley of dry bones!" We can hardly find a real live Christian in the neighborhood. The words will come to me, "Can these dry bones



C. G. Loring.

(See Pages 120, 168, 169, 170, 255 286.)



J. B. Linley

(See Pages 323, 331 to 334.)

live?" The life-giving power can come from God alone. I feel, as I have never felt, that without Him I can do nothing. What a privilege it is to work in His cause. I hope we shall both be engaged in active service till the summons comes, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Tell your dear wife I will send her my picture when I reach home. Have yours been taken together? If so, I would much like them. You have sent me one of Mrs. J., taken, I think, before your marriage, and of yourself soon after you were here.

All the band you knew are out in the great harvest-field; two of the eldest, Brother Dickinson and Brother Bird, have passed away—Brother Bird last spring. I could have shouted for joy as I looked at him and realized his presence with the Lord; "he looked like a warrior taking his rest;" he had fought the good fight of faith. Brother Andrews is settled at Hobart; Brother Hanmer in Wisconsin, much blessed of God; Brother Kelsey worked for some years as an evangelist; then his voice and throat became so much affected that he had to give that work up, and is now settled as pastor. Much love. In Jesus, as ever, thine,

SARAH A. COOKE.

IN MISSOURI.

ON THE LORD'S WORK IN }
HANNIBAL, Mo., Dec. 1, 1890. }

DEAR BRO. KENT: After you left us on Wednesday we felt a great want in our meetings, something like an army without a general (as Sister Tucker expressed it), and also for two nights a lack of the Spirit's power; Thursday night not one was at the altar. What could we do but humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God? We appointed Friday as a day of fasting and prayer; and O how different the meeting was that night—the deepest and most solemn meeting we have had. From the very commencement, conviction deeper and more general came over all the congregation, with five or six seekers

at the altar, others weeping and broken down greatly, though not prepared to forsake all and follow Jesus. You would have rejoiced to have heard some of the testimonies, especially of the poor drunkard who had been such a bond-slave to Satan, now clothed and in his right mind. He sat at the Savior's feet, his wife, by his side, testifying of her new-found joy and deliverance from the besetting sin of temper.

"New songs do now their lips employ,
And dances each glad heart for joy."

The old man who was so blessedly saved got a touch of the Spirit's power, and his wife shouted for very joy.

It was all the Lord, our coming to Hannibal. Such a difference in the congregation! The leaven is working, the rough, noisy indifference giving way, and quiet thoughtfulness is on many a face.

"Our God is drawing near."

Yesterday, out for a walk in the afternoon, passed a house where there was a large party of children ; the windows were open, and the peals of merry laughter fell on my ears. I passed them, turned back, and entered, telling them I loved the children. Soon there was quiet, and I felt that Jesus was in the midst. We sang, we prayed, we talked of Him. I had been thinking for days of beginning a children's meeting. This has opened the way. They seemed pleased with the thought, and promised to come. O for a harvest of souls amongst these little ones, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Sister Lower says I am to tell you she has great faith for the meeting. Three of her children are under conviction. They see the narrow way, the prize at the end, but hesitate as they look at the strait gate and the world to be given up, which has such a strong hold even on these young hearts. We have missed your presence, especially toward the close of the services, when the melting, tender unction so often descends upon you, moving the hearts of the

people. O nothing like it! Without it we are like the mountains of Gilboa, on which neither rain nor dew fell for seven years. O this holy unction, only received by waiting long under the melting beams of the Sun of Righteousness. How often we must tarry there till the fire on our hearts be rekindled, or the spark fanned into a flame of holy love to God and man.

I am writing before sunrise. How peaceful and calm everything is! All nature speaks of her Creator. "He maketh the outgoing of the morning and evening to rejoice."

"Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only Jesus know!"

Yesterday, Sabbath, was a blessed day. Bro. Hall, of Fairfield, was with us, and preached at night in the demonstration of the Spirit. The afternoon meeting was in the scriptural order. Not an unbeliever but must have felt God was with us of a truth. About in the midst of it, some eight or nine of us moved down into the park and preached, to a goodly congregation, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." O glory to our God for the blessed privilege and promise that "our labor is not in vain in the Lord!" Several seekers were forward at the night-service; and so the work is moving. Bro. Keith is blessed in the work; also Bro. and Sister Tucker. I must not forget to tell you that away among the hills we found the home of the man who came forward one night, when you were with us, much under the influence of drink, and his wife shouted for joy as he knelt at the altar. Ah, we did not wonder, as we talked with them around their own fireside. He told us of a life, years gone by, when he walked with God, and theirs was a happy Christian home. The Shepherd had again brought back this lost sheep to His fold. We mingled our prayers and songs of joyful thanksgiving together. Their eldest boy had been converted in this meeting. Glory, glory to our God!

To Him be all the praise and glory for ever and ever! Amen and amen! In Jesus, as ever,

S. A. COOKE.

DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

CAMBRIA, Wis., April 13, 1891.

MY DEAR BROTHER JAMES: Your letter containing the news of dear mother's death, with one from Ada and from Miss Revis, is received. "The weary wheels of life at last have ceased to move," and our beloved mother is at rest. O how we bless God for the evidence given that He owned her for His child; that through the darkness that settled on her soul the light did break. We shall see her again, in His presence, "where there is fullness of joy for evermore." Ada wrote me that near the close of life she would often repeat her favorite hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

And she heard her frequently exclaim, "Praise the Lord!"

How often our dear father's prayer for us comes back to me, "that our children may be a seed to serve God, a generation to call Him blessed." O may it be so from generation to generation. I can hardly write for the tears that come. O how good the Lord has been to us as a family!

Yesterday, Sabbath, was a blessed day of labor. After the morning service I rode five miles, to another village, to hold meeting, and back at night; congregation very large and the altar full of seekers. This is a Welsh settlement, and the most outwardly religious place I have seen in America. To-day we move to another village, five miles off. I am laboring with two brethren, both of whom have worked with the Salvation Army. One is a good singer, and the other a large-hearted exhorter. I am so glad you are able to work;

my voice is not so strong, and I cannot make so large a congregation hear as I used to. O how I loved to lift it up like a trumpet. Am sorry your dear wife is so delicate ; I would love to see you both. God bless and cover you ever with His sheltering wing ! Thine most affectionately,

SARAH A. COOKE.

MR. FLETCHER'S EXPERIENCE.

"Holding forth the profession of your faith without wavering;" and, again, says the apostle, "to the acknowledging of every good thing that is in you by Jesus Christ," the Lord holds us to confess to His own glory received. In the life of Hester Ann Rogers, she gives a most instructive and interesting account of John Fletcher, and of the way in which he received and lost the blessing of holiness. It is worthy "to be had in everlasting remembrance." With it we begin a new chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THAT dear man of God, Mr. Fletcher, came with Miss Bosanquet (now Mrs. Fletcher), to dine at Mr. Smith's in Park Row, and also to meet the select society.

"After dinner, I took an opportunity to beg he would explain an expression he once used to Miss Losedale, in a letter, viz: 'That on all who are renewed in love, God bestows the gift of prophecy.' He called for the Bible; then read and sweetly explained the second chapter of the Acts, observing that to prophesy, in the sense he meant, was to magnify God with the new heart of love and the new tongue of praise, as they did who, on the day of Pentecost, were filled with the Holy Ghost. And he insisted that believers are now called to make the same confession, seeing we may all prove the same baptismal fire. He showed that the

day of Pentecost was only the opening of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost—the great promise of the Father; and that ‘the latter-day glory,’ which he believed was near at hand, should far exceed the first effusion of the Spirit. Therefore, seeing they then bore witness to the grace of our Lord, so should we, and, like them, spread the flame of love.

“Then, after singing a hymn; he cried, ‘O to be filled with the Holy Ghost! I want to be filled! O my friends, let us wrestle for a more abundant outpouring of the Spirit!’ To me he said: ‘Come, my sister, will you covenant with me this day to pray for the fullness of the Spirit? Will you be a witness for Jesus?’ I answered, with flowing tears, ‘In the strength of Jesus, I will.’ He cried, ‘Glory, glory, glory be to God! Lord, strengthen Thy handmaid to keep this covenant even unto death.’

“He then said: ‘My dear brethren and sisters, God is here; I feel Him in this place. But I would hide my face in the dust, because I have been ashamed to declare what He hath done for me. For years I have grieved His Spirit; but I am deeply humbled, and He has again restored my soul. Last Wednesday he spoke to me by these words, Reckon yourselves, therefore, to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God; through Jesus Christ our Lord. I obeyed the voice of God; I now obey it; and tell you all, to the praise of His love, I am free from sin! Yes, I rejoice to declare it, and to bear witness to the glory of His grace, that I am dead unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ, who is my Lord and my King. I received this blessing four or five times before; but I lost it by not observing the order of God, who hath told us, With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. But the enemy offered his bait under various colors, to keep me from a public declaration of what my Lord had wrought.

“‘When I first received His grace, Satan bade me

wait awhile, till I saw more of the fruits. I resolved to do so, but I soon began to doubt of this witness which before I had felt in my heart, and was, in a little time, sensible I had lost both. A second time, after receiving this salvation (with shame I confess it), I was kept from being a witness for my Lord by the suggestion, Thou art a public character; the eyes of all are upon thee; and if as before, by any means thou lovest the blessing, it will be a dishonor to the doctrine of heart-holiness, etc. I held my peace and again forfeited the gift of God. At another time I was prevailed upon to hide it by reasoning, How few, even of the children of God, will receive this testimony, many of them supposing every transgression of the Adamic law is sin; and, therefore, if I profess myself to be free from sin, all these will give my profession the lie, because I am not free in their sense—I am not free from ignorance, mistakes and various infirmities. I will therefore enjoy what God has wrought in me, but I will not say I am perfect in love. Alas! I soon found again, He that hideth his Lord's talent and improveth it not, from that unprofitable servant shall be taken away even that he hath.

“Now, my brethren, you see my folly: I have confessed it in your presence, and now I resolve, before you all, to confess my Master. I will confess Him to all the world! And I declare unto you, in the presence of God, the Holy Trinity, I am now dead indeed unto sin. I do not say, I am crucified with Christ, because some of our well-meaning brethren say, By this can only be meant a gradual dying. But I profess unto you, I am dead unto sin and alive unto God. And remember, all this through Jesus Christ our Lord. He is my prophet, priest, and King! my indwelling holiness! my all in all! I wait for the fulfillment of that prayer, That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, and that they may be one even as we are one. O for that pure baptismal flame! O for the fullness of the dis-

pensation of the Holy Ghost! Pray, pray, pray for this! This shall make us all of one heart and one soul. Pray for gifts—for the gift of utterance, and confess your royal Master. A saint without gifts is like a king in disguise, he appears as a subject only. You are kings and priests unto God. Put on, therefore, your robes, and wear, on your brow, Holiness to the Lord.’”

RICHLAND CENTRE, Wis., Sept. 18, 1891.

MY DEAR BROTHER JAMES: Your kind letter received. I had no idea you would be able in so short a time to get everything settled up. I do thank the Lord that everything has turned out so satisfactorily. I received a letter from Brother John Graves [sister Fanny’s husband], expressing his gratitude that we had all recognized his family’s rights. O my dear brother, what is so sweet as the peace of an approving conscience? I always think that “the worm that dieth not” may be the misery of a guilty conscience. Peace with God, peace flowing like a river, a heaven on earth! To our God be all the glory that He has kept us so many years from falling—yea, and will at last “present us faultless before the throne with exceeding joy.” Last night, at a meeting, I told of your conversion, with its life-long glorious results. I find that these incidents in our own lives often touch and interest people; heart touches heart.

Have this week been attending cottage prayer-meetings, about like those which Mattie and I held so many years ago when we first went out into the great harvest-field.

One of my most precious friends has lately passed away the Rev. Joseph Travis; such a grand preacher. It seemed to me that I never heard Jesus glorified from any lips as from his, and now

“He sees Him face to face,
And dwells before the Lamb.”

He had borrowed a hundred dollars from me

They built them a house, expecting to have enough means, and were this much short; and I believe the Lord impressed me to lift this burden of debt from his widow; so yesterday I wrote, freeing her from the principal and interest. I thought this would be giving the Lord the first-fruits of all my increase.

Brother John wrote very hopefully about the children, spiritually, giving much the same account as yours about Arthur. Dear boy, we must hold him up before the Lord; His grace alone is sufficient for these great sufferings and the wreck of all earthly hopes. He speaks hopefully of Edith. In pleading with the Lord for them, their mother's ceaseless prayers seem always the strongest plea I can bring, next to the atonement, for their salvation. None but God knows how ceaselessly she pleaded for their salvation. I shall never forget an expression she once used in writing to me: "Once she had travailed in birth for them, when they came into the world, but she had been travailing ever since for the salvation of their souls." Would not Ambrose have said to her, as to the mother of St. Augustine: "Go thy way, woman; the children of so many prayers can never be lost."

I should think that your suggestion for Ada and Florence would be just the thing. Florence must be well-qualified, and Ada could help in the school-room, and the dear deaf girl in the house-keeping. Mixing so much among the people, I see more and more what a blessing steady employment is. I suppose, yea, I know, when the time comes that our work is done, the Lord will give us grace to retire; but I hope it will not be long after that the summons will come, "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord." And we'll

"Spread our glad wings and mount away,
To mingle with the blaze of day."

I have been most of the summer out in Wisconsin, in camp-meetings—a blessed field for work; have been much interested and helped in holding children's meet-

ings. I expect next week to return home, and then probably go for my yearly visit to Brother Henry's—such a rest! They are so very kind and thoughtful for me.

Once again, let me thank you for all your disinterested labor of love for us all. Love to your dear wife. I hope you may be spared to each other for many years. Your affectionate sister,

SARAH A. COOKE.

VERMONT CAMP-MEETING, Aug. 15, 1889.

This camp-ground, about two miles from Vermont, Ill., purchased by our people, is "beautiful for situation." I have been to several of our State holiness and other camp-meetings, but these Free Methodist meetings go deeper, rise higher than others. The jubilant hallelujahs have an earnest ring; the burden for souls is greater; the conversions seem clearer, and the convictions stronger. From the very commencement this was a very hallowed meeting. O we must not only have the holiness, but "have fruit unto holiness." Brother Dake joined us, and spoke of consecration. He said that for fourteen years he had not heard a whisper of God's Spirit but he had obeyed it; and when on a circuit, God kept it all in a flame of revival. O how he stirred both saints and sinners. He told how easy to lose the first love and settle down; of its awful danger; of the holiness with no power, no devotion, no self-sacrifice about it. Ease, self-indulgence, he said, had stranded thousands. Where have they drifted? Into the ranks of Spiritualism, Christian Science, Adventism and Universalism. When King Saul had lost his communion with God, the living God, then, in the utter desolation of his heart, he sought for other spirits. Brother Dake said that when God gave him a sight of the carnality of his heart, the depths of depravity, for three days and nights there was agony unspeakable; but death to carnality and deliverance came. He knew what Isaiah experienced when, in the temple,

which was filled with the glory of God and His presence, he said: "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips."

On the Sabbath-day, what a multitude, restless as the very waves of the sea! God's children felt it was the great battle-day, and were bold for God and His holy cause. Nearly all the day was filled with services. They could not get out of hearing. Children's meeting, ring meetings, ringing testimonies everywhere, fell on their ears, and before the day closed many looked sobered and convicted.

Sister Brewington, of Springfield, one of Africa's sable daughters, preached on Saturday night, on the "open door, which no man can shut;" and seekers pressed to the altar. Scarcely a meeting but seekers went forward for God's pardoning mercy and sanctifying grace. This (Monday) morning, as I write, the sobs of the seekers at the altar mingle with the shouts of the redeemed. One old gentleman of seventy-three, in the love-feast, with the enthusiasm of youth, told how his substance had been given for the advancement of Free Methodism, and his persuasion that this church shall win her widening way all through these broad lands of America; and so she will, if true to her Lord. She stands just to-day as one of the stars in His right hand, to shine there for ever and ever, if true to Him and her God-given trust; but seeking name, position, power, Free Methodism alone—anything but Himself and His glory—to be dropped from that hand, and the candlestick removed out of its place. Yes, beloved, to us, as to every church, He says: "I am He that liveth and was dead, and am alive for evermore." Without the fresh supplies of light and life from heaven, Free Methodism will become as dry and dead as any other ism on earth.

MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

"I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
Yet will not let Thee go

Till I shall thy salvation see,
And all thy glory know."

There, there they are, God's own blessed promises, all "Yea and amen, in Christ Jesus." Hannah's God is the mother's God of to-day. Fourteen hundred years ago, the mother of St. Augustine, with a heart almost broken by the profligacy of her son, her only son, went to her pastor and poured out her cares and sorrow to him. A man of God was Ambrose, and when the sorrowful tale was all told, he said: "Go thy way, woman; the child of so many prayers can never be lost." He whose ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts, had purposes of mercy toward that wayward one. His friend and companion, Alipus, was converted; the skepticism of his heart yielded, and deep conviction settled down on him, and still he wavered; the enticing pleasures of sin had a mighty hold on him; the mighty struggle depicted by Paul in the seventh of Romans, the law in his members warring against the law of his mind. Miserable and unhappy, as the conflict raged within, he walked one day from his room into the garden. Some children were playing, and again and again they repeated: "Take and read, take and read," and his attention was arrested. What did it mean? He had never heard them in their play repeat those words before. Going back into his room, he took up the Epistle to the Romans, and the first words that met his gaze were chapter 13: 13, 14. They were to him spirit and life; every chain was broken, and he "put on the Lord Jesus Christ." He became a mighty leader in God's hosts. Hallelujah! "Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

In our mission in Chicago, two or three nights ago, a man stepped up to me and, placing a letter in my hand, said: "I want you to read that; it is from my mother." It was a wonderful letter, in answer to one he had written her telling of his conversion. She told of her joy at his birth, her daily ceaseless prayers for his conversion. Every day he had been brought

to God, as in the days of his childhood ; then she wrote of her sad trial during all these years of his wandering, and of her great joy when the long-looked-for letter came ; of her longings that he might be a preacher of the gospel ; and gave sweet, blessed counsel to go right on running the race set before him. And so into our mission they come, these wanderers. The great financial distress drives many of them here for help, and many a prodigal is met, comes to himself, and finds his way to his Father's house. There is joy in the presence of the angels now, as eighteen hundred years ago, over one sinner repenting. Surely, in these gatherings, we may say ; •

“Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng :
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Love and praise to Christ belong.”

Would we reach souls, we must use the Lord's own way ; read His own words, full of narrative, full of incident. But few, comparatively, can be reached by abstract theory, by theology all fixed and elaborated. The “come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did ; is not this the Christ ?” from the lips of the woman at Jacob's well, moved the men of Sychar as perhaps none of their learned rabbis and scribes could have done. It was the truth, all fresh from a heart that had felt its awakening power, and so could teach it to others. The blind man who had received his sight could not argue the case with these learned men of the Sanhedrim, but he could bring the all-convincing argument : “One thing I do know ; whereas I was blind, now I see.” All soul-saving preaching is of this sort : “that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you ;” it still preaches now as when John moved the multitudes, as when Bishop Taylor of Africa preached in the streets of San Francisco. Luther, the learned priest, would say : “I want to preach so that

the children can understand me;" and so will every preacher who takes the divine Master for an example. One of Bishop Taylor's sermons we will here present. It is called :

THE NEW PREACHER OF GADARA.

Crossing the Jordan at Bethsaida, near the inflow of that rapid river into the lake of Gennesaret, we proceed along the northeast and eastern shore of the lake for about nine miles, when we strike the hill country, or mountains of Gadara. Here we find the people in a great state of excitement and fear.

"Good friends, what on earth has struck this region with terror and alarm? "

"O, sir ! The giant of these mountains, hitherto a peaceable, harmless man, has recently gone mad, and his amazing strength and ferocity have rendered it entirely unsafe for women and children, and even for the men, to travel the highways, or to go outside of their own houses. We made appeals to the government for protection, and troops were sent to arrest and imprison the giant. The troops had little trouble to find and even to bind him, for he had no fear of them. They loaded his arms with strong chains, and clasped and riveted great fetters or bars of iron round his legs, when all of a sudden he burst off his chains, as Samson did the 'green withs' of the Philistines, and he rent his fetters to pieces, as though they had been made of clay; and the soldiers had to run for their lives. Stronger forces were sent, and thus he was often bound, but every time he freed himself the moment the soldier-police thought they had him, so that they gave it up and decided he could not be bound nor tamed. All this tended to increase the dread and despair of the people.

"See, yonder in the cemetery, on that high hill ; there he goes. See how he raves in madness and despair. He is the terror of the people, but the greater enemy of himself. See the blood streaming from his

head and face. He has been using sharp stones on himself, trying to commit suicide."

"Poor fellow, he is to be pitied as well as feared."

"Yes, he has a 'home' and 'friends' in Gadara, and has been known as one worthy of both, before this awful thing came on him. 'Tis said he is possessed of devils."

"Do the people of Gadara believe that such things as devils exist?"

"That is the teaching of the ancients. If any people around here ever doubted the truth of it, they know now it is awfully true. Causes, visible or invisible, are known by their effects. That giant, strong as he was, has now superhuman strength. It is not from God, for its operation is purely evil. If the man is not possessed by devils, then by some dreadful change of his nature he has himself become a devil. If one man may be thus changed, then why not many more? So it is of little importance, whether devils degenerate from fallen angels or from bad men; their existence and devilish deeds can't be denied by people who walk with their eyes open.

"Moreover, the countries of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee across the water, are full of rumors about a great prophet who is healing all manner of diseases, and 'casting out many devils' from people possessed of them.

"Indeed, just across in the village of Magdala, a noted woman, named Mary, had seven devils cast out of her at one time by this great prophet.

"It is said the healer is expected to visit Gadara soon.

"It may be the many devils cast out in Galilee have combined their forces in our giant to meet the prophet on his arrival and conquer and hurl him into the sea. So we may expect, any day, such a trial of strength as will astonish the nations.

"Many, indeed, declare the prophet absolves sinners from all their sins against God; hence, must be

the divine prophet, the long-looked-for Messiah. The learned pious men of the Holy City, and even the Samaritans of Mt. Gerizim, emphatically say they 'know Messiah cometh, and when He is come, He will tell us all things.'

"Some of the scribes gather from the prophetic writings that He will come as an all-conquering king, to lead the armies of Israel and smash the Roman legions, and re-establish forever the throne of his father David.

"Others interpret the prophetic writings as describing a person of surpassing dignity and power, yet a man of deepest humiliation and suffering. Isaiah, for example, 700 years ago shouts from his tower of divine vision, 'Behold, my servant shall deal prudently, he shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high. So shall he sprinkle many nations'—the same person who sprinkled one nation at the Red Sea—'so shall he sprinkle many nations.' 'The kings shall shut their mouths at him;' stand before his presence in solemn awe and adoring silence."

Suddenly the scene begins to change. We see, nearing the shore, a stranger of marked appearance. And we behold "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "His visage was marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men."

What does this mean? Has He been defeated in battle? Nay, He is an all-conquering King!

Is He suffering chastisement for sin?

Yes, but He is sinless. "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement [necessary to secure our peace with God] was on Him."

This description of a humiliated, suffering Messiah corresponds exactly with the character of the man called Jesus of Nazareth, and it remains to be seen whether He shall not, as a voluntary sin-offering for the people, "be led from prison and from judgment," "and be cut off out of the land of the living;" and, as

further described by Isaiah, “prolong His days and be made the intercessor for the transgressors.”

Ah, here He comes ; they call His name Jesus, Now we shall witness the more than mortal tug of war between the reputed impersonation of God and the impersonation of devils in the devil-giant of Gadara.

The little ship prepares to land its precious freight. Hear the shouting of the multitude ; see the crowds coming on the distant hills ; but before they have time to assemble, the devil-man rushes in. Dashing down from the tombs he runs furiously for an onslaught ; but, instead of an attack, the giant falls at the feet of Jesus. He “worshiped Him” — he surrendered and threw himself on the mercy and divine might of Jesus. The devils, still trying to maintain the position “of a strong man armed,” used the man’s vocal organs, “and cried with a loud voice, saying, ‘What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of the Most High God? I adjure Thee by God that Thou torment me not.’”

What was he doing there if he had nothing to do with Jesus? He came in his presumption to conquer ; and now, utterly foiled and defeated, he begs not to be cast into the bottomless abyss of hell, where all such will be doomed in the Day of Judgment. Those poor devils thought their day had come, and begged, when driven from the domain divine of a human soul, to take lodging even in a herd of hogs. Jesus asked them : “What is thy name ?” and he answered : “My name is Legion, for we are many.” A Roman legion is ten regiments.

The human soul is designed to be a habitation of God, through the Spirit. When God is out, there is plenty of room inside for ten legions of devils. These must all be cast out before God will come in ; but we see with what dispatch the Lord Jesus clears the premises, when, like the Gadarene, we run to Him, surrender to Him, receive Him and trust Him. See what a change was wrought in a moment ; within probably an hour the devil-man was delivered, regenerated, called and com-

missioned to preach the gospel, and appointed to a circuit embracing Decapolis and the ten cities of Gadara.

He prayed Jesus that he might attach himself to His band of disciples. Howbeit, Jesus suffered him not, "but saith unto him, Go home unto thy friends, and tell them what great things the Lord hath done for thee." Mark 5.

LETTER FROM BROTHER BUSS.

LENA, Ill., June 22, 1890

DEAR SISTER COOKE : I wrote you a card, in town, a few days after I got your letter ; whether you got it or not I cannot tell. The storms in this part of the country are very heavy, and the earth is full of water. Our corn is gone to weeds, and we shall have to pull them out with our hands and hoes—what we can, at least. There has not a murmur, as yet, arisen in my heart. I think I never saw the heavens fuller of lightning in my life, than last night ; I did not go to bed until two o'clock this morning, but spent most of the time in the granary, pleading with God to shield and have mercy on us. To-day is a beautiful day, the Sabbath of the Lord ; and a more quiet rest from fear, and a more calm repose, I scarcely ever had than now. We can well afford to suffer here a little while for our Master, "for the glory which shall be revealed in us." I miss at times the society of the faithful and the pious ; but I am happy to be God's little prisoner of hope. I sing and pray all the day long—"Jesus is my joy and my song." What the outcome to the poor farmers will be none pretend to tell, but they are looking sad. Whole towns are being blown away in different parts of the country. O the people are so thoughtless, vain, and wicked, that God comes out in awful judgment against us. Have you much rain in the parts where you are? If it is pretty general, it must be hard for camp-meetings.

We live in a hard community in which to rear

boys ; but it is so nearly everywhere. I should have been glad to have located near a Christian school, but God has ordered otherwise. I was glad to learn, from your letter, of your enlargement of soul. Glory to God, He will enlarge the borders of Jacob. O my soul, what is more glorious than walking with God? O what a companion ! " In six trials I am with you, and in the seventh I will not forsake you,"

My sister, look for far greater manifestations of divine power. O reach out the hand of faith for all the fullness of the blessing. I shall expect to hear from you soon. For more religion, without fail, Yours,

JULIUS BUSS.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL.—CHURCH-FELLOWSHIP.

HARVEY, Feb. 27, 1892.—Some of the last words written by that blessed man of God, England's great preacher, Charles H. Spurgeon, were these in answer to one who had written to him about church-fellowship : " Hold you fast by the good old way, and follow the plain Word of God. Live near to God, and keep out of controversy. The believer should be baptized, and should unite with those who keep the ways of the Lord ; but I would not join with a people merely because they were baptized. *Spiritual life, gospel doctrine, simple worship, separation from the world—these are great things, and second to nothing.* Follow the Lord in all things, and may His grace direct you." " That they may with one mouth and one heart glorify God." His dying words of triumph were : " I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith." O that the mantle of this Elijah might fall on many a young Elisha.

" Let the great sea of soul that swelleth itself with waves calm itself, my God, on Thee." So said St. Augustine. How like the words of the Psalmist ; " Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee ; because he trusteth in Thee." How many times a day we need to quiet our souls in God ; what temptations to continual hurry and unrest or despondency ; but a calm look to Jesus, and, as he

spoke to the waves of Galilee, so he will say to our troubled hearts : " Peace be still," and there will be a great calm.

March 17.—A most blessed work here. Bro. Shaw, from Michigan, wrote for me, and while holding a service, with dear Sister Underwood, in the county jail, I felt impressed to ask her to come with me ; and the Lord has richly blessed her ministrations among the people ; especially so to the principal of the academy.

As she talked with him the light dawned, and he saw " that he had only a name to live." His empty profession crumbled under the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Until three o'clock in the morning she bowed or labored with him before God, until his whole being melted and cried out for the living God. And He came as an angel of light, speaking peace to his troubled soul. At once an earnest desire was kindled in his heart to work for God in his school. Prayer-meetings were established, and every minute that could be taken from his duties he devoted to Him who had loved and washed him from his sins in His own blood. Twenty-three, at one of their afternoon meetings, professed conversion ; and all around us the Spirit is working ; the meetings often running till midnight. In the factory they have started a noon-day prayer-meeting. A young man was leaving the evening meeting, when such a feeling came over him that hell was just before him that he ran into the basement, where the young men were holding a meeting ; " the pains of hell " got hold of him, and for hours his groans were awful ; then came the cries for mercy to Him who on Calvary bore his sins. Help came, and this soul was delivered from going down to the pit. As soon as his lips had confessed what Jesus had done for him, then came the warning to others to flee from the wrath to come—so vivid, so earnest, that men trembled before them. " O that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all people."

CHICAGO, Ill., March 14, 1892.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I am writing to you in a railroad depot, and have no other paper but my note-book. Every day, every hour is so occupied that I am glad to gather up the fragments of time to write to loved ones; soon we will be where, face to face in that land of light and glory, knowing as we are known, our communion will be perfect. Never, I think, had I greater reason for praise than now. "Where shall I His praise begin?" I have written you since the death of Brother Charles. His death seems to have been greatly used of God in the conversion of his brother George. It is a miracle of mercy that, at the age of sixty, after a life of much ungodliness—"beaten with many stripes," his body often racked with pain, unable to walk except when leaning on some one's arm, consulting many physicians, but all in vain—not able to attend the funeral, or to see Charles in the last sickness—he became awfully aroused to his own danger; sleep forsook him, and the struggle was great; but it ended in a glorious conversion, as bright a one as I ever saw in my life. How Charles would have rejoiced; *it may be that he does.*

Then there is another cause of thankfulness. We are in the midst of a glorious revival in a town of about 4,000 people. The work is wonderful; some nights we could not close until twelve o'clock. Yesterday (Sabbath), meetings were held with little intermission all day long. The professor of the academy, a Christian by profession, awoke to see that he had only a name to live; the struggle lasted until three in the morning, when the Lord spoke peace to his soul, and now he is all on fire with the love of God; is holding meetings in the academy, and many of the pupils are under the hallowed drawings of the Spirit; twenty-three have professed conversion. The men in one of the large factories have commenced daily prayer-meetings. A night or two ago, a young man arose to leave the meeting, but dared not, and went, instead, into the basement, where a few of the converts were holding a

prayer-meeting. For hours that young man felt that he was within a step of hell, and his groans were awful; then the Lord drew near, and the young man's faith grasped Him as his Savior. Then followed, from his lips, such exhortations as made the wicked tremble.

The leader is a young man, S. B. Shaw. I do not know whether you knew him. He was converted when we were holding meetings in Indiana, and God has wonderfully used him. A man of wondrous prayers, for hours together he will supplicate and groan before God. I asked him, one day, if he would meet me at the depot when I arrived from Chicago; he hesitated, and then said that "much of his success in the meeting depended on his being alone with God the last hour before the service." Has it not ever been that those who have moved the world have been men of much prayer? O let us, as much as possible, follow in their footsteps.

Tell me all about home friends. Do you hear often from Henry and his family? They are all as well as usual. Is there any change in Thomas' family? Hope you are not suffering more from cough and asthma. I am a wonder to myself; but it is all of the Lord. Good-bye; God bless and keep you, His beloved, in safety, is the prayer of your loving sister,

SARAH A. COOKE.

BISHOP HAMLINE.

I have been reading, while here, some in the life of Bishop Hamline. From a high position, full of pride and skepticism, he was brought down to the lowest depths of humiliation, to see himself utterly helpless and undone. His only child was smitten by the hand of death, and he saw his heart an utter desert, without one spark of goodness. Then Jesus appeared to this lost one, and he was called from the law to preach the everlasting gospel. God wonderfully blessed his labors, and yet, amidst it all, he felt that in his heart were the roots of many evils which, "springing up, troubled him." His sense of unfitness and unworthiness

at times unmanned him. He says : "I spent, for several weeks, much time before God. I felt that without a clean heart I should soon fall." And as he drew nearer and nearer to God, God drew nearer to him, and his soul increased in power and in the fruits of the Spirit. His own words were : "While entreating God for a clean heart, my mind was led to contemplate the image of Jesus as the single object of desire ; to be Christlike, to possess all the mind that was in the blessed Savior ; and this became the burden of my earnest prayer. 'And why do you not take this image?' was suggested ; 'for He has taken yours. Look at the crucified Lamb ; why does He there hang and bleed, His visage more marred than any man, and His form more than the sons of man? Is it for Himself? No, O no ! He is innocent, immaculate. It is for you ; there on the cross He bears your sins, and shame, and weakness, and misery, and death ; and why does he bear them? To give you, in their stead, His purity, and strength, and honor, and bliss, and life. Why then not take this image? Give Him your sins, and take His purity ; give Him your shame, and take His honor ; give Him your helplessness, and take His strength ; give Him your misery, and take His bliss ; give Him your death, and take His life everlasting, Nay, yours He has already. Nothing remains but that you take His in exchange. Make haste ; now, just now, He freely offers you all.' Suddenly I felt as though a hand omnipotent, not of wrath but of love, were laid upon my brow. That hand, as it pressed upon me and moved downward, wrought within and without, and wherever it moved it seemed to leave the glorious impress of the Savior's image. For a few minutes the deep of God's love swallowed me up ; 'all its billows rolled over me.' My joys now became abundant, but peculiar. In my happiest hours my joy mingled with such a sense of vileness as I cannot describe. Sometimes, in my near approaches to my Savior (for I seemed to commune with Him almost face to face),

with tears pouring almost like rain from my eyes, I used to say, 'O my beloved Lord, how canst Thou visit and inhabit a heart so vile?'" He says, in a letter to his wife, in referring to his experience, of "an absence of joy and love ; I cannot tell the reason ; 'but the cup which my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?'"

How much alike are the experiences of all God's children !

March 25.—O what love, unbounded love!

"Determined to save, He watched o'er my path
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death ;
And can He have caused me to trust in His name,
And thus far have led me, to put me to shame?"

March 30.—Have for nearly a month been laboring in Harvey with Bro. Shaw. What is the secret of his success? Mostly in his getting hold of God for the people. How he groans and pleads for their salvation; often for hours holding on for His presence and blessing. The message to-day was, "Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

April 13.—Much impressed by these remarks of Brother Tinckham :

"And greater works than these shall ye do." On the day of Pentecost 3,000 souls were born into the kingdom. By God's power we are to turn from darkness into light, and to bring them from the kingdom of Satan into that of His own dear Son. The devil tries to get you uneasy ; this means a want of confidence in God. Cherish every intimation of the Spirit. You want the resurrection power of Christ's love. When I was saved in a worldly church, I did not have to carry it. It did not travel on my train. Ask God for just what you want. Light? why, God bless you ! there is light everywhere ; 'walk in it.' I had in my employ a man and his wife. I found that they were both thieves, but I held on to God for them, and in time He troubled their consciences, and both became Christians. You must have your threshing-teeth dipped in the blood of

the Lamb. If you jerk the fishing-line too quick, you will tear the fish's mouth and lose him. Wait on the Lord; He will teach you. Why do you get dry in your souls? The Radicals and the Conservatives are afraid of compromising in love. Cemented together in the blood of Jesus, servants one of another. If love fails, everything fails. How is the fellowship with God's children lost? If you have not fellowship, find out the cause. The golden key which Peter used to open the door of heaven is kept in lowly submission to Jesus Christ. "I have chosen thee." We have to love them who are unloveable. You must bring them to Jesus; ask Him to give you the grace. "He giveth more grace." We must be servants one of another, One thought of evil of any one will disturb the union. Trace your lives back and see where you have lost your fellowship. Don't bang, and rattle, and dictate, and no God back of it. Live in the Spirit, like John on the isle of Patmos. Don't try to live only now. This faith that works by love keeps us in the fullest submission to Christ. No faith in anxiety.

May 18.—Struck to-day with these rules of the holy William Bramwell: "Speak evil of no one; else your words, especially, would eat as a canker." "Keep your thoughts within your own breast, till you come to the person concerned." "Tell every one what you think wrong in him, lovingly and plainly, and as soon as may be; else it will fester in your own heart. Make all haste to cast the sins out of your own bosom."

June 17.—"I nothing have, I nothing am;
My treasure's in the dying Lamb,
Now and forever more,"

Is the language of my heart this morning. For nearly three weeks I have been in Milwaukee, laboring with Sister Ada Holbrook and Sister Nina Marsh. My own soul was helped and strengthened, and tokens of the Lord's presence and blessing have been given.

June 19.—“Let all my works in Thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in God.”

Making plans without a constant reference to the will of God, how worthless they are !

“Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou art present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe’r my lot may be,
My spirit still would cling to Thee—
To Thee, my Lord, to Thee.

“Whate’er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
This silent, secret thought shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee—
In Thee, my God, in Thee.”

September 4.—In a few days after camp-meeting there came a strange reaction of feeling—such a deadness; I could not realize anything as I wanted to. It might be that the emotional nature had been overwrought, I having been to eight or nine meetings. “Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee.” Some help in speaking, both morning and evening, in our church. Was much impressed with the words: “Looking diligently, lest any fail of the grace of God; lest any root of bitterness, springing up, trouble you, and thereby many be defiled.” This followed directly after the words, “Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.” Every moment I need the cleansing blood, and “the watchfulness unto prayer.”

October 22.—Spent two weeks at my brother’s, in Armstrong. Took the two Sabbath-morning services, the pastor being away. On the second Sabbath I went into the village. Had a little liberty in speaking in the United Brethren Church Sabbath-school. In visiting, I found a family who had lately returned from Kansas, where they had lost all their property. Mrs. W.’s heart seemed tender. Asked if I could hold a prayer-meeting there the next evening. The Lord was

with us there; and the following evening we held one at a neighbor's; then one at my brother's. My time was up, I having promised to be at Harvey on the Sabbath. How I missed it by not pushing out earlier. Believe that will be the Lord's way of beginning a work in Armstrong.

"GOD IS ANGRY WITH THE WICKED EVERY DAY."

"For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and the unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness."—Romans 1: 18.

The law is holy, just and good. Revealed, how? By the written, mighty Word of God. See the ark floating on the world of waters. For more than one hundred years Noah had been preaching righteousness; there was scarcely any written language in those days; but Noah, warned of God, prepared an ark. He lifted up his voice on high, and all the while the ark was building, above the sound of the hammer, above the voice of Noah, would be heard the voice of God in men's souls, calling them to repentance. The day of wrath comes for those sinners of Noah's day; the time of mercy and warning has passed; the cattle, the fowls, the creeping things, moved of God, have gone into the ark, with Noah, his wife, three sons and their wives; then God shut the door. "He shuts, and no man can open." For forty days the rain falls and the fountains of the great deep are broken up, and the windows of heaven are opened. I saw the desolation in Chicago in 1871; men's hearts failing them for fear, when one-third of the city was laid in ashes; but what was that compared to this? No escape! Steadily the waters rise, until the highest mountains are covered and everything that has breath, outside of the ark, has perished.

All through the ages God is raising up these preachers of righteousness. From the courts of kings; yea, from the throne, they come. A Moses hears the voice of God in the court of Pharaoh; hears the voice

of God, and catches a glimpse of the unseen and eternal, and before it all the glories of Pharaoh's throne and kingdom pale into insignificance. *Great sacrifices for God bring great revelations of God to the soul.* Face to face were the communions enjoyed between Moses and his God; forty days alone with Him; Mount Horeb trembled when He came down to give His law to the people, and boundaries were set so that not a beast should touch it; but Moses was there to receive it. "The law was given by Moses." How often he stood as an intercessor, when the wrath of God was revealed from heaven. Hear, hear these murmurings; the water has failed: God is ready to supply their every need, but they in their unbelief murmur against Moses; he stands upon the rock, and the waters gush forth, emblem of the "water of life," which 1,400 years after flowed from Christ the Savior, the victim on Mount Calvary, the Lamb of God; and still it "flows on, and shall forever flow," till the last sinner shall have slaked his thirst, his soul's thirst, at this fountain. The justice of God would condemn the sinner at once, and he would be consumed at once but for the intercession, the atonement made for the sins of the world. "They that honor Me I will honor, saith the Lord." God gave His servant a sight of the promised land, from Dan to Beersheba, from the top of Mount Nebo. His work was done: "the battle fought, the victory won"—the "Well done, good and faithful servant." Fourteen hundred years after, we catch a glimpse of him on the Mount of Transfiguration; and yet, once more, the inspired Apostle John, looking into the glories of heaven, says: "And they sing the song of Moses and the Lamb."

· Warn them for Me." Such is God's method all through the history of the world. "Noah, being warned of God, prepared an ark." It was only a warning; no gathering clouds told of that deluge which should sweep a world to destruction. It was only the voice of God. O how often you have heard it! Jesus said

that when he should be glorified, His Spirit would "reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." From earliest childhood that Spirit has followed on your track.

Said a man, the other day : " I can get along very well when I AM well, but when I am sick I feel awful." O yes ; you know on what a brittle thread hangs human life, and you go to your own place. " He that believeth not is condemned already, for the wrath of God abideth on him." You do not have to die to be lost already ; "for the wrath of God is revealed against all unrighteousness." Tribulation and anguish come to every soul ; the broken law of God calls for vengeance. Do you know how that law was given? Amid thunders and lightnings, the whole mountain moved, and so terrible was the sight that Moses said : " I exceedingly fear and quake." And yet God might never have uttered these commandments, for all you care about them. How many have kept those commandments even one day? When the oath rolled from your lips, did you know that your Maker, He in whose hands your breath is, and in whom are all your ways, has said, " Thou shalt not swear?" Did you know that He has said, " Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain ; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain?" So you stand condemned already. Did you know that He who made the heavens and the earth has made one day in seven to be kept holy? He has said, " Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." How many of you have kept it holy? Has it not been a day of feasting, of visiting, of work, or of pleasure? How many thoughts of God in it? Has He not said : " Thou shalt not covet?" How many covetous men and women here get all they can by almost any means? You are idolaters ; "beware of covetousness, which is idolatry." The law of God is just as binding to-day on every soul of man as when it was given on Mount Sinai.

CHAPTER XIX.

PREACHERS like Paul are needed. Charles H. Spurgeon once said : " O if you could have seen Paul preach, you would not have gone away from the Savior as you do from some of us, with half a conviction that we do not mean what we say. His eyes preached a sermon without his lips, and his lips preached it not in a cold and frigid manner, but every word fell with an overwhelming power upon the hearts of his hearers. He preached with power, because he was in downright earnest. He was the kind of preacher you would expect to walk right down the pulpit-stairs into his coffin and then stand before his God ready for his last account. Where are the men like that? Where the men like George Whitfield, who seldom preached but the tears would flow ; his own heart so melted that it melted and broke others ; his communion with Jesus so close before preaching, that like Moses he brought among the people rays of divine glory? O where the men who get so near Jesus that they catch His divine tenderness and weep as they cry ' O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets, how oft would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not?' Where are the deep, tender, impassioned longings which break forth in groans and tears over the lost?"

We think as we read his sermons, that he had caught much of the spirit that Paul had, with his exalted views of Jesus. An extract from one of his sermons we subjoin, about the Savior whom he so loved ;

" Look at Him ; can your imagination picture

Him? Behold His transcendent glory! The majesty of kings is swallowed up; the pomp of empires dissolves like the white mist of the morning before the sun; the brightness of assembled armies is eclipsed. He, in Himself, is brighter than the sun, fairer than the moon, more terrible than an army with banners. See Him! See Him! O, hide your heads, ye monarchs; put away your gaudy pageantry, ye lords of this poor narrow earth! His kingdom knows no bounds; without a limit His vast empire stretches out itself. Above Him all is His; beneath Him many a step are angels, and they are His; and they cast their crowns before His feet. With them stand His elect and ransomed, and *their* crowns too are His. And here upon this lower earth stand His saints, and they are His, and they adore Him; and under the earth, among the infernals, where devils growl their malice, even there is trembling and adoration; and where lost spirits, with wailing and gnashing of teeth, forever lament their being, even there is the acknowledgment of His Godhead, even though the confession helps to make the fire of their torment. In heaven, in earth, in hell, all knees bend before Him, and every tongue confesses that He is God. If not now, yet in the time that is to come, this shall be carried out, that every creature of God's making shall acknowledge His Son to be 'God over all, blessed forever. Amen.'"

WHY OUR LACK OF POWER?

"And if in anything ye be otherwise minded, the Lord shall reveal even this unto you," are words that often come as I look up for light, or am in any way buffeted by the enemy. They come like a sweet breathing of peace on my soul—an assurance that all is well; nothing has interrupted, nothing has separated me from the love of Christ.

A little worldliness, a little swerving from the narrow way the Lord has marked out for us, and the spiritual light has ceased to shine; the joys of God and salvation have become a thing of the past;

"Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies."

The soul wanders in the wilderness, tempted and tried, or plunges into forbidden things to fill the void within.

Especially in listening to the reasoning of friends, Satan, transforming himself into an angel of light, will come in. "You will never," said a dear friend once to me, when I had freely opened my heart to her as to the very plain way I believe the Lord would have me dress, "you will never have any influence with people if you dress so. They will think you are nothing, nobody." Ah yes, if the end was just drawing people to us; if we were the God they are to worship, it would be so. If the great forerunner of our Lord, John the Baptist, had had self in view, he would not have worn the camel's-hair garment, the leathern girdle about his loins; would not have had the locusts and wild honey for his fare. And when the people gathered around him, his testimony would not have been only "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord!" and speaking of the mighty One he heralded, "whose shoes' latchet I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose"—self was all lost. Like his Master—

"Cold mountains and the desert air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer.
The desert his temptation knew,
Its conflict and its victory too."

Still on us, as on those of every age, the three foes press—the world, the flesh and the devil; and many a Peter will be ready, as the Spirit urges on to self-denial and cross-bearing, with "this be far from thee." Well for us if our Lord so richly dwells in us by faith that we see the foe and say with him, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Speaking, the other day, of the glorious manifestations often witnessed on the St. Charles camp-ground,



SARAH A. COOKE



REV. JAMES CAUGHEY

I was interrupted by one of the company saying: "But there are not such times now, are there?" I had to answer, "No! Not such great manifestations of the Spirit's power." Then the question, Why? There may be other reasons, but these seem the principal ones: It used to be a wonderful place of prayer. You could scarcely go out into the groves, between the services, but you would come on the ones and twos, or hear the sounds of wrestling prayer; it was no place of feasting—simple, plain food; and on the Friday a universal fast until evening. There used to be but little visiting, and there was much looking after the lost souls and bringing them to the Savior's feet; and then such preaching—such melting down before the Lord! "There was no strange god" with us in those days. Our fellowship in Jesus was sweet, and we enjoyed hallowed communion with each other.

Brethren, as the time hastens on for another of these hallowed gatherings, alone with God let us each one renew our covenant, inquire for the old paths, and look up in simple, believing faith for the old power. We need it on our own hearts; we need it for the many who will gather there unsaved. The same mighty, Holy Ghost power which descended on the first disciples would fall on us, our consecration and faith being in the same measure. "We are not straitened in Him, but in ourselves." Shall we have it? "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Says our glorified, risen Redeemer: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

SARAH A. COOKE.

HOLINESS SOUGHT AND FOUND.

BELoved SISTER SKINNER: "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord." These words are as true now as when the holy prophet of old, moved on by the Holy Spirit, wrote them. I believe that in every truly saved soul there is a constant longing for holiness. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." "Seeing the prom-

ise afar off," but ever following it, are those of His disciples who hear His voice. Brought up in a community of Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Baptists, none of whom ever held or taught the possibility of the soul, while tabernacling in this house of clay, being entirely freed from sin, and yet ever teaching a high state of grace, a growing-up into Christ in all things, one day, in visiting my brother-in-law, a Methodist local-preacher, I noticed in his library a book entitled, "Entire Devotion." The title at once interested me, and I asked the privilege of borrowing it, which was granted; and the next day—the Sabbath afternoon—a lovely sunny day (how well I remember it), I sat reading it. It was on "our reasonable service;" the consecration of all the redeemed powers of soul and body to God; His own command—"Be ye holy, for I am holy." The command is an absolute one; surely, the author reasoned: He would never give a command that He did not intend, or we could not obey. I saw it, and with the blessed illumination came a light, above the brightness of the sun, all over me and the book I was reading. According to her direction, I began to consecrate, to yield my all, to God. Then came before me the words of the apostle to the Christian women of his day: "Whose adorning let it not be the outward adorning, the wearing of gold, and of jewels, and of costly apparel." I began to trim down my dress, and on my soul there was a great increase of spiritual light and power; but, knowing nothing of the confession of the mouth as necessary to retain the blessing, and having none who enjoyed it to take counsel with, the light became dim; but not for one day, did I lose the evidence of being a child of God. I read and deeply enjoyed the lives of Fletcher, Mrs. Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers, and Carvosso; but in some way it is not like the living fellowship of those who have the blessing. Are there any such saints on God's earth to-day? I would often ask. How I would love to see them!

Some five or six years passed away, and, landing in

America, I was soon invited to a camp-meeting at St. Charles, Ill. There I looked, for the first time, on the faces of some who had entered into this blessed experience. What thrills of desire went through my soul; what a hungering! Their clothing was so plain, the seal on their countenances so unmistakable!

"Holiness unto the Lord." The cry went up from my soul—"O Lord, give me this experience." "And will you pay the price?" the Spirit asked. "Will you come out from the world, as they have done, and be separate?" O how I tried to compromise with the Lord! I had got down to the plain apparel; plain clothes, but they should be good, was the little Zoar I would fain have sheltered in to save my reputation.

The struggle went on. One day a group of these saintly ones stood outside their tent, and they were singing:

"With Him I crucified must be—
Let me die, let me die;
Drive the nail, nor heed the groan—
Let me die, let me die;
This the way, and this alone!"

O if in my sight there had been a literal cross and nails, I could not have more keenly realized the path before me; but the time of deliverance was at hand. I bowed on that camp-ground as a seeker. Brother Joseph Travis led me through my consecration. How thorough it was!—nothing untouched—my husband—the last struggle over! Most of the people, tired, had gone to their tents. One voice, like sweetest, tenderest music, in that awful soul-struggle, would fall on my ear at intervals: "Help her, Lord!" How I understood then, as never before, the feelings of our Redeemer in that awful night of Gethsemane, when He said to His sleeping disciples—"Could not ye watch with Me one hour?"—the yearning for human sympathy.

Satisfied that my all was laid on the altar, and

that the witness of acceptance would come, and the hour late, the preacher dismissed us. When Abraham, according to the command of God, had laid the sacrifice on the altar, then he watched to keep it from pollution, but a deep sleep fell on him and lo! a horror of great darkness; so that night to me it seemed as though the very powers of hell had been let loose on my soul. The struggle was awful, and in the very midst of the almost insupportable agony, I was about to awaken a dear friend, to go and pray with me, when the words were spoken: "He trod His Gethsemane alone, and so must you!" It passed, and I sank into a deep sleep; and with the morning light dawned the sweet consciousness that there had been a death unto sin—a *new creation!*—that the "strong man armed" had been cast out, and Jesus all enthroned within. As I looked out on the camp-ground, O how pure everything looked—purity everywhere; and then came the thought: "This is the same earth that Paul, and Moses, and John walked on; and I am as near God as they were!" I believe that if the command had come to start for the North Pole, I should only have asked the way.

Now, my beloved sister-friend, I have given you a full account of all the way the Lord hath led me. May He greatly bless you; and through all keep the eye of your faith steadfast, the will continually yielded to Him. To you the tempter comes through your strong sympathies and desires to please others. May He in everything give you the victory. Amen and amen! And at last, ere very long, together will we sing around the throne "To Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be honor and glory and praise for ever and ever; amen and amen!" In Jesus' most precious love, thine,

SARAH A. COOKE.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

November 5, 1892.—I came yesterday to Benton Harbor, Mich. Held a cottage-meeting last night; am

watching the leadings of God's providence. Read this morning in the life of Mr. Wesley. Speaking of himself at the age of eighty-seven, when the infirmities of life were pressing hard upon him: "What I should be afraid of is, if I took thought for the morrow, that my body should weigh down my mind, and create either stubbornness by the decrease of my understanding, or peevishness by the increase of my bodily infirmities; but Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord my God." Read and commented on the 91st Psalm. How the Lord helped me!

November 6.—Cottage-meeting at Brother Sherman's. Spoke of Moses lifting up the serpent. One soul was much moved, and, we believe, gave herself to the Lord. Mrs. King was the first fruits at Benton Harbor. Now going, for a week, to help Brother Labrador, some seven or eight miles away, at Sodus.

November 8.—Came to Mr. Humphry's, at Sodus. School-house closed against us: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee, and the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain."

Sabbath.—Spoke on the Christian armor. Must more and more draw matter from the oracles of God; "a never-failing treasure." "Preach the Word."

November 17.—Watching unto prayer, with all perseverance. How much there is in the Bible about prayer. "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." The last part of the Christian armor, that which covers all the rest—"praying always, with all prayer and supplication for all saints;" and "prayer was made without ceasing for Peter;" and so, from Genesis to Revelation, until the last word, there is an amen of prayer. Mr. Wesley's rule was one hour alone with God, morning and evening, and he says: "Nothing was ever allowed to break this rule." How much our spiritual life will ebb or flow according to our communion with God. Bishop's Asbury's rule was, "ten minutes of every hour spent in prayer." "There were giants in those days;" in them was fulfilled the prom-

ise of "mounting up on wings as eagles, running without weariness, walking without fainting."

November 22.—How few of the flock know how to feed themselves. This man knew the secret. Rev. John Parker says: "I know what I did when I was a lamb in the fold, some fifty years ago; first, I read the Word diligently, daily; lovingly I went alone for secret prayer five times a day, for many years; I regularly went to my class and prayer-meetings; I lived a life separated to God; I chose for my companions only those who loved Him most; I read the lives and writings of Wesley, Clarke, Watson, Carvosso, Bramwell Fletcher and Hester Ann Rogers; I asked everywhere for more light, more truth; I sought in prayer continually for more love, more faith, more humility. During the first seven years of my Christian life, I never heard a sermon on perfect love or sanctification, but I heard it in the testimonies of the saints. I hungered for it; I obtained it. Praise the Lord!"

A backslider returned to-night—Bro. Gridley. Those that bear the burdens get the blessings. A life of ease and self-indulgence is always inimical to the true Christian life.

November 27.—A blessed service. I read of the day of Pentecost. A sad state of things exists here in the church at Benton Harbor. There has been much biting and devouring, and being consumed one of another; there is now a spirit of melting. I have been looking for a room to begin a mission in. O my Lord, lead me in all things!

December 4.—Sabbath morning. "*Charity.*" "Yet show I unto you a more excellent way."

December 5.—Met with a most noble-spirited German woman; had heard of hers as a sweet, lovely home. Under the most direct leadings of the Lord, she had married a man much older than herself, and having eight children. The Lord said to her: "Go and care for those children's bodies and souls." It was a home

of love ; her own three and his eight cared for alike ; I felt like taking my place at her feet.

At Spinks Corners, Berrien Co., Michigan, December 11.—Another Sabbath morning. Have been here nearly a week, in a neighborhood where infidelity and sin abound. O my Lord, Thou must make bare Thy holy arm if anything is accomplished ; guide Thou every step of the way.

March 4.—The Lord, for years, has especially laid on my heart Isaiah 23; 18, that my increase should not be treasured or laid up after supplying my own needs, except “for them that dwell before the Lord to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing.” Be my wisdom, blessed Lord, in all these things. O for the outbreathing of my soul ever to be that of the sainted Fletcher :

‘ I nothing have, I nothing am ;
My treasure’s in the bleeding Lamb,
Now and forever more.”

March 6.—Left Armstrong this morning, and on the train a rich, full blessing came to my soul, with these words : “ And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus.” Twelve years ago yesterday my dear husband was laid away in the silent grave, and the promise given—“Thy Maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is His name.” How blessedly fulfilled! And now I go forth, like Abraham, “not knowing whither I go.” Guide, my Lord, as Thou didst Thine ancient people, by the pillar of cloud and fire. May I never lead a useless life, or be burdensome to others. Make me sweeter, more tender in spirit, ever leaning on Thee, “the meek and lowly One.”

News has reached us of the death of our beloved Brother Roberts, the father in our spiritual Israel. How the words of Elisha have come to me. As he watched the departing form of Elijah, he cried : “ My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!” What welcome there must have been for him in that land of light and glory!

I am in the home of Mr. Thomas Bennett. I have not seen him for many years. What changes time has made! "The hoary head is a crown of rejoicing." O the peaceable fruits of righteousness! Am much interested in the book of William Taylor's on Africa. What enlargement of heart, what grief expressed that so little is accomplished through want of faith in the promised help of God's Spirit—still as full and free as on the day of Pentecost, when those first disciples asked for it, expected it, and had it. For weeks these words have been impressed on my heart: "He giveth His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

ROSEVILLE, Ind., March 20.—Have been here nearly two weeks. Have had much freedom in preaching the Word. O how inexhaustible, opening and forever opening, its stores of riches, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." "And take the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God;" at every service there has been the enforcing and explaining of the Word, and the work has moved on blessedly.

May 1.—Came to Cleveland on Saturday, on the invitation of Brothers Shaw and Goodrich. All this morning I have been engaged in writing for Bro. Shaw's book—"Remarkable Answers to Prayer." Guide me, blessed Holy One, in every step of life's journey, and help me in all things to glorify Thee!

May 13.—Have been quite poorly this spring, suffering much from dull headache; thought it might be from overwork in Chicago, and that this opening at Cleveland might be for the body's health, as well as for the work; but have been no better. O for grace to rise above every bodily infirmity on the wings of faith and love! Fleming observes: "Wherever there is an increase of light in the church, there is always less religion, *because it is not light acknowledged that brings salvation; but it is the will, submitted to God's influence of light and knowledge, that brings the soul to God; therefore it is the will that is the great inlet to grace; "For if any man will do the will of God," etc. "Who*

is my mother, my sister, my brother?" "He that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven."

"Keep me dead to all below,
Only Christ resolved to know;
Firm and disengaged and free,
Seeking all my bliss in Thee."

Too much talking is unprofitable. Wesley, in writing to Fletcher, says: "One had need to be an angel, not a man, to converse three or four hours at once to any purpose." Speaking of himself, he says he found that it dampened his desires, and left him with a dry, dissipated spirit.

June 18.—"Looking diligently, lest any man fail of the grace of God, lest any root of bitterness, springing up, trouble you, and thereby many be defiled." Unceasing vigilance alone helps to hold that to which we have by grace alone attained.

July 9—

"Where are the weeping prophets, Lord,
That shook the ancient world;
Where are the tears that freely flowed
While living truth was hurled?
With present grace we're not sufficed,
Though saved from slavish fears,
But ask of Thee, Thou conquering Christ,
The eloquence of tears."

July 18.—Berrien Springs, Mich.—I wrote to-day to Sisters Ferries and Jones, missionaries to India.

July 25.—Last night these words came to me so sweetly: "Walking blamelessly before Him in love;" and this morning, "Walking before Him in newness of life."

July 28.—Was at Berrien Springs ten days: saw but little accomplished. The workers were Brothers Zel-lars and Gardener and Sister Baker. Brother Baker was so out of health that he had to leave. We all felt that the meeting was a great spiritual benefit to our own souls. Came yesterday to Hartford, to Bro. Baker's.

August 1.—On Sabbath had a day of victory, after much groaning before the Lord for more of His Holy Spirit, more love especially. Held three services without any weariness.

August 7.—The first words given to me this morning were: "Hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering." Then came: "Faithful is He who hath promised, who also will do it." And then: "And the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple."

August 29.—The Lord has so blessed me lately with an increase of joy and communion with Himself. This morning I was greatly blessed in the application of these words: "And I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My Father's hand." Give me grace, give me heavenly wisdom, blessed Savior, that in all things I may walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith I am called; in all lowliness and in all boldness in Thy cause, ever remembering whose I am, and whom I serve.

July 4.—I came yesterday to a tent-meeting at Benton Harbor. O my Savior, "without Thee we can do nothing." "Remember Thy promise unto Thy servant upon which Thou hast caused me to hope." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

CHICAGO, Ill., September 13, 1893.

MY DEAR BROTHER JAMES: Your letter has been long in reaching me, the friends where it landed not knowing my whereabouts. In the summer, from meeting to meeting, I am like a bird on the wing. I was indeed surprised to hear of your prostration by sickness, and slept but little that night. Many have been the loved ones called away during the last year or two; "and we are to the margin come." Our lives have been so closely allied since your conversion; such a longing for it from the time I was myself saved; and then the glorious change, and all along these years our

lives have seemed to run parallel in the Lord's work. Is it so that you will end the race first? Not our will, but His be done. A few more years of service, if for your good and His glory; but we will say amen, He doeth all things well; "His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts." How good to have given you such a kind and tender nurse in your dear wife. Should He take you, claim for her the promise, "Her Maker her husband, the Lord of Hosts His name:" the promise given to me when my dear husband died, and how wonderfully kept! O how He can fill every vacant place in the soul with Himself; there is no dreary void in the soul He fills. Twice, with much sweetness and solemnity, the Lord has spoken to me in these words: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." And as I see here and there blemishes and imperfections—not full maturity of Christian character—I feel not yet ripe.

Had a blessed experience a few weeks ago. In our tent was a very old lady, passed into the years of feebleness and imbecility. I was much drawn out one morning in pleading that I might not live to be useless and a trouble to others. No answer came at that time; but a few hours after, in the grove, with my Bible, my attention was drawn to the promise the Lord had given, especially the last part: "As a shock of corn cometh in *in his season*," not left in the field to wither or spoil. O how sweet the assurance was. Praise the Lord, how good, how gracious He is to us! "No good thing will He withhold from us;" His promises are the same to-day as when they dropped from His lips, or were written by the pen of His prophets.

Our relatives are, many of them, finding their way to Chicago this summer, drawn here by the World's Fair. Harry Graves [nephew] was here in July. I looked forward with much interest to his coming. Very amiable, and most kind in disposition, but indifferent about the interests of eternity. Dear James, we

must bear them on our hearts before God ; He can break through the indifference, and send conviction deep and pungent. For years I have been bringing before the Lord, Armstrong, where Brother Henry and his four married children live. "O that they may live before Thee." My love to all the family. Yours in Jesus' precious love,

SARAH A. COOKE.

AT COLDWATER, MICHIGAN.

A blessed camp-meeting at Coldwater, Michigan. There has been a peculiar depth and richness to many of these Michigan camp-meetings. At this one, a day was devoted to the missionary cause. Dr. Reynolds, of Africa, was with us. All of our missionaries to East Africa have been entertained by himself and wife, as they were on their way to their different fields of labor. They have been to our missionaries as Aquila and Priscilla in the early church. He spoke in the highest terms of Brother Agnew as a good, noble man, enduring much, but bearing up, sustained by an unfaltering faith in God and his divine mission to Africa. The doctor belongs to the Congregational church, and, with his wife, had charge of a territory as large as three of our States, until Brother Agnew went. They were sixty-five miles apart, but when Brother Agnew was sick nigh unto death with the African fever, and they sent for Dr. Reynolds, he never got off of his horse until he reached him; and in his delirium Brother Agnew would say: "If Brother Reynolds was here, I should get well." On one occasion, one of the kings sent twenty men to escort Dr. Reynolds to him, but he was sick and could not go. Then he sent ten more, with the message that he must go. Sick and feeble as he was, he started. The king was old, and all anxiety to know about "the book," the Bible. Would it take him to heaven? Would it take his people there? And as the missionary, according to the custom of the land, presented the king with gifts, one after another they were handed to his attendants, but when "the Book" was given, that he re-

served for himself. Pressing engagements kept him from following up this visit, and the king died, but his constant companion was the Bible, he having it tied around his neck.

FROM MY JOURNAL.

October 9, 1894.—Connersville, Indiana. Have been here, working with a Pentecost Band, some three weeks. God is with us. The first soul was clearly converted last night; O what joy it brought to our hearts! We are looking up to God for guidance about going to Richmond. There is no mission there, in a city of 20,000 people. Was so pained in the Quaker Yearly Meeting, to find how these people, so blessed in the past, were leaving the old landmarks—most of them no longer separated from the world, but just following its vain fashions. I was much blessed in their Sabbath-morning devotional meeting, while telling of the first camp-meeting I ever attended; how the Lord spoke to me as I looked at the radiant faces of the saints, and the Holy Spirit told me they had taken the world from the outside (all so plainly dressed), and He had taken it from the inside; hence the pure look. Our Lord alters not His Spirit's teachings, but is the same to-day as ever.

October 28.—This promise given me to-day at prayer: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

October 30.—Came to Indianapolis. I am looking up, and carefully watching the leadings of Providence. Anywhere, Lord, but make the path very plain before my face.

November 10.—This day I enter upon my sixty-eighth year. May the Lord make this year one of greater growth in grace than any one since that of forty-five years ago, when in Thine infinite love Thou didst translate me from darkness into Thy wondrous light. I want more of tenderness and love towards others. Out in Indiana, laboring with a Pentecost

Band; the Lord is blessing us much in our study of His holy Word together. I went this morning, the Jewish Sabbath, to the synagogue. O how formal, how dry—no Christ! Lord, hasten the day when the veil shall be taken away, and “they shall be brought in with the fullness of the Gentiles.”

December 5.—See in myself too much of a self-justifying spirit. O my Savior, give me the victory, especially with Brother C. I want, with him, calm gentleness. With all these different dispositions, make us, precious Lord, helpful to each other!

December 13.—A blessed cottage-meeting last night. The first message this morning from my heart to the God of my life was:

“Direct, suggest, control, this day,
All I intend to do or say;
That so my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.”

Nicholas II., who so lately ascended the throne of Russia, marrying a daughter of the Princess Alice, grand-daughter of the Queen of England, is said to be religiously disposed, like his ancestor Alexander II. As Thou didst, in the midst of all the worldliness and diplomacy of court-life, bring him in childlike simplicity to Thyself, and as all power in heaven and earth is still Thine, so bring him as a trophy of Thy redeeming love unto Thyself, blessed Savior!

I am not often impressed by dreams, but last night I had one that was quite remarkable. I thought quite a number of us were sitting in a room together; it was in my old home—70 La Salle avenue—and looking out of the window I noticed a most singular appearance, patches of green among the clouds. I told the friends there was an indication of a cyclone, and, passing into the kitchen, I saw the clouds moving quite rapidly, while one divided into two parts. They were quite black, and touched the earth, one of them moving exactly in the direction of our home. I went back and told of our danger, begging all who were unsaved to

get on their knees and cry to God for mercy. I tried to pray, but could not, but most peacefully cast myself on the love of God, and was kept in perfect peace, my mind stayed on Him. The house began to move, when I awoke and found it was all a dream.

Wesley says, "that part of our economy, the private weekly meeting for prayer, examination, and particular exhortation, has been the great means of deepening and confirming every blessing that was received by the Word preached, and of diffusing it to others who could not attend the public ministry; whereas, without this religious conversation and intercourse, the most ardent attempts by mere preaching have proved of no lasting use." "Every new victory which a soul gains is the effect of a new prayer." "We should be continually laboring to cut off all the useless things that surround us; and God usually retrenches the superfluities of our souls in the same proportion as we do those of the body." How true!

Dr. Redfield says: "I now felt the power of the words, 'No man can call Jesus Lord but by the Holy Ghost,' as never before. It seemed no risk to hang a soul's salvation on the merits of Christ. In this light I saw the sin of unbelief to be the great soul-destroying sin of the world, and, in comparison with it, murder, robbery, and other sins, of small account."

Some one has said: "What have redeemed souls to do with the distinctions and subtleties of logical theology? He whom the eternal Word condescendeth to teach is disengaged from the labyrinth of human opinions. O Thou God, who art the truth, make me one with Thee in everlasting love!"

VISITING.

Perhaps there is no work that brings a richer harvest than visiting from house to house. How those first disciples went out, sent by their Master, in twos. His ways are always the best; from house to house they went, praising God, "and having favor with the

people; and the Lord added daily to the church." At the public worship, daily, and in the home-visiting, if we would be successful, we must avoid all chit-chat, having only one object in going—to help souls heavenward; "the eye must be single." We must go right from communion with the Lord. Billy Bray says: "If I went anywhere without first getting on my knees, the devil would be sure to get his claws on me!" Then directly, or as soon as possible, enter upon a spiritual conversation—so much easier than if the world has got in first. When Philip joined the Ethiopian nobleman in his chariot, his first words went right to the mark: "Understandest thou what thou readest?" The willing hearer and able teacher had met, and soon he led him right to Jesus. Jesus at the well of Samaria, or receiving Nicodemus, was just the same—leading the conversation to the spiritual.

The people will talk to you of other churches and preachers, and be full of fault-finding, it may be, but do not take up with the conversation; be as a deaf man to all such talk; it will injure your own soul, and increase their prejudices against others. Open your Bible and select some touching incident, or something alarming, and tell of the glorious privilege of being a child of God. Remember, as you go, "that it is glad-tidings of great joy to all people," and just what they need; and never leave, if you can help it, without prayer. Many times, when apparently my words had failed to reach or move the hearts of those I talked with, as I have brought their case to the Lord in their homes, what a melting and tenderness has come, and what a warm grasp of the hand, and an invitation to come again. Never, unless a soul is seeking, make your visits long; few people can talk profitably long together, even on religious subjects; and no time is so good for leaving as directly after prayer; avoid, if possible, any further conversation. Even if they are rude and discourteous, appear to take no notice; the devil in this very way defeats himself, and afterwards they will be ashamed. I

remember one such instance. I went, one day, to the Northwestern depot, to make some inquiry about the trains, when I noticed a lady looking very intently at me, and she said: "Do you know me?" I told her I had no recollection of ever having met her before. "Don't you remember," she asked, "how I insulted you one day at the noon-day-meeting? You asked me if I was a Christian, and I was so rude to you—told you that was none of your business." "Oh," she said, and her eyes filled with tears, "I am a Christian now, and I have been to-day down to the noon-day meeting, hoping to meet you. I could not leave the city till I had seen you and asked you to forgive me." We went into the waiting-room, and it was a sweet visit, never to be forgotten. "He that winneth souls is wise;" and with this we may link, "if any among you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." Go with the consciousness that the Lord is with you. "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," in every home; hold on to the promise: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

COL. CLARKE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

In one place in Chicago, year by year, on a large scale, the Lord's command is carried out: "When thou makest a feast, call not in thy kinsmen, or thy rich neighbors, but call the poor, and the blind, and the halt, and the lame." For years, Col. and Mrs. Clarke have been laboring in the Pacific Garden Mission, 100 East VanBuren street, their money, time, talents, laid a willing offering on the Lord's altar. There, in the Pacific Mission, gather every night from one hundred to four hundred people; while the great work is the pointing of these unsaved ones to the Lamb of God, telling them of their deep poverty, and the unsearchable riches of Christ, and of Him high over all whose Word cannot be broken. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." On this Christmas-day, when we commemorated the advent of our Messiah,

the doors of the mission were opened, to give to every poor one a Christmas dinner. Tickets had been distributed before, and soon the large mission was filled; on the platform were gathered those interested in and loving the mission-work. Col. Clarke is a philanthropist by nature; but when Jesus came into his soul, "the very hope of glory," then came the yearning tenderness for others. The meeting lasted most of the day; the room back of the mission was filled six times; it was a beautiful sight to see these hungry ones so bountifully supplied, then coming back and taking their places in the mission, joining in the songs of praise, and listening to the earnest exhortations or thrilling testimony of those redeemed men.

A touching scene occurred in the afternoon. Major Cooke, of the Christian Army, walked up to Col. Clarke, kindred spirits in their love for the poor and zeal in the cause of the Redeemer, and, taking him by the hand, said: "I shall thank God, through all eternity, for the privilege of coming to this mission and laboring here; how often God has blessed me here!" The fountains of the great deep of the colonel's heart were broken up, and they mingled their tears together, while the same thrill of joy touched many hearts. From my heart and lips sprang forth the words:

"If such the sweetness of the stream,
What will the fountains be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee?"

Just a foretaste of those pleasures which are for evermore. It was a hallowed day; there was no decrease of interest, and we closed about ten o'clock, with an altar service, where many bowed as seekers.

The following was written by Col. Clarke, to his wife, on his sixty-third birthday:

"I'm sixty-three to-day, dear wife;
How quickly time has sped!
The larger part of childhood's friends

Lie mouldering with the dead ;
 But since our paths of life were joined,
 A happy life I've led.

"A truer wife than you have been,
 Since we were joined in one,
 Ne'er sat beneath the moon's pale light,
 Or walked beneath the sun ;
 I well might say till then, dear wife,
 My life had not begun.

"We've worshiped, not in churches grand,
 Nor sat in cushioned pews ;
 But we have told to sinful men
 The gospel—blessed news!—
 And filled with holy oil, I trust,
 Some widow's empty cruise.

"And when the night of death comes on,
 Perhaps the white-winged dove
 May bear our souls together, dear,
 To live with Christ above ;
 To share together, with the saints,
 The treasures of His love."

Within a few months of each other, the two brethren—Charles Cooke and Col. Clarke—passed into the land of light and glory. Mrs. Clarke still labors on, in the Pacific Mission, wonderfully blessed and owned of God.

FROM LABOR TO REWARD.

Charles Wesley said ; "God buries his workmen, but carries on His work." And so they fall. We followed to his silent resting-place in Graceland Cemetery the body of our first leader in the Mission Band, Brother Charles Cooke, my husband's brother. He fell asleep in Jesus, January 6, 1892 ; and now

"He sees the Lamb in his own light,
 Whom here we dimly see!—
 We'll gaze, transported at the sight,
 Through all eternity."

O how he loved the Lord's work, from the day of

his conversion! With the dew of youth upon him, he began to preach the gospel. Very much, in those early days, God's power rested upon him! He was soon made a local preacher in the Wesleyan connection, and he would scarcely ever preach but some soul would be awakened or saved. In the early years of his ministry, the multitudes would be swayed, under his preaching, as the forest by the wind. The great mistake of his life, as he would often tell us, was in not devoting all his life to God's service. A large business, with its many perplexing cares, hindered in many ways. He so loved the work that after the hand of disease was laid upon him, and long after others, less devoted, would have yielded, his place would be filled in the mission or in the Salvation Army. The poor lost, in him, a tender friend; his heart was ever touched by their wants, and his hand was ever open to relieve them.

CHAPTER XX.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

"To THE law and to the testimony." "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have said unto you." No surer is the apostolic succession the favorite theme of the Episcopal church, and baptism by immersion of the Baptist church, or the ever-blessed ministry of the Holy Ghost as taught by the Quakers, than that our Lord taught to all the preachers of His blessed gospel that they should be aggressive o'er the wide world "lying in the wicked one," snatching them as brands from the burning, lifting up their voice like a trumpet, lifting it up and not being afraid, saying to the people: "Behold your God!"

Long before the Baptist's voice was heard in the wilderness of Judea, wisdom cried without; she lifted up her voice in the streets, she cried in the chief place

of concourse, calling to the simple, to the scorner, to the indifferent. And as the generations of men pass on it has been the same in every age. "Go ye," said the Savior, "into the highways and hedges and compel them to come." This is the grandest, fullest, noblest sermon that ever fell from human lips. It is the standard for every child of man, was preached by Himself on a mountain in Galilee, and is a pattern for all times.

Again and again the church, becoming worldly, neglects this God-ordained method of reaching the masses, when, from close communion with God, and studying the Holy Word, as in the case of Wesley and Whitfield, such laborers are thrust out in the vineyard and God's work revives, and soon the mighty revival moves on through the length and breadth of the land. No church could hold the masses who hung on the words of these apostolic men. "Had I a thousand voices," Whitfield would say, "they should all preach the everlasting gospel."

O how many Sauls to-day, high in stature, and with voices like Boanerges, are hid away among the "stuff," when the needs of the people are calling out for this bread of life sent down from heaven. How can our preachers spend their time and strength in almost empty churches, while the multitudes outside are "perishing for lack of knowledge."

How little our Lord cares for our shibboleth of party! The important thing is not sects, nor creeds, which are useful in their places. There are many different folds, but only one flock. We are all hastening, as fast as the wings of time can carry us, to our eternal home. How can we help others on the way?

"How can I rove from Him I love,
Or from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?"

Our forefathers did not shrink from reproach. They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods for Jesus' sake.

"Shall I for fear of feeble man
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed or word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?
Yea, let men rage; since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain Thy tender love
Shall still my sure refreshment prove."

Holding their street meetings, one afternoon, in the North Side of the city of Chicago, the whole band of the Salvation Army was arrested. The news coming to the ears of the Mayor, he ordered their immediate release. The following letter of thanks was written to him :

CHICAGO, Ill., May 4, 1888.

TO THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF OUR CITY, MAYOR ROCHE: DEAR SIR: I write to express the thanks which I believe are welling up from thousands of Christian hearts in Chicago, for your so promptly stepping in and preventing the imprisonment of officers of the Salvation Army. Though not belonging to that branch of the Christian church, I know the great Head of the church (my Savior, and, I trust, yours) is greatly owning and blessing their work; their zeal and wonderful consecration bringing down, as it ever will do, His blessing and approval. They reach the lowest and the most degraded—those who are scarcely touched by our own churches.

May I add that since your election as Mayor of our great city, you have been continually borne up to God in prayer, that your purposes may be strong to promote that righteousness which exalteth a people. O how our God will stand by and strengthen you, if true to Him; yours shall be the enjoyment of the wondrous blessing promised by the prophet Samuel: "The God of Israel said, he that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God;" then the promise: "And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even as a morning without clouds." 1 Sam. 23:3, 4.

Such may your administration be, is my earnest prayer, and at last the "Well-done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Yours most truly, in the service of the most high God,

SARAH A. COOKE.

ST. PATRICK AND IRELAND.

"Strong convictions, like fire, ignite when brought in contact with proper material; this is why living testimony has so much more influence on most people than reading books." People whose hearts are moved can themselves move others. The poor ignorant boy who herded swine, after an awful struggle with sin and temptation, found Jesus, and got as near Him as he who leaned on His bosom, and moved all Ireland, then in heathen darkness, and founded a church as pure and true as the apostolic churches. No Roman Catholic was St. Patrick, whom Catholic Ireland almost deifies to-day. He had been brought as a captive to Ireland from Scotland; but after a time he was rescued. In Ireland he had found the Lord, and evermore, sleeping or waking, he had the desire to carry the gospel to this pagan land. He says: "I would hear voices from the dark forest of Erin saying, 'Come, holy child, and walk once more among us.'" And so he landed. He said: "God called me, and He overcame all difficulties." Active, prompt, ingenious, he would gather the people together by beating a drum, and then tell them, in their own language, the story of Jesus and the grand, glorious gospel—"the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Like all teachers following closely the great Teacher, not systematic theology, but the simple presentation of the truth, with illustrations drawn from all the circumstances and surroundings of daily life, St. Patrick found his all and in all in God and His Christ. He preached like the very chiefest of the apostles, and the very same Holy Ghost power was with him. And Ireland, under his teaching, and his co-laborers' work, awoke from paganism to Christianity. We have his hymn of consecration: "I bind myself to-

day to the power of God to guide me, the might of God to uphold me, the wisdom of God to teach me, the eye of God to watch me, the ear of God to hear me, the Word of God to give me speech, the hand of God to protect me, the way of God to prevent me, the shield of God to shelter me, the hosts of God to defend me against the snares of the devil, and to Jesus Christ, my all and in all." When popery ruled Ireland, a fiat went out that the Bible should be banished from the land; the dark shadow of ignorance and superstition settled on its people, and it has never since been lifted.

PERSECUTION.

O be true to God ! Persecution will follow, but the approval of God will a hundred times outweigh it all.

See, see—on the plains of Dura a golden image has been reared by the proud king Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon; and he calls to it, at its dedication, all the great men of his kingdom. A herald has gone forth summoning all the people to come and worship the golden image he has set up; but three of his officers refuse to obey. Soon they are reported, and the haughty king has them brought into his presence; full of fury he tells them what their doom will be if they will not obey his commands, Talk of heroism ! There they stand, and in the very face of death give this noble answer : "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy god, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." The furnace is heated seven times, the unresisting captives are bound and thrown in, the king in impotent rage watching. O what a God is our God ! But the form of the fourth, the world's Redeemer, was there, and the smell of fire was not upon them.

Just such a man was John the Baptist among the countless multitudes who came to hear him. King Herod is convinced at once, by the holy unction in his words (God's credentials to His own ambassadors), that here is a true prophet, and he does "many things

gladly because of him," and is in a fair way of becoming a child of God; but he has one cherished idol, and John, with unsparing fidelity, reproves him. It is the turning point—eternal life or the pleasures of sin. The die is cast, and Herod clings to the idol. Every one has been brought up to just such a decision. You have seen just what it would cost to follow Jesus—you see it to-night. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

BRAMWELL DEALING WITH THE SINNER.

I have been wonderfully helped and strengthened by the words of Bramwell and his life of devotion to God; and believing that such lives are a legacy to the church for all ages, and that no words I could write would touch these in their depth and fullness, I copy largely :

"Come now," was his constant cry, "all things are ready." Abandon all for Christ; "dissever yourself from everything incompatible or equivocal; enter on the life of prayer; cast your soul on the great atoning Sacrifice by resolute, adventurous faith; believe in spite of the multitude and aggregation of your sins, and of the benumbing influence of unbelief, and of every possible difficulty." He would seem to impel, excite and encourage a soul to that great act of "faith on the Son of God, which dissolves the union between a human soul and necessary perdition, instrumentally annuls the sentence of a violated law, and freely and fully justifies and accepts the returning sinner, and introduces him into all the rights and immunities of a denizen of heaven."

LETTERS OF WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

MY DEAR BROTHER : You should use every means to improve yourself in understanding, zeal and compassion, so as to be moved to tears for a ruined world. Plead with God, with all your soul, for full salvation. I know you may have this ; and let nothing hinder. Get all your nature molded in love. Lose self in God, and dwell there. In your preaching, discover by every

word and look the strongest affection for the congregation. Let everything declare your earnest desire for their salvation. Show the greatest respect, "honor all men," and keep from everything harsh. Say strong things, but let their edge be smooth. This will make all men love you, if they do not love their sins ; it will also preserve your influence with the people. Christ carries the lambs in His bosom ; have the power to become all things to all men, and always look unto yourself to be their servant for Christ's sake. Let all your example be holy. Be much with God, and your face will shine. Let all men see the new creation. I not only want you to be a Christian, but I want you to receive the fullness of God. I am persuaded that much more prayer may be practiced and to a greater purpose ; in this I receive every day a greater portion of good. I see, as in respect to myself, that I never stood in greater need of praying without ceasing. Your affectionate friend and brother, WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

TO MRS. PECKFORD : He justifies, He purifies him that stays the mind on Him, but He gathers us nearer and still nearer till we feel that we live in the presence of God every moment. This is our place, and this is heaven upon earth. Whether poor or rich, in company or without, the Lord is everything to us, and every place is filled with Himself. You will be ready to meet every change by constant watching and prayer, and by keeping a lively faith in God. Never expect your heavenly Father to keep His covenant, only on the ground of your act of faith. This faith must be like the pendulum of a clock ; it must be kept moving, to keep the soul in motion. And as your faith increases, you will more quickly mount up, run faster, labor more, love more, rejoice more.

O praise Him for ever and ever ! I congratulate you, I rejoice with you, I triumph in union with you ; I never had more pleasant walks in the heavenly country ; I see the company and I live among it, for we are come to the innumerable company of angels, to the

spirits of just men made perfect. The manner is inexpressible, but the thing is certain. Faith is the evidence. Farewell! The everlasting God be with you always!

WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

A LETTER TO THE "FIRE AND HAMMER."

"I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

It is said that a Russian soldier was once on duty ; the cold was most intense ; a farmer, on his way home, noticed that he had on no cloak, and, taking off his own (for he was near his home,) offered it to the sentinel, saying : "Take my cloak ; you would perish to-night without one." Time passed on and the giver lay on a bed of sickness, and there before him stood the Savior with the very overcoat on he had given. "Why, Lord," said the astonished man, "you have on my overcoat." "Did you not give it Me that night I was on duty?" said the Redeemer. How few of us take on the reality of the words of Jesus—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me." Religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father is love embodied and separation from the world—*not creeds!—not notions!* They sit in Moses' seat, they preach the law ; they bind heavy burdens to be borne on others, but lift them not themselves. Come and look into the gospel mirror; see our great High Priest making Himself of no reputation—"taking upon Himself the form of a servant :"

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of His prayer ;
The desert His temptations knew,
His conflict, and His victory, too."

He touched the leper, and shrank not from the tears of the fallen one who washed His feet and dried them with the hairs of her head. "I have left you an example that ye should walk in my steps." Gentlemen of leisure are most of our preachers. Their lives are all unlike their divine Lord and Master. O how

little He cares for the particular shibboleth of our party. Are we individually true to Him, walking in all the light of God as it falls on our path?

Chrysostom, Bishop of Constantinople, preached truth as clearly and definitely as does Catherine Booth, of the Salvation Army, and the same results followed everywhere. The leaders, Holy-Ghost-baptized men and women, labored. Banished from Constantinople, God is with him, and souls, wherever his feet tread, are led to the Lamb of God. O be not deceived, beloved : for "lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," is to His own disciples of every name a surety now.

Madam Guyon, in the very bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, breathes her ceaseless longings for immortal souls in the fervent "give me souls, or I die;" and revivals deep and pure follow her labors everywhere! They saw, like the Apostle John, that the whole world lieth in the jaws of the wicked one, and God was with them to save multitudes from a burning hell. Paul could call the elders of Miletus to witness that for three years he ceased not to warn men night and day with tears ; and these signs shall follow those that believe: In My name shall they cast out devils. —in My name shall they do many mighty works. GLORY TO OUR GOD!—the promise holds as true to-day as eighteen hundred years ago. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto everlasting life. Go on, brother; the Lord has made thee a sharp threshing instrument with teeth ; bring down the flail on hypocrisy and sin all around, and gather all the precious grain you can into the garner of the Lord. O how I love the Lord's work, and how precious near He often draws while in His service! At sixty-four years of age I feel as strong to labor for Him as ever I did. O how He does renew my strength, and I mount up on wings as the eagle, and run and am not weary, and walk and do not faint. To Him be all the glory! I dwell in the land of doxologies:

"The land of corn and wine and oil,
 Favored with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest;
 Here dwells the Lord our righteousness,
 And keeps His own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest."

In the love of Jesus,
 (1892.) SARAH A. COOKE.

BEHAVIOR AND ATTIRE.

"Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord."—Isaiah
 43 : 10.

"Every Christian makes an impression by his conduct, and witnesses either for one side or the other. His looks, dress, whole demeanor, make a constant impression on one side or the other. He cannot help testifying for or against religion. He is either gathering with Christ, or scattering abroad. Every step you take, you tread on chords that will vibrate to all eternity. Every time you move, you touch keys whose sound will re-echo over all the hills and dales of heaven, through all the dark caverns and vaults of hell. Every moment of your lives you are exerting an influence that will tell on the immortal interests of souls around you. Are you asleep while all your conduct is exerting such an influence? Are you going to walk in the street? Take care how you dress. What is that on your head? What do that gaudy ribbon and those ornaments upon your dress say to every one that meets you? It makes the impression that you wish to be thought pretty. Take care! You might just as well write on your clothes: 'THERE IS NO TRUTH IN RELIGION.' It says: 'GIVE ME DRESS, GIVE ME FASHION, GIVE ME FLATTERY, AND I AM HAPPY.' The world understands this testimony as you walk the streets. You are living epistles, known and read of all men. If you show pride, levity, bad temper, and the like, it is like tearing open the wounds of the Savior. How Christ might weep to see professors of religion going about hanging up his cause to contempt at the corners of the streets! Only 'let the women adorn

themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works; only let them act consistently, and their conduct will tell on the world, heaven will rejoice, and hell groan at their influence.

“But O let them display vanity, try to be pretty, bow down to the goddess of fashion, fill their ears with ornaments and their fingers with rings. Let them put feathers in their hats and clasps upon their arms—lace themselves up till they can hardly breathe, and their influence is reversed. Heaven puts on the robes of mourning, and hell may hold a jubilee. Your spirit and deportment produce an influence on the world against religion. How shall the world believe religion, when the witnesses are not agreed among themselves, and the sum of the whole testimony is: ‘There is no need of being pious?’ Oh, how guilty! Perhaps hundreds of souls will meet you in the Judgment, and curse you (if they are allowed to speak), for leading them to hell by practically denying the truth of the gospel.”—
CHARLES G. FINNEY.

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGTON.

Before me lies the testimony of one who suffered and denied herself much for Jesus’ sake, the Countess of Huntington. Standing among the highest aristocracy of the land, she laid aside all of state and splendor to advance the cause of the Redeemer and follow closely her Savior’s steps. A tradesman, who had been taken by a friend to see the countess, said how ashamed he felt when he saw her simple home, and thought of his own, which was so different—she a countess of the realm, he only a tradesman. She reaped the hundred-fold of blessing for every sacrifice. Hear her words: “My whole heart has not a single grain this moment of thirst after approbation. I feel alone with God; He fills the whole void. I have stood amazed, and won-

dered that God should make a conquest of all within me by love."

CONVERSION OF MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

One night, returning late from a mission, I found a note on my table from my brother-in-law, George Cooke, and the sister I was rooming with said the messenger told her that Mr. Cooke wanted to see me, if I could possibly go, that night. It was late—about 10:30—when I reached home; but the next day found me there, wondering what he could want to see me for, for I knew that my presence troubled him. I little thought how God was working on his heart. For some two or three years I had not seen him. The tale was soon told. He was all broken in heart, seeing himself on the road to eternal death. We bowed together in prayer, and I tried to point him to the Lamb of God; but deliverance did not come then. The next day, however, on a street-car, the Lord revealed Himself to him as a Savior mighty to save. But I will let him tell of the wondrous change himself, as it may help others:

"I was born in Denton, a small and quiet village in Northamptonshire, England; one of a family of seven. About the only religious instruction I received while living there was at the parish church. When about twenty years of age I removed to Northampton, where I was brought in contact with the Wesleyan Methodists. I was powerfully convicted by the Holy Spirit, and my manner of living was greatly changed. I associated with and loved the people of God, and joined the Wesleyan Methodist church on probation; but my good impressions proved to be 'as the morning cloud or the early dew, which soon passeth away.' The good seed sown in my heart became choked by the cares of the world and the pressure of business; gradually I lost all interest in spiritual things. How literally the words of God were fulfilled: 'Know ye that it is an evil and bitter thing, to depart from the living God.'

"For sixty years I wandered in the wilderness; 'seeking rest and finding none.' I sought it in various

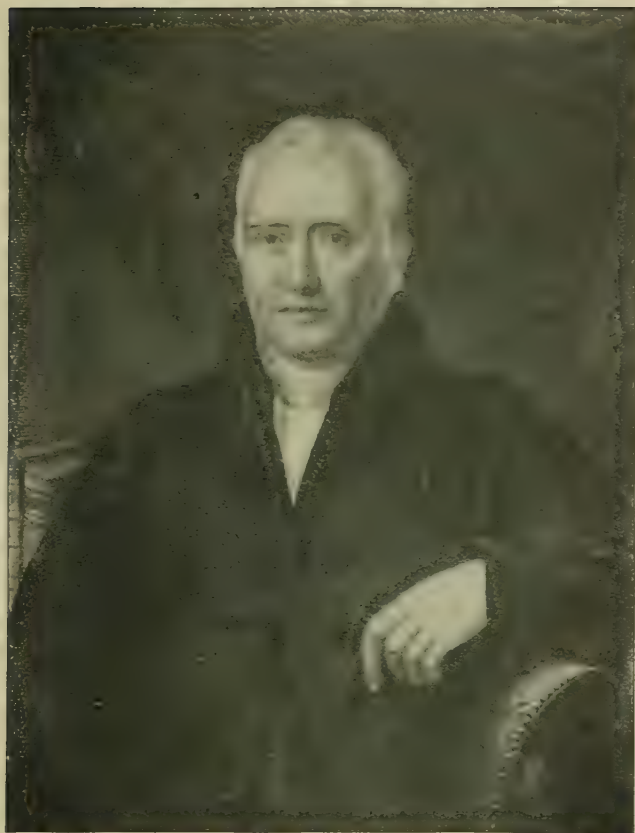
kinds of amusements and folly of every description; but they all proved to be 'broken cisterns, holding no water.' My life was one of great inward wretchedness. I was 'like the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt,' but never at rest, and during the last twenty years of my life I never knew what inward peace or quiet was, unless filled with an intoxicant. I could not get more than an hour's sleep at one time without an opiate. Then I realized the truth of these words: 'There is no rest or peace for the wicked.'

"How the fear of death and the Judgment overcame me! I do not recollect when the Spirit of the Lord did not strive with me; but I said, with one of old, 'Go Thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee.' I kept as far from Christian people as I could, for they only caused me trouble.

"I never saw a funeral procession, or an undertaker's establishment, but it would so upset me that I had to quiet my nerves with an opiate. I had to be watched day and night, for fear that I would take my life. I can say with the Psalmist of old: 'The sorrows of death compassed me, the pangs of hell got hold of me; I found trouble and sorrow.'

"I had literally a hell on earth. The fire-place or stove in the house had to be covered to prevent my seeing the fire; I had a living fire within me. As soon as the shades of evening came upon the earth, the perspiration would roll off of me, and for weeks I dared not go alone upstairs at night. Realizing my lost and helpless condition, I began to call upon the Lord; then was fulfilled this promise: 'As soon as ye seek me with your whole heart, I will be found of you.' About that time I was greatly affected by the death of my dear brother Charles, a devoted servant of the Lord, and one on whom I had leaned heavily for comfort; he had gone to meet the dear Savior to whose service he had so faithfully given his life.

"Truly it seemed the very pangs of hell had taken



Adam Clarke

(See Pages 58, 165, 213, 297.)



MRS. J. S. SKINNER

hold of me; sleepless nights and days of distress and sorrow, unless under the influence of opiates. I never felt safe to be left for one moment without the presence of my dear faithful wife (my only comforter at that time). Then began I to call to the Lord for relief. A deep contrition had come into my heart—the dawning of hope had come. One day—a day never to be forgotten—in a street-car, the Lord revealed Himself to me. Deliverance had come! The Spirit spoke to me, ‘Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him. He is the health of my countenance and my God.’ I said, ‘I will, Lord,’ and heaven came into my soul. What a transformation! The car I was in seemed to be the most beautiful palace I had ever beheld; and as soon as I reached home, I told my wife what great things the Lord had done for me. From that hour I did not need any watching. I knew, and all with whom I came in contact knew, that I was ‘a new creature in Christ Jesus;’ God my Father and heaven my home. From that time to this, I have been telling to all around what a blessed Savior I have found. My lot is cast with the Free Methodists, but in all the missions, churches, and Salvation Army, wherever I have an opportunity, I never fail to tell what I know of this wonderful Savior and His power on earth to forgive sins.

“Although afflicted with locomotor ataxia, and unable to go about without an attendant, I manage to spend three or four nights each week in the Master’s service, telling to perishing men and women Christ’s wonderful power to save and keep. My joy in the dark watches of the night is often unspeakable and full of glory. I find the more I do for the Lord, the greater my spiritual joy. ‘Lo, I am with you always,’ nerves my soul to go forward in His work. How truly I can say :

‘The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men,

With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from a gaping grave.'

"Some three years have passed since that wondrous change to the new birth; life since then has not been without its trials. The dear companion of my life has been taken, but the great void has been filled with the presence of my Lord, and I can say with the patriarch of old, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

THE ROYAL WOMAN AND WIFE.

I have been much impressed to-day, while reading the last chapter of Proverbs. What a description of woman—what a perfect portrait, drawn by the pen of inspiration, for all time, until the last of Eve's daughters fill the place, the sacred place of wife and mother! "The virtuous woman's price is far above rubies;" the help and never-failing source of comfort to her husband; in difficulty, in trial, "his heart doth safely trust in her." All the days of his life she will do him good and not evil. Then her industry and forethought. She is an early riser, up before day-break in the morning; she knows how important the early hours of the morning are. She has so much to do that the devil gets no foothold in that life; as my mother would teach us, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." She has no time for idleness; her own home duties attended to, her large heart and her hands are extended to the poor; she stretches them out to the needy. "She cares for all the wants of her household." "Strength and honor are her clothing;" and then her conversation: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her lips are the laws of kindness." No wonder the great climax: "Her children rise up to call her blessed; her husband also praiseth her." O here is sterling worth.

Some will say: "She" (this Bible woman) "had openings for her talents, scope for her ability that

comparatively few have." Truly every woman may not be able to launch out, "bringing her food from afar," or "planting the vineyard with the fruit of her hands;" but the same grand characteristics of energy, industry, self denial, unselfishness, and love, will in a narrower field bring just the same glorious reward and results.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THE heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." All nature is vocal with the voice of God. The lark, as it soars, has a jubilant song of praise. "All Thy works praise Thee, and the saints bless Thee. They show forth the excellency of Thy name and speak of Thy marvelous works." In no country, in no place, has God left himself without witnesses. There is no human heart but hath heard that voice. "Every day," said a backslider, "while I was away from God, I could hear my mother's voice entreating me to give my heart to Him." And ever, across the path of every human being, there comes the voice of warning; shadowing, sometimes, just the foreboding of a fear, a dread of something in that vast future that lies beyond. The funeral procession, the news of another soul passing to "that bourne from which no traveler returns," is God's warning. And then come the testimonies of those who have filled the most coveted places on earth—the great in intellect, the high in position—that naught on earth can fill the soul's great need but God. Wise Solomon, looking over all his riches, his great "World's Fair" of precious things gathered from every land, pronounced it to be "all vanity." This confession was echoed again, after the lapse of nearly three thousand years, by weary multitudes last summer; and all down the ages of time God is calling by these things the weary and the heavy

laden to seek Himself—the source, the fountain of all happiness. That word is often stilled by the rush of earthly ambition, but it returns again and again.

CHILDREN RIGHTLY TRAINED.

“Children, obey your parents,” is one of the commandments given from Mount Sinai. Mrs. L. Sherman, of St. Louis, a mother well-known, gave her testimony in a camp-meeting about the training of her children. She said: “Just as contrary to God’s revealed will is disobedience to parents as any other sin; but no child will ever grow up in obedience, except as trained to it by the parent. When one of my little girls was only six months old I conquered her. She was determined one day that I should lay down on the bed with her. She grew red in the face and very angry; I patted her, but she was determined: then I took a little switch and touched her till she felt it and yielded. Never after did I have much trouble. She was converted at five. When naughty, I would talk to her of God, of hell, of heaven, and would ask her what I should do? She would say; “Punish me, mamma;” and would always finish by asking me to forgive her. Her sister Anna was four and a half years old when she was converted. We had been living in the country, and I feared to bring my children into St. Louis; I knew the influence of a large city was bad for children. As I looked up to the Lord, He said to me: “I will nourish your little ones.” We had educated them at home, but the time came when I thought it would be good for my eldest daughter, Susie, to go to school, and I laid it before the Lord. No advantages could compensate for her losing her spirituality; again the Lord spoke to me, telling me “He was able to keep that which I had committed into His hands.” The Lord’s watchful care was over her. During the noon-recess she would take her little Testament and go alone, telling me she could not listen to the frivolous talk of the girls without losing spirit-

uality. Co-worker this mother has been with the Lord, reaping the blessed harvest in seeing every one of her children in very early life brought to the Savior.

If you want to know the character of the men whose names are had in everlasting remembrance, turn over the pages of God's Word, and listen to His teachings to the people of Israel. They were to "teach their children the laws and statutes of the Lord diligently, morning, noon and night," writing on the doorposts, on the gates, as frontlets between the eyes, and on their garments, the Word of God. O what are all the sciences, all the philosophies taught in the schools, to this? "What is the chaff to the wheat?" How ignorant of God's Word are many of the mothers of our land. Engrossed in everything else, your precious children are growing up ignorant of the God who made them. When Samuel was given to Hannah, a little while, through the years of helpless infancy, she kept him pure and innocent, to bring him before her God; then he was laid on the altar, to be His forever. O woman, great is thy faith—the hundred-fold of blessing thine; throughout all ages thou shalt be called blessed. We look at Abraham, "the father of the faithful, and the friend of God!" In the solitude he hears the voice of God: "Come ye out from your country, and kindred, and your father's house;" and he obeys. He communes with God; all nature has a voice and speaks to him of his Creator; he walks, he talks with God. Enoch walked with God, and Jude could find no more impressive words to tell of the coming Judgment than those handed down from Enoch, who tells of the final scene when Jesus shall come with ten thousand of his saints. Then Moses comes on the scene, the child cradled by faith on the bosom of the Nile, and the great leader of Israel, with the early training of a godly mother, which was never to be erased. Forty years were passed in the desert, training in pastoral scenes for the leading forth of three millions of people from the land of bondage to the borders of the promised

land—the man with whom God talked face to face, as a friend with a friend ; talking, also, with our blessed Redeemer concerning “ his decease, which He should accomplish at Jerusalem ; ” and yet again, in the Revelation, John saw the great beyond, where time shall be no more, and where the glorified shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, “ in everlasting remembrance.”

What was their aim in life? Position, fame, the glory of this world? No, you cannot find an ambition of that kind in all their lives ; their one thought was to serve God. Hear, hear the regal David : “ I have set the Lord always before me.” What plaintive cries when the face of that divine presence and glory was withdrawn ; what jubilant joy when he again walked in the sunshine of God’s love. What unutterable longings to make known “ His ways upon earth, His saving health among all people.” God took this man from feeding sheep to fill the throne of Israel and shepherd His chosen people. Said one of our great preachers : “ My learning is in my way.” O yes—leading from that simple dependence on God which Paul so prayed for, “ not the wisdom of this world, which is foolishness with God.” Elijah, man of the desert, with coarse garments of camel’s hair, but having a deep communion with God, so true in all that wondrous life that he was taken to heaven in a chariot of fire. Such are God’s noblemen, who have lived for Him and to advance His cause.

GOD’S PREACHERS.

Every preacher ought to realize, as he preaches, that heaven above is the abode of every pure and holy spirit, with joys exceeding and eternal ; that hell is beneath, and that every sinner is posting, as swiftly as the wings of time can carry him, to that lake of fire ; and that he, the preacher, is sent to arrest and turn him in his course. And has not every God-sent preacher the very commission that Paul had—“ to open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.” It is what we feel

deeply that moves souls. Like an actor, a preacher must put on a semblance of deep feeling, but it would not be the holy unction from God, and unless his life is consistent, in the pulpit and out of it, he is comparatively useless. He must be in touch with the Lord in whole-hearted devotion to Him and His service. Read the lives of those who in their time have moved the world. Here is a summary of one—Bishop Asbury :

"Close communion with God, holy fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ ; a will resigned ; frequent addresses to the throne of grace ; a constant and serious care for the prosperity of Zion ; forethought in the arrangement of the preachers ; a soul drawn out in ardent prayer for the universal church, and the complete triumph of Christ over all the earth." Traveling 5,000 miles a year on horseback, at a salary of eighty dollars a year ; preaching in all places : his best covering from the rain often but a blanket ; his fasts voluntary and involuntary ; his best fare coarse for six months of the twelve ; dependency on the care of strangers ; the care of more than 1,000 souls, and the assignment of about 400 preachers—a laborer indeed !

"MY PEOPLE PERISH FOR LACK OF KNOWLEDGE,"

were the words of the most high God many centuries ago, and it is as true to-day as then. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." O how the children in many homes are perishing for lack of knowledge ! Taught so much that profits them nothing ; for there is no fear of God, no teaching of His holy Word, mingled with the teachings of home or at school ; and it is no wonder that lawlessness and ungodliness reign. A woman whose husband was an infidel had trained her children so wisely that every one became a Christian ; every one had put on the Lord Jesus Christ, their mother's God, their God. A preacher, filled with wonder at such blessed results, with an influence so

strong against her, asked her how it could be; and she said: "I never set my opinions in opposition to those of their father's, but I always referred them to God, and what He had said in His Word." Wise mother, just walking in God's way, and reaping the glorious results. While holding meeting some years ago in Valparaiso, Indiana, a mother gave this testimony: "I was left with five children. My oldest boy became very wicked, and I could do nothing with him; he would lie and steal, and I began to think that I would have to put him in the reformatory school. One night I dreamed that a voice came to me telling me to read the Bible with my children. I was brought up a Roman Catholic, and had never read the Bible, though I had a beautiful one for an ornament on the parlor-table. I began to read it, and O what a difference it made in our home. The children would gather around me as gentle as kittens, and my eldest boy, two or three days after I commenced, broke all down, and, putting his arms around my neck, promised he would be a good boy; and I am saved!" O how truly "the entrance of Thy Word giveth light!" What a book—every page bearing the seal of divinity! Well might President Adams say: "A man might spend his whole life in studying it, and then would not possess all it could teach." "In it are shallows a lamb can ford, or depths a whale can swim in." Adapted to every mind, to every clime, to every position in life. Phoebe Palmer, of blessed memory, would say: "If I should be brought into the most trying position any human had ever been in, I should find in the Bible all-sufficient guidance and light."

HESITATING AND FAILING.

"Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled." How many since the days of David have uttered these words! O beloved, when God hides His face there is some reason for it. One such instance comes very vividly to my remembrance now. I had gone to a camp-meeting at Lake Bluff, and in the first holiness

meeting, led by Brother Taylor, now in Africa, many were the testimonies given to the possession of this blessing by those all bedecked in the trappings of this world's fashion. Almost every testimony would end with a sad wind-up of a lack of power, and a request for prayer. The Spirit prompted me to get up and tell the crucifying way by which I obtained this blessing. Nature reasoned: "They would not receive it." I hesitated, and again the Spirit prompted, and at the last moment I arose to my feet, when the leader said: "We will now change the order of the meeting." How glad I felt to sit down without giving my testimony. I had missed the cross, but on leaving the tent came the sense of awful loss. The Spirit, my constant guide and Comforter, had left me; and all that evening I wandered, seeking peace and finding none. It seemed as though my God, in the sunshine of whose love I had walked, had withdrawn a thousand miles from me. Sleep fled; and what a dreary, restless night I passed. About three o'clock in the morning I arose, dressed myself and went out under the clear sky. Everything was so calm, so beautiful; the moon just about at full. In a moment the words were spoken: "God is love," with the sweet consciousness of His forgiveness. "I will obey Thee, Lord," was the cry of my heart, as it melted like wax before the fire. The next day there was another holiness meeting, and as soon as the leader took his seat, I fulfilled my vow; told of the entire separation from the world the Lord had called me to. The Spirit indorsed the Word, and all through the tent there went up shouts of "Glory!"

EFFICIENT PREACHING.

Dr. Adam Clarke, in speaking on these words, "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly, teaching one another," says: "The Word of Christ means the doctrine of Christ crucified, purchasing salvation for men, breaking the power of sin, pardoning the guilt, and purging the soul from the pollution of sin. The

present state of Christianity is not creditable to its Author; men are industrious to find out with how little holiness they can get to heaven; of the riches of God's grace they know little, and of the riches of His indwelling Spirit they know nothing. Most professors are in a state of extreme spiritual poverty. The only preaching worth anything, in God's account, and which the fire will not burn up, is that which labors to convict the sinner of his sin, to bring him into contrition for it, and convert him from it; to lead him to the blood of the covenant, that his conscience may be purged from its guilt; to the spirit of judgment and burning, that he may be purified from its infection; and then to build him up on this most holy faith, by causing him to pray in the Holy Ghost, and keep himself in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. This is the system pursued by the apostles, and it is that alone which God will own to the conversion of sinners. I speak from the experience of nearly fifty years in the public ministry of the Word; this is the most likely mode to produce the active soul of divinity, while the body is little else than the preacher's creed."

TESTIMONIES IN FAVOR OF THE BIBLE.

Said Sir Walter Scott: "The most learned, acute and diligent student cannot in the longest life obtain an entire knowledge of this one volume. The more deeply he works this mine, the richer and more abundant he finds the ore." When near death, and his son-in-law asked what book he should read to him, he answered: "There is but one book—the Bible."

John Adams, second President of the United States, in writing to Thomas Jefferson, the third President, said: "The Bible is the best book in the world; it contains more of philosophy than all the libraries I have ever seen."

Said Edmund Burke: "I have read the Bible morning and noon, and have ever since been a happier and a better man."

Said Sir William Jones the great Oriental scholar: "The holy Scriptures contain more exquisite beauty, more true sublimity, more pure nobility, more important history, and more strains, both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected from all other books."

To our knowledge of God, not one important item has been added, outside the lids of the holy Bible.

"Watch.—An earnest, constant, persevering exercise, implying steadfast faith, patient hope, laboring love, increasing prayer."—JOHN WESLEY.

"Be instant in season, and out of season. Urge these things continually at all times and in all places. It might be translated, with and without opportunity (making opportunities)."—JOHN WESLEY.

CHAPTER XXII.

I HAVE been reading in the life of Mrs. Fletcher. She says: "But the heaviest of all my yokes was the galling yoke of unbelief. I remember the time when I could say, 'Unbelief has not a place in my soul to set its foot upon;' but now I have slipped back from that constant act of faith, and I have admitted cares and fears, and by insensible degrees I have sunk back again into my own will and the strivings of evil tempers; indeed, there was a degree of union with God which I never entirely lost, neither did His fear depart out of my heart; yet I have inwardly departed from the pure love which I possessed. I had left off 'to delight myself in God' as heretofore, and accepted of many other things in His place, so that my trials were greater than I can describe." I transcribe this as an incentive to great watchfulness. May my lamp ever be trimmed and burning, as one who looketh for the appearing of the Lord.

Mrs Fletcher, writing on "Love," says: "To re-

peat the faults of an absent person hardens our own hearts, and increases that love of self that so predominates in every man by nature, and shuts out those rays of divine love *which only reflect on the peaceful, loving heart*. But the heart that is fully renewed in love feels, as one of the first marks of that change, such an abhorrence to the exposing of another's reputation, that it is like fire on his flesh when he hears it in company. The renewed soul has such a sense of the snares, dangers and deceits which surround the unchanged heart, that he only wonders that it is no worse, and is not surprised that the evil words have been spoken; thus 'it beareth all things,' and passes through evil and good report, not provoked to speak one word or do one action to the hurt of his neighbor."

"Rise early. By the observance of this useful piece of self-denial you will be enabled, as it were, to set out in the immediate presence of God, and prepare the mind for every cross you may have to take up during the day."

FROM MY JOURNAL.

"O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash His dear disciples' feet."

More grace; tender, gentle, patient love—*my great need*.

Jan. 12, 1894.—A genuine revival has already commenced in our church. Sister Annie Grant is with us.

Jan. 31. It seems impossible to get hold of the outsiders. A blessed work is being done among the children of our Sabbath-school, about twelve having professed conversion, and one stranger came back to God. Now the meeting has closed.

Miss Brennerman, daughter of a Mennonite preacher, has been staying with me for nearly a month. What an illustration of God's Word: "Know ye not that it is a bitter and evil thing to depart from the living God." Converted when quite young, and as happy as every new-born soul is in the Lord. Then the soul

got entangled again with the world, and engrossed in its broken cisterns that could hold no water, until sadness like a pall settled over her, and loss of health soon followed. In the Pentecost meetings at Crawford the great depths of her heart were broken, and again the Sun of Righteousness, with healing beneath his wings, has risen upon her. She left to obtain a situation a few days ago, and writes with a heart full of joy, all her anxiety gone; joy and victory through the blood of the Lamb!

Feb. 27.—These words came this morning with great sweetness: "Great peace have they which love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them." I brought home from the Olive Branch Mission a young woman, and find she is in great perplexities and difficulties. Have offered her a home here for the present. Make it a blessing to both, gracious Savior. Give me the all-sufficient grace to meet every need.

Mar. 14.—Find a blessed opening in visiting at the County Hospital. I received, in answer to prayer, a pass, so that I can go in at any time. I found yesterday a man who told me he had been trained in his youth for a Catholic priest. No wonder that without any change of heart he had grown weary of it, and turned to skepticism. He had been listening to Ingersoll, and was all bewildered. O my Savior, help me in every visit. "Except Thy presence goeth with me, carry me not up hence."

Mar. 23.—A great man (Count Zinzendorf) observed: "There are three different ways in which it pleases God to lead His people. Some are guided in almost every instance by opposite texts of Scripture. Others see a clear and plain reason for everything they are to do. And yet others are led not by Scripture or reason, so much as by particular impressions." John Wesley says: "I am very rarely led by impressions, but generally by reason and by Scripture." The Lord almost always gives me light by the powerful application of some passage of Scripture.

OUR COVENANT-KEEPING GOD.

"I will declare," said one of old, "the loving kindness of the Lord."

A few weeks ago, coming home from a busy day's work, at these times to enjoy the quiet hush,

"When the night is filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Fold up their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away."

This night I sat long reading the life of John Owen, tracing the wonderful way in which God had led him to such a deep knowledge of Himself. The room became chilly, and I drew the table nearer to the stove (it was a paneled dining-table), and in doing so, it divided some inches apart. Having occasion to go into another room, I returned, not observing (a cloth covering the table) the division, and let the lamp down, when in a moment it was overturned and the floor ablaze with the oil. I looked at it, spell-bound. What could I do? He who "numbereth the hairs of our head, and without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground," was there, bringing back to memory the promise given more than twenty years ago, after our great fire in Chicago, that I should never be burned out again. This brought back perfect calmness. I turned on the water, and with the help of a large hearth-rug the flames were soon extinguished. Then came again another message: "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not all consumed." Four families in that house, in slumber, all unconscious of the danger so near! O the never-to-be-forgotten thankfulness of that hour! I adored and worshiped God.

I came to Cleveland a week ago, on the invitation of Bro. S. B. Shaw and the pastor of the church, Bro. Goodrich. Bro. Shaw is publishing a book, "Remarkable Incidents and Answers to Prayer." It will be very helpful to the faith of God's people and to the conviction of the unsaved, if they will only read it.

But O the blindness upon them! The World's Fair at Chicago has more attraction than all the glories of heaven; more stirs them than all the terrors that await them where "the wrath of God abideth forever." Would not Paul have felt to-day, if in Chicago, as he felt in Athens, when his soul was stirred within him as he beheld the whole city given up to idolatry? Columbus everywhere; his praises on every tongue, and the God of the whole earth unrecognized!

They have had a blessed holiness convention here, quite recently, with Bro. Doty as leader. There is a band of holy ones in Cleveland, "whose hearts the Lord hath touched."

Yesterday, in visiting from house with the pastor, we came to one home where we found the woman very sick and alone, except with two little children, and everything so plainly speaking of the need of this mother's care. Is not this a case we could bring to the Lord in faith? was suggested. And then the promise recorded by the Apostle James loomed up: "Is any among you sick, let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him, anointing his head with oil in the name of the Lord," etc. As we read the words and asked the sister if she had faith in the Lord's power to heal, she was deeply moved, asking us to pray for her. The oil was procured and the anointing given by Brother Goodrich. Then we laid our hands upon her. Soon faith took hold, and Jesus drew near, displaying His healing power. The head that had not been raised from the pillow for days without help, was lifted. Then she sat up, and in a little while asked for her clothes, walking into the next room, where we left her. The pastor has been to see her this morning, and says she is doing her work and is as bright as a new dollar. Praise the Lord!

Tomorrow we commence meetings on the other side of the city. Brethren, pray for us.—"The Highway," Cleveland, O., May 6, 1893.

MR. MOODY IN THE CIRCUS PAVILION.

"Be instant in season and out of season," was the counsel of the aged Paul to Timothy, his son in the faith, and here and there the mantle of Paul has fallen on our modern preachers. One such I know, ready to enter every open door, fearless of all criticism, hearing everywhere the cry of lost souls, and hastening to the rescue.

Our city, Chicago, is just now filled with its tens of thousands of visitors, bent on pleasure, to enjoy the sight of all that can be gathered together to minister to the eyes for gratification and delight—Solomon's experiment repeated over again: "To search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven;" and on many hearts will come his own experience and verdict as to it all: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

But other aims have drawn others to our city—to bear the water of life to the thirsty souls of the people—to tell them "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write."

Saints and sinners were startled at the end of last week by the announcement that on Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, Rev. D. L. Moody would preach in Forepaugh's Pavilion, on the lake shore. A friend staying with me greatly desired to hear the evangelist, of whom she had heard so much, and as I brought the matter before the Lord, the impression was strong to go. On arriving, passing through the first tent, and by the elephants and other animals, a large crowd was tiding in; many thousands filled the tiers of seats, and all the standing-room where the performers act their parts was filling up. A platform had been erected in the centre. Song after song ascended; urged by the preacher, the voices rose, singing the glad songs of adoring praise, which, over a century ago, from many a congregation like this had ascended when Wesley and Whitfield would draw—nay, not they, but the Spirit of Jesus in them—such crowds to hear the "glad tidings of great

joy to all people." Soon the preacher's voice was heard, and through that vast congregation of ten thousand people there was a perfect hush. His text was: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

How our hearts went up that the rich anointing of the Holy Ghost might be upon him, and it was. Praise the Lord!

The preacher dwelt much on the words, "The Son of man," "His lowly designation of Himself, 'making Himself of no reputation,' laying aside the glories of heaven to take our nature, seeking ever, EVER SEEKING those that are lost; following them through the providences of their lives, through the application of His promises, through His warnings, here this Sabbath morning seeking you! Thousands here are this morning conscious of broken vows; you have wandered from the Savior. 'Return, O wanderer, to thy rest.' Death is on your track. Another Sabbath morning and you may be where there is no repentance, no hope. Now, to-day, He is seeking here the lost. Our paths cross this morning—never, it may be, again on earth. One such instance," Mr. Moody said, "comes to me. I had led a meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, when a stranger asked if he could speak. Permission was given, and he said: 'I was brought up in a Christian home, but I hated the restraints; the family worship was distasteful and irksome. My carnal mind was enmity against God. I desired not the knowledge of His ways. My father died, and my mother became more importunate and earnest with me than ever that I should become a Christian. She would put her arms around my neck and plead with me. I would push her away, telling her I was young, and wanted to enjoy life. It was too much for me. I felt if I stayed at home I should have to yield. So I left, and plunged into sinful pleasures. The news reached me that my mother was sick. I deferred going home, fearing I should have to yield; then news came that she was

worse, and I started. The depot was a mile from my home, and on my way I passed the place where my father was buried. I thought I would go and see his grave. An uncontrollable, strange feeling came over me as I crossed the fence, and there, on reaching the spot, was a new-made grave. The story was all told. My mother was buried. O the untold agony of that night; but Jesus saved me." "The Son of Man had come to seek and to save that which was lost."

"Hallelujah, what a Savior!"

And surely at that hour in Forepaugh's Pavilion He was doing the same blessed work. What lowered heads, what tearful eyes were there. The "Lo, I am with you alway," as you go to preach His gospel, is as true to-day as when it dropped from the lips of Christ on the hearts of His first disciples. It was a wondrous, blessed sight, that sea of upturned faces, that tender, melting unction, which like the "precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garment," flowed through the preacher to that vast assembly.

Did the same hand that closed the mouths of the lions that night when the holy Daniel was in their midst, touch these lions and tigers, or were they touched by the sounds of prayer and praise, so new there? We do not know, but the place seemed as quiet as any church could be.

THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

October 31, 1893.—"That he should stain the pride of all glory." Six months ago this great World's Fair was opened. O the boasting, the glorying in the creature, instead of the Creator! A being from another world might have supposed Columbus was the creator of this great land, in the homage paid to his memory. Banners were floating, and everywhere his portrait and his name. We feared, as we saw the idolatry, our God was defied, His laws broken; and when that signal

judgment came, and eighteen men were consumed by the flames, men began to think there was a God, and their stricken consciences were touched, and the Mayor and others, the chief movers in this violation of the Sabbath, met and wondered why it had been opened. Did they ever read Jeremiah? Did they never read "that the Word of our God abideth forever," and that "though the wicked join hand to hand, they shall not go unpunished?" The last day of the Fair was to be one of great festivity, but the "Lord reigneth," and, instead, it was one of mourning, for the chief magistrate of our city had fallen on Saturday night by the hand of an assassin, and lies to-day in state, and the public places are draped in black.

The immense whirl and rush of excitement in our great city of Chicago is about closed—a sad, sad wind-up. O how our God will stain the pride of all glory, that no flesh should glory in His presence. Some of us looked with fearfulness, and said: "What will the end be to all this glorification of the creature?" A few hours before the mayor was laid low by the hand of the assassin, he said: "I intend to live for more than half a century. I believe I shall live to see the day when Chicago will be the biggest city in America."

The Sabbath dawned. O, how our God was talking to His people. The Haymarket Theatre, with its three galleries, was packed to hear Mr. Moody. Faithful to Him who had called him, he took for his subject the rich man—pulling down his barns and building larger. "Soul, take thine ease many years, for thou hast much goods laid up; eat, drink and be merry." Then the awful inbreaking of another voice: "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee."

It was very pertinent, and the melting unction descended on preacher and hearers. May He who has promised that His Word shall not return unto Him void, bring, through this death, many to life. Amen and amen!

The one blessed accompaniment of this Fair has

been the earnest preaching of the "everlasting gospel" by Mr. Moody, Henry Varley, of London, and other consecrated workers. Every Sabbath four or five of the largest theatres were filled. Glory to our God! Preach it; preach it—the glad tidings of great joy to all people!

"It shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church above
Are saved to sin no more."

Mr. Pearson, one of Mr. Spurgeon's helpers, told of its wondrous power in the centre of London; how one man, without one touch of anything of art or display in the building, with no music to touch the sensuous nature, had filled, for over thirty years, that large building by the gospel alone, the preaching of that Word which abideth forever.

I shall never forget how, on the assassination of President Garfield, with what startling vividness it was all brought back again. The Lord spoke to me by these words; "The voice said cry; and he said, 'What shall I cry?' All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of grass." "But the Word of our God shall stand forever." O, these blessed, blessed "forevers." My soul revels in them! Ah, yes,

"Forever with the Lord—
Amen, so let it be."

"Fullness of joy for evermore." They are falling by our side, the co-workers. Bro. Chas. Cooke, waving his hand in sign of victory as he passed the shores of time; Bro. Roberts, his last words on earth, "Praise the Lord, amen!" Bro. R. W. Hawkins, in his dying hour, calling his friends to his bedside, said, "I take Jesus now as my uttermost Savior." Then the noble confession followed—the apostles' creed. Then, with his hand on the very door of eternity, he composed these lines:

"On the nethermost banks of the swift-flowing tide,
Departing forever from earth's solemn strife,

Among beautiful fields on the paradise side,
I shall lave in the crystalline waters of life."

May our death be the death of the righteous, our last end like theirs!

FASHION AND EXTRAVAGANCE A CHIEF CAUSE OF
SUFFERING AND HARD TIMES.

Our politicians may theorize, and our wise men try to explain the great financial distress of our country; but does not a great deal of it come from the expending of amounts exceeding the income, for needless display? See the costly public buildings; vast sums spent for that which brings no returns, but burdens the people with taxation. Look, too, at the endless, ceaseless struggle after appearances; display in homes (that causes debts, which hang like mill-stones on the necks of the people,) fine houses, fine furniture, luxuries for the table, the mad rush after fashion—the god at whose shrine the people worship, and whose behests, no matter how absurd they may be, are all obeyed. How often in passing the temples in Chicago where all the latest fashions are displayed, as I have seen the intense interest of the worshipers, I have involuntarily exclaimed, "These be thy gods, O women of Chicago!"

Talk of sacrifice! Home, domestic happiness, comfort—all are sacrificed to follow these vain fashions. The people are turned aside to fables. Were God's holy Book studied and obeyed as the books of fashion are, the tide of sorrow and distress would roll back from our land. If God, even the God of Israel, were enthroned in the hearts of the people, then would our land yield her increase and God would bless us. All the nations of the earth should be blessed in Him.

Replete with highest wisdom, and touching every phase of human life, is the Word of God, bringing much freedom and joy in its observance; for in it our Creator has said to His people, with touching pathos, "O that thou hadst hearkened unto My command-

ments ; then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Obeying its teachings, the church of God would arise in her glorious beauty ; having lien among the pots so long she would soar aloft, "her wings covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold," reflecting everywhere the rays of that glorious light beaming down from the Sun of Righteousness ; and a restless world would be attracted and soon brought to the Redeemer's feet ; but, turning a deaf ear to all its teachings, our land, like those on the pages of history, will go down under the curse of the Almighty: "For the God who ruled in ancient times is just the same to-day."—Sarah A. Cooke, in the "Pentecost Herald."

A JEWESS IN PRISON.

"*I was in prison, and ye came unto Me.*" (Matt. 25: 36.) Some of the most blessed times of nearness and consciousness of the presence of Jesus that I have ever enjoyed, have been when visiting our prisons in Chicago.

Some weeks ago I noticed and became much interested in a woman sitting apart from all others. I saw that it was with a sort of strange wonder she listened to me, but when I invited her to bow with us in prayer, she peremptorily refused, saying: "I don't believe in your religion ; I am an Israelite."

Now came the mighty drawing to lift the veil that was on her heart, so that she might see and believe that this is the Christ. I would find myself unconsciously ever proving it from the prophets. "To the law, and to the testimony."

One day I received a note from her, saying that she wished to see me. After the afternoon service, I went alone with her, and then she opened her heart.

She had a little boy, the only one remaining of six ; four had died, and one, eight months before, had been lost from the house of an uncle, a rabbi in St. Louis, and no trace of him could be found. A stranger in Chicago, she had been arrested, and who could, and

who would, take care of this child? With her strong pleadings that I would take him, I heard another voice stronger than her own, saying: "Whosoever shall receive one of these little ones in My name, receiveth Me." And when the assurance was given that I would take him, the depths of her heart were broken; tears filled her eyes, and her bosom heaved. She pressed my hands to her lips, and with many words expressed her joy and gratitude. The little boy was received, and in a few days was quite at home. I found him wonderfully bright and intelligent. But all seemed new to him in our Christian home. At the first meal he asked, "Why did we pray when we eat?" I explained to him that God is the giver of all; and after that at every meal that voice was lifted in thanksgiving. Now was the golden opportunity to teach him of Jesus, "the way, the truth, and the life." I commenced with the second chapter of Matthew, one verse to be learned every morning. The first Sabbath I took him to the Salvation Army barracks. It seemed to fill him with wonder and delight. As the service progressed, a message came to me from Him "whose I am and whom I serve." Moving out in the congregation, I sat down, when through, at some distance from my little Jewish boy. I was taken by surprise when he walked up on the platform. After a little whispering with the captain, the latter sat him down by his side, and then introduced him with: "This little boy wishes to testify." Then, standing before the large congregation, with a clear, sweet voice, he said; "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east, saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him. Amen." What a thrill went through many hearts! Faith looked up that it might be the boy's life-work to be to many souls what the star was to the wise men. One day a dear sister asked him: "What do you want to be when you are a man?" "A

soldier in the Salvation Army," was the quick answer ;
" Yes, and a preacher too."

I have not hidden these things from his mother, and I believe that her soul is already drawing beams of light from the Sun of Righteousness. When I told her of the little incident that occurred in the Army meeting, she broke all down, and said : " If he ever becomes a Christian, it will be all your fault"—my exceeding joy, I thought.

" God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

The nine weeks of imprisonment of this Jewish mother, under a false charge (her accuser not even appearing at the time set for the trial,) may be God's own method of leading these souls to a knowledge of the glorious gospel of His own dear Son. Even so, come Lord Jesus, and complete Thine own work. Amen and amen!

TRYING TO SEE THE COMING LORD.

I saw, lately, a picture wonderfully suggestive and instructive. A man, with a very large telescope, was looking right across the sea, for the appearing of Jesus. Behind him lay the Word of God and the " sword of the Spirit," while to his left was a great field of ripe wheat, waiting for the reaper's hand to gather it in ; and in the very midst, Jesus Himself was standing. Blessed, blessed are we, when thoughts of His probable speedy coming intensify our desire for labor and to gather in souls for His Kingdom ; but when, as in many cases, it is only a matter of speculation, we believe it calls from the Lord the very rebuke He gave to His first disciples as they inquired of Him : " Lord wilt thou, at this time, restore the Kingdom to Israel? And He said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father has put in His own power." But their work, after the Holy Ghost should come upon them, was to be His witnesses in their own land and to the uttermost parts of the earth ; the one glorious prepara-

tion for His coming, as a good servant, to be diligent in his Master's work, every talent employed for Him.

“IT SHINES FOR ALL.”

The same glorious light is all-sufficient in the jungles of Africa, as in the highest circles on earth. Moffat writes :

“In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had traveled far, and were very hungry, thirsty and fatigued ; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

“When twilight came on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand, and a vessel of water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire, and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks, and she replied, ‘I love Him whose you are ; and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel at seeing you in this out-of-the-world place.’ On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received

from a missionary some years before. 'This,' said she, 'is the fountain whence I drink ; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn.' I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the heavenly Father."

FROM MY JOURNAL.

April 4.—Yesterday while thinking of the acts of duplicity of one I had trusted, the Lord spoke to me in these words ; " Be ye kind, tender-hearted, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." O my Lord, in this case I will need the wisdom that cometh from on high. How I love to get these messages right from my Lord. Another, in reference to a swelling on my face : " It is I ; be not afraid." Sister Colborn left yesterday ; send whom thou wilt here, gracious Lord ; this home is for thy saints!

May 13.—For the last two or three weeks there has been such a lack of the Spirit of life and power. How many times I have thought of David Stoner's words : "*Dread lukewarmness as you would dread hell-fire, and when it begins to creep over you, cry mightily unto God until the soul is all alive again.*" Last night, at the quarterly meeting, I felt a touch again while speaking on the " Word," and called upon the people to join me in consecrating ourselves to obey the Lord ; that for the next week, in all things, as He should make known to us His Word and will, we would obey. Some, with myself, held up our hands ; *the vows of the Lord are upon us*. Am impressed more and more to fast on Sabbath morning. How we need to use every means to help the soul ; " lest we be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and the cares of this world."

May 29.—"Thou wakenest my ear morning by morning," were the words of the prophet Isaiah ; how I love these early messages, before the world has time to crowd in.

May 29.—This morning these words came so vividly to me: "Having escaped the corruption which is in the world through lust;" how I needed through all the day to set a watch; such temptations to seek my own ease, and comfort, and interest; but the Spirit of the Lord was there with the standard when the enemy would have come in like a flood.

June 4.—Blessed Spirit, give me an increasing tenderness of conscience—

"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine."

Was specially drawn out yesterday in praying for wisdom. In an interview with a friend, while talking with her of her family matters, how the Lord did answer. Found I had quite mistaken the relation of things, and should have wounded and hurt but for the gracious light given in answer to prayer. Am quite undecided about remaining where I am. Make my way very plain before my face, gracious Lord!

December 14.—I came into Indianapolis about October 30 to see a sick lady, and am staying, the Lord opening work all along. Health so much improved; stronger at sixty-seven than at seventeen. Praise the Lord, O my soul! A family of eight here.

March 7, 1895.—Most of the winter here in Indianapolis, in a family of from four to thirteen. How greatly I am blessed in ministering to the Lord's children of my substance! How His loving hand has led me! Ways are wonderfully opening for work, in the workhouse (prison), Boys' Club, Salvation Army, city hospital, and in the homes of the people.

March 10.—In 1871 Mr. Wesley said to his friend Bradburn, that his experience at almost any time might be expressed in these lines:

"O Thou who camest from above
The pure celestial fire t' impart,

Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

"There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And, trembling, to its source return
In humble love and fervent praise."

Let this, blessed Savior, be my experience!

March 30.—These words came with much sweetness: "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." I took hold by faith for more grace, and it is coming: O so much need of deep humility and lowliness of heart!

April 3.—Yesterday my beloved sister-in-law, Brother George's wife, passed away, just fourteen years after my husband. Comfort and cheer him, gracious Lord, under this heavy bereavement!

April 19.—"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet." So much impressed and convicted with these words: "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? or how wilt thou say to thy brother, let me cast out the mote out of thine eye?" So quick-sighted to see the faults of others; *beholdest, lookest, thinkest*, upon them; there is deliverance; there is a dwelling in love, "that thinketh no evil." I get touches of it, but I want it to be ever-abiding: "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." My Savior, give me wisdom, Thine own wisdom, to walk blamelessly before Thee in love. Take away this sharpness of speaking to others. Give me more love. "The wisdom from above; first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." Thou didst translate me out of darkness into Thy marvelous light. Thou didst make me an heir of eternal glory. Thou didst put a new song into my mouth, even a song of praise forever more.

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more."

Called a few nights ago to pray for the recovery of a sister, a worker in the Lord's vineyard, and found her very anxious to be out again in the work. With the others, we knelt around her, but the faith did not come for healing. All the promise I could get was: "If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us; and if we know that He heareth us, whatsoever we ask we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." Is this Thy will, my Lord? After a long season of prayer the healing did not come, and day by day she is learning more and more a sweet submission to His will. As, this morning, I took my seat beside her bed, she said: "O I am learning lessons here I could have never learned any other way." The impatience is all passing away, and the willingness to be laid aside has come;

"To suffer all His righteous will,
And to the end endure."

Milton says of the angels: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

"Times of refreshing to the soul
In sickness oft He brings;
Prepares it then to meditate
On high and holy things.
I would not but have passed those depths,
And such communion known,
As may be had in that border-land
With Thee and Thee alone."

We—our Mission Band—were holding meetings in Crown Point, Ind., and the Lord was much blessing us, when, one day, starting out to the afternoon meeting (there being a little snow and ice on the plank), I slipped down and broke a limb. I was close to Brother Hanmer's house, and they carried me in there. I well-knew what had happened before the doctor came; and I knew, as well, that He, without whom not a sparrow

falleth, had not permitted it but for some wise purpose; and faith began to look up for some reason; and it was given in that hour, in these words: "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." O how the blessing came into my soul! I see it, Lord—I see it! My spirit had got hurried with so much to do. A red line encircles that verse in my Bible, with "broken limb" written on the margin. Dear Sisters Hanmer and Jones kindly cared for me. I shall never forget the first time I walked around the room on crutches, singing :

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb;
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?
 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flow'ry beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar—
 By faith they bring it nigh.
 Sure I must fight if I would reign—
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy Word."

Paul could say: "We glory in tribulation, also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." And is not this Holy Spirit omnipotent, leading and directing as He will? A holiness preacher says of Sheridan Baker: "He was the most saintly man I ever knew. He was bent with rheumatism, for the last twenty years of his life. He had seen scores and scores of people healed in answer to his prayers, and,

during a course of thirty years, and hundreds of times, friends would pray for him and he would himself begin to pray for healing; then, he said, he would not pray more than three words, for the moment he got his mind on God he forgot all about being healed himself, and he never had a desire to pray for his own healing; and he was never permitted to do it. He was anointed, but he was not healed." O who shall say that this was not a parallel case with that of St. Paul and hundreds of others, of grace more abounding through suffering? Read, beloved friends, and study carefully, Romans 8:26, 27. It will unravel many perplexities about healing, as well as other things.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

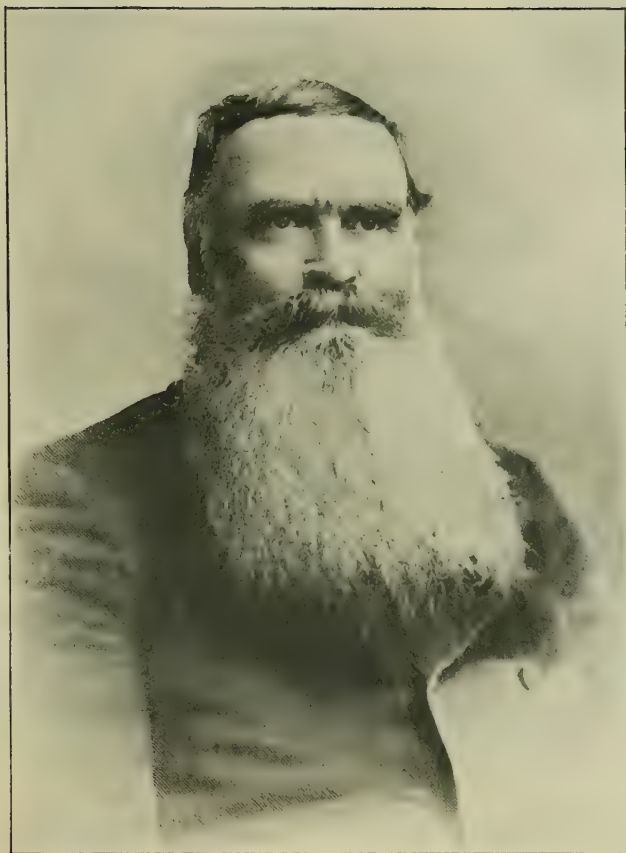
All who read these pages, no doubt, will have heard and felt a deep interest in the great work which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is doing, and of which Miss Frances E. Willard has so long been the President and leading spirit. We thank God for a woman in whose heart dwells so much of devotion to Him, and who is guided by that wisdom which cometh from Him alone. In her Life she gives an account of her first "translation into the kingdom of God's own dear Son," and then of the further work of the Holy Ghost—the *blessing of holiness*; how obtained, and how, as ever, lost when God's order is not followed by definite confession of its possession. I give it partly in her own words:

She says that one night in June, 1859, when nineteen years old, she was lying dangerously ill with typhoid fever, the physician having told her mother that the crisis of the disease would soon be reached; that two voices seemed to speak within her soul, one saying, "Give me thy heart; I called thee long by joy; I call thee now by chastisement; but I have called thee always and only because I have loved thee with an everlasting love." The other voice was persuading her that she would get well and to continue in her

skepticism and sin. As she looked toward following the one voice it seemed "warm, sunny, safe, with an impression of snowy wings;" and when she listened to the other voice, it grew "cold, dismal, dark." The conflict went on: at last, solemnly, and with her whole heart, she resolved, "If God lets me get well, I'll try and be a Christian girl." She told her mother, and then she went to sleep—the resolution she had made bringing enough peace to quiet her soul. She did get well; and the following winter at a revival meeting held in the old Methodist church she went to the altar as a seeker of salvation. For fourteen consecutive nights she went to the altar, and "prayed and agonized." At last, one night after returning home, she knelt beside her bed and settled the matter with God. A quietness and a gentle persuasion pervaded her soul, and the next night she testified to it. She joined the Methodist church on probation. Prayer-meeting, class-meeting and church services were most precious to her, and she began active endeavors to lead others to Christ. In the course of time she was made painfully aware that inbred sin yet dwelt within, and felt the need of a clean heart.

"In 1866 Mrs. Bishop Hamline came to our village. This saintly woman placed in my hands the 'Life of Hester Ann Rogers,' 'Life of Carvosso,' 'Life of Mrs. Fletcher,' Wesley's 'Sermons on Christian Perfection,' and Mrs. Palmer's 'Guide to Holiness.' I had never seen any of these books before, but had read 'Peck's Central Idea of Christianity,' and been greatly interested in it. I had also heard saintly testimony in prayer-meeting, and, in a general way, believed in the doctrine of holiness. But my reading of these books, my talks and prayers with Mrs. Hamline, that modern Mrs. Fletcher, deeply impressed me. I began to desire and pray for holiness of heart.

"Soon after Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer came to Evanston, and for weeks they held meetings in our church. One evening, early in the meetings, when Mrs.



Mr Taylor



Lovers in the woods
J. D. Kelsey

Palmer had spoken with marvelous clearness and power, and at the close those desirous of entering into the higher Christian life had been asked to kneel at the altar, another crisis came to me. It was not so tremendous as the first, but it was one that solemnly impressed my spirit. I turned to my mother and whispered, 'Will you go with me to the altar?' She did not hesitate a moment. Kneeling in utter self-abandonment, I consecrated myself anew to God.

"My chief besetments were, as I thought, a speculative mind, a hasty temper, a too ready tongue, and the purpose to be a celebrated person. But in that hour of sincere self-examination I felt humiliated to find that the simple bits of jewelry I wore : gold buttons, rings and pin, all of them plain and 'quiet' in their style, came up to me as the separating causes between my spirit and my Savior. All this seemed so unworthy of that sacred hour that I thought at first it was a mere temptation. But the sense of it remained so strong that I unconditionally yielded my pretty little jewels, and great peace came to my soul. I cannot describe the deep welling-up of joy that gradually possessed me. I was utterly free from care. I was blithe as a bird that is good for nothing except to sing. I did not ask myself, 'Is this my duty?' but just intuitively KNEW what I was called upon to do. The conscious, emotional presence of Christ through the Holy Spirit held me. I ran about on His errands 'just for love.' Life was a halcyon day. All my friends knew and noticed the change, and I would not like to write down the lovely things some of them said to me ; but they did me no harm, for I was shut in with the Lord. And yet, just then there came, all unintended and unlooked for, an experience of what I did not then call sin, which I now believe to have been wrong. In this holy, happy state, I engaged to go from Evanston to Lima, N. Y., and become preceptress of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary."

Now came in the tempter, in the shape of a doctor of divinity, who advised her not to testify as plainly in

Western New York as she had done in Evanston ; "it would make trouble;" "enjoy it, but not so zealously profess it"—thus hiding her Lord's talent in a napkin. She says :

"So I went to Lima with these thoughts, and there, quite soon, in a prayer-meeting in the old Seminary chapel, Professor —— replied to a student who rose to inquire about holiness : 'It is a subject that we do not mention here.' Young and docile-minded as I was, and revering those two great men, I 'kept still' until I soon found I had nothing in particular to 'keep still' about. The experience left me. Since then I have sat at the feet of every teacher of holiness whom I could reach ; have read their books. I love and reverence, and am greatly drawn toward all, and never feel out of harmony with their spirit. Indeed, it is the ONLY LIFE, and all my being sets toward it as the rivers toward the sea."

GLORIOUS ENDING OF REV. WILLIAM KENDALL.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Co-worker with Dr. Redfield and the glorious little band of early F. M. Methodists, was the Rev. William Kendall. The closing scenes of his life were so blessed that we give them a place here :

"He revived on Sabbath, and was very happy, his face radiant with glory. He said: 'This is the most blessed Sabbath I ever knew.' The next day he had a severe conflict with Satan, but gained a glorious victory. He said: 'Jesus, the mighty Conqueror, reigns!' The next day, he exclaimed: 'Why, heaven has come down to earth; I see the angels; they are flying through the house!' After a little sleep, on waking, he exclaimed: 'I have seen the King in his beauty—King of glory; have slept in His palace! I was intimate with the angels—O so intimate with the angels!' For a while he was delirious. Again he had a conflict with the powers of darkness, but quickly triumphed, and exclaimed with a smile: 'I can grapple with the grim

monster death.' On the Sabbath he was thought to be dying. His wife had her ear to his lips, as he lay gazing upward and waving his arms, as though fluttering to be gone, and heard him breathe: 'Hail! hail! all hail!' 'What do you see?' He replied: 'I see light! light! light! I see;' and, pausing in silence a while, he suddenly broke out in a clear, though somewhat faltering tone:

"'Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath purchased our pardon!—

We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.'

"One asked: 'Is all well?' He replied, with ineffable sweetness, three times: 'All is well!'

"The chill of death came on soon, and pointed to his speedy relief. Once more he revived, and sang very sweetly:

"'O how happy are they who their Savior obey.'

"Then—

'My soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue;
Could I meet with the angels, I'd sing them a song,' etc."

A few more struggles of nature, and the silver cord loosened, and the warrior fell to rise immortal, February 1, 1858.

THOSE WONDERFUL CAMP-MEETINGS.

What wonderful camp-meetings these early Presbyterians had in Kentucky! We read in the life of James B. Finley of one of them, and of his conversion as he was returning from it under awful conviction. He says: "In the month of August, 1801, I learned that there was to be a great meeting at Cane Ridge, in my father's old congregation. Feeling a great desire to see the wonderful things that had come to my ears, and having been solicited by some of my old schoolmates to go over into Kentucky for the purpose of revisiting the scenes of my childhood, I resolved to go. Obtaining company, I started from my woody retreat in High-

land County. Having reached the neighborhood of the meeting, we stopped and put up for the night. The family, who seemed to be posted in regard to the movements of the meeting, cheerfully answered all our inquiries, and gave us all the information we desired. The next morning we started for the meeting. On the way I said to my companion: 'Now if I fall, it must be by physical power, and not by singing and praying;' and I prided myself upon my manhood and courage. I had no fear of being overcome by any nervous excitement, or being frightened into religion. We arrived upon the ground, and here a scene presented itself to my mind, not only novel and unaccountable, but awful beyond description. A vast crowd, supposed by some to have amounted to twenty thousand, was collected together. The noise was like the roar of Niagara. The vast sea of human beings seemed to be agitated as if by a storm. I counted seven ministers, all preaching at one time; some on stumps, others in wagons, and one (the Rev. William Burke) was standing on a tree which had, in falling, lodged against another. Some of the people were singing, others praying, some crying for mercy in the most piteous accents, while others were shouting most vociferously. While witnessing these scenes, a most peculiar sensation, such as I had never felt before, came over me. My heart beat tumultuously, my knees trembled, my lips quivered, and I felt as though I might fall to the ground. A strange supernatural power seemed to pervade the entire mass of mind there collected. I became so weak and powerless that I found it necessary to sit down. Soon after, I left and went into the woods, and there strove to rally and man up my courage. I tried to philosophize in regard to these wonderful exhibitions, resolving them into mere sympathetic excitement—a kind of religious enthusiasm, inspired by song and eloquent harangues. My pride was wounded, for I had supposed that my mental strength and vigor could most successfully resist these influences.

"After some time I returned to the scene of excitement, the waves of which, if possible, had risen still higher. The same awfulness of feeling came over me. I stepped up on a log, where I could have a better view of the surging sea of humanity. The scene that there presented itself to my sight was indescribable. At one time I saw at least five hundred swept down in a moment, as if a battery of a thousand guns had been opened upon them, and then immediately followed shrieks and shouts that rent the very heavens. My hair rose up on my head, my whole frame trembled, my blood ran cold in my veins, and I fled for the woods a second time, and wished I had stayed at home. While I remained here my feelings became intense and insupportable. A sense of suffocation and blindness seemed to come over me, and I thought I was going to die. There being a tavern about half a mile off, I concluded to go and get some brandy, and see if it would strengthen my nerves. When I arrived there I was disgusted with the sight that met my eyes. Here I saw about one hundred men engaged in drunken revelry, playing cards, trading horses, quarreling and fighting. After some time I got to the bar, and took a dram and left, feeling that I was as near hell as I wished to be, either in this world or the world to come. The brandy had no effect in allaying my feelings, but, if anything, made me worse. Night at length came on, and I was afraid to see any of my companions. I cautiously avoided them, fearing lest they should discover that something was the matter with me. In this state I wandered about from place to place, in and around the encampment. At times it seemed as if all the sins I had ever committed in my life were vividly brought up in array before my terrified imagination, and under their awful pressure I felt that I must die if I did not get relief. Then it was that I saw clearly through the thin veil of Universalism, and this refuge of lies was swept away by the Spirit of God. Then fell the scales from my sin-blinded eyes, and I realized, in all its force

and power, the awful truth that if I died in my sins I was a lost man forever. O how I dreaded the death of the soul; for

‘There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!’

“Notwithstanding all this, my heart was so proud and hard that I would not have fallen to the ground for the whole State of Kentucky. I felt that such an event would have been an everlasting disgrace, and put a final quietus on my boasted manhood and courage.

“At night I went to a barn in the neighborhood, and, creeping under the hay, spent a most dismal night. I resolved in the morning to start for home, for I felt that I was a ruined man. Finding one of my friends who came over with me, I said: ‘Captain, let us be off; I will stay no longer.’ He assented, and, getting on our horses, we started for home. We said but little on the way, though many a deep, long-drawn sigh told the emotions of my heart. When we arrived at Blue Lick Knobs, I broke the silence which reigned mutually between us. Like long-pent-up waters, seeking for an avenue in the rock, the fountains of my soul were broken up, and I exclaimed: ‘Captain, if you and I don’t stop our wickedness, the devil will get us both.’ Then came from my streaming eyes the bitter tears, and I could scarcely refrain from screaming aloud. This startled and alarmed my companion, and he commenced weeping too. Night approaching, we put up at Mayslick; the whole of that night was spent by me in weeping and promising God, if He would spare me till morning, I would pray and try to mend my life and abandon my wicked courses.

“As soon as day broke I went to the woods to pray, and no sooner had my knees touched the ground, than I cried aloud for mercy and salvation, and fell pros-

trate. My cries were so loud that they attracted the attention of neighbors, many of whom gathered around me. Among the number was a German from Switzerland, who had experienced religion. He understood fully my condition, had me carried to his house and laid on a bed. The old saint directed me to look right away to the Savior. He then kneeled at the bedside and prayed for my salvation most fervently, in Dutch and broken English. He then rose and sang in the same manner, and continued singing and praying alternately till nine o'clock, when suddenly my load was gone, my guilt removed, and presently THE DIRECT WITNESS FROM HEAVEN SHONE FULL UPON MY SOUL. *Then there flowed such copious streams of love into the hitherto waste and desolate places of my soul, that I thought I should die with excess of joy.* I cried, I laughed, I shouted, and so strangely did I appear to all but my Dutch brother, that they thought me deranged. After a while I returned to my companion, and we started on our journey. O what a day it was to my soul! The Sun of Righteousness had arisen upon me, and all nature seemed to rejoice in the brightness of the rising. The trees that waved their lofty heads in the forest seemed to bow them in adoration and praise. The living stream of salvation flowed into my soul. I felt a love for all mankind, and reproached myself for having been such a fool as to live so long in sin and misery, when there was so much mercy for me."

TO MRS. ANNE GRANT.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 2, 1894.

MY BELOVED SISTER : It is long since I have written to you, but you know the reason. Every day is so fully occupied, no moments are unemployed. Praise the Lord for the glorious privilege of spending and being spent for Him! And how is it dear, with you? Still suffering from infirmities of the flesh? I don't know whether the Lord will ever give you a strong body, but, some way, I do not think your work is done, your course run,

I feel that the Lord hath need of thee, to show forth His praises. "Ye are the light of the world," and through His own disciples He lets the light fall on the darkness of unsaved hearts. If you cannot go out in His service, constantly you are brought in touch with sinners and worldly professors. Be true everywhere to God, whose you are, and whom you serve. The other night, in returning from a meeting with a few of the slum-workers in the Salvation Army, I got them, after some persuasion, to sing on the cars, "Rock of Ages." O how the blessing of God came down on their souls. Then it did not stop there; but, while waiting for another car, we found two ladies waiting also, and we began to tell them all about it, and got them interested, and gave them a copy of "The War Cry." Beside all waters sow:

"Thou knowest not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
And duly shall appear,
In beauty, verdure, strength,
The germ, the blade, the ear,
And the full corn at length."

How are the children coming on in the divine life? The promise is unto you and your children. Hold on to God; take His promises continually to Him, and do your own part. How full the Word of God is of bringing them up. "in the nurture (tender thought of the love and goodness of God), and admonition, and fear of Him;" of His hatred of sin, of its awful retribution, that awful hell that awaits those who trifle with His mercy and set His laws at defiance. "This shall they have at My hand, they shall lie down in sorrow;" yea, they shall dwell in the lake of fire, "where there is weeping, and wailing and gnashing of teeth." O we must not hold back the Word of God. I wonder if we shall meet this summer. If the Lord wills, I should like to take in camp-meeting work in my visit to you. Will you let me know if there should be any not far from you, or on the way from Chicago? May, perhaps,

go to the meeting to be held at Greensburg, Ind., on June 16, by Brother Nelson and Pentecost Workers. Am so sorry there is any division; pray the great Lord of the harvest to give heavenly wisdom to all concerned. O our people, I believe, could have swept all over America with the plainness, simplicity, zeal and power they had twenty years ago. Now, in many places, worldliness and formalism are creeping in. Bro. Roberts said, in the last Conference when I met with him: "We are dying out, through trying to be like other churches." O it must be the old path of self-denial and separation from the world that leads to victory. We are followers of Him who could say: "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." How this ought to stain the pride of all glory; born in a stable, cradled in a manger, His dying head pillowed on a cross.

Write me soon, and, more than all, beloved one, bear me on your heart before God. You know my needs—wisdom, love, grace. Love to all the dear family, In Jesus, as ever, thine,

SARAH A. COOKE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I NEVER knew you," will be the words of God to some who will come right up to the gates of heaven. A fancied righteousness of their own weaving is all the naked souls of many will have on that day. Belonging to a church, following its teachings and regulations, when not at all interfering with their comfort and worldly interests; but taking up no crosses, bearing no reproaches for His sake—they have no experience which the Apostle Paul tells us is the badge of all who will live godly in Christ Jesus—"that they will suffer persecution"—in every age, in every clime, the same.

Said the glorious Christ: "I came not to send peace on the earth; the mother shall be divided against the daughter; and a man's foes shall be those of his own household." Peace? Yes, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" shall keep the heart, when it abides in Him; but as the blessed light shines through it on those living in the darkness of sin, if rejected, it will stir up carnality, and there will be war on one hand, the flesh warring against the Spirit.

A blessed preacher, at Springfield, a few days before his death, told his wife of a vision or dream he had had. He said, "I saw a multitude making their way, as though up to the very gate of heaven, but most of them would be stopped and turned back," and the angel said to him: "Most of these people have been deceived by their preachers." One such instance of self-deception comes before me, narrated in the writings of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer: In substance, it is as follows: A young Christian had been brought, in the light of God's Word, to see that all the revealed Word was God's will for her; and, under the light of the Holy Spirit, she read of women professing godliness, "whose adorning was not to be the wearing of gold, or pearls, or costly array, but the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit;" that His people whom He came to redeem He would make a "peculiar people, zealous of good works," with the thrilling clarion call of separation from the world. She had obeyed, and wished much to impart the light to others. E—— had a friend, like herself a professor of religion, but all conformed to the vain fashions of the world. She would remonstrate with her, but would be met with the constant argument on the lips of those who cling to the world: "Religion has nothing to do with these little matters;" and still she followed on, not knowing her Lord, but the changing fashions of the vain world around her. Consumption seized her, and gradually her bodily strength failed her, and the false hope buoyed her up that all was right between her soul and God. Had

she not called Him 'Lord, Lord ;' had she not long made a profession of attachment to His cause? At last the end came; friends had gathered around her dying bed. Respiration grew shorter and shorter, and at last ceased ; and they deemed the spirit already in the embrace of the angels, winging it to the abodes of immortality. Then came a fearful shriek, and she started from the death-bed, sitting upright, with every feature distorted. Horror and disappointment had transformed that placid countenance, so that it exhibited an expression indescribably fiendish. "I cannot die ; I won't die!" she screamed out. At that moment the door opened and her minister entered. "Out of the door, thou deceiver of men!" she cried, fell back, and the scene on earth was closed.

JAMES B. FINLEY'S VISION OF HEAVEN.

In opening this epistle to his own countrymen, written to prove that this Jesus is their very Messiah, Paul says: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers." One of His ways, in all ages, has been by portraying the unseen and eternal powerfully by vision on the human mind. Long before the days of Peter, to Isaiah and others of the prophets He had thus spoken. But, taking up the prophecy of Joel, as now having its fulfillment, He says: "And your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams;" the reason why? The young and strong might be able to withstand the great shock often accompanying these revelations, too overwhelming, physically, for the weak and aged. One such, of heaven, was once given to James B. Finley, not for himself alone, or for those of his own generation:

THE VISION.

That heaven is real there can be no doubt. That others beside St. Paul have been allowed a view of Paradise, is evident from the testimony of the most reliable

witnesses, such as Dr. Tenant, of New Jersey, Dr. Coke and many others.

One of the most interesting and touching incidents of this character is related by Rev. James B. Finley, in his "Autobiography." It occurred in 1842, when he was presiding elder of the Lebanon District, Ohio Conference. He tells us that he was "winding up the labors of a very toilsome year. I had scarcely finished my work till I was most violently attacked with bilious fever, and it was with great difficulty I reached my home." He sank rapidly. The best medical skill failed to arrest the disease, and life was utterly despaired of. "On the seventh night," he says, "in a state of entire insensibility to all around me, when the last ray of hope had departed, and my weeping family and friends were standing around my couch, waiting to see me breathe my last, it seemed to me that a heavenly visitant entered my room. It came to my side, and in the softest and most silvery tones, which fell like rich music on my ear, it said: 'I have come to conduct you to another state and place of existence.' In an instant I seemed to rise, and, gently borne by my angel guide, I floated out upon the ambient air. Soon earth was lost in the distance, and around us on every side were worlds of light and glory. On, on, away, away, from world to luminous worlds afar, we sped with the velocity of thought. At length we reached the gates of Paradise; and O the transporting scenes that fell upon my vision, as the emerald portals, wide and high, rolled back upon their golden hinges! Then, in its fullest extent, did I realize the invocation of the poet:

'Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian.'

"Language, however, is inadequate to describe what then, with unveiled eyes, I saw. The vision is indelibly pictured on my heart. Before me, spread out

in beauty, was a broad sheet of water, clear as crystal, not a single ripple on its surface, and its purity and clearness indescribable.

"While I stood gazing with joy and rapture at the scene, a convoy of angels was seen floating in the pure ether of that world. They all had long wings, and although they went with the greatest rapidity, yet their wings were folded close to their side. While gazing, I asked my guide who these were, and what their mission. To this he responded: 'They are angels, dispatched to the world from whence you came, on an errand of mercy.' I could hear strains of the most entrancing melody all around me, yet no one was discoverable but my guide. At length I said: 'Will it be possible for me to have a sight of some of the just made perfect in glory?' Just then there came before us three persons; one had the appearance of a male, the other a female, and the third an infant. The appearance of the first two was somewhat similar to the angels I saw, with the exception that they had crowns upon their heads, of the purest yellow, and harps in their hands. Their robes, which were full and flowing, were of the purest white. Their countenances were lighted up with heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with ineffable sweetness.

"There was nothing with which the blessed babe or child could be compared. Its wings, which were most beautiful, were tinged with all the colors of the rainbow. Its dress seemed to be of the whitest silk, covered with the softest white down. The driven snow could not exceed it for whiteness or purity. Its face was all radiant with glory; its very smile now plays around my heart. I gazed and gazed with wonder upon this heavenly child. At length I said: 'If I have to return to earth, from whence I came, I should love to take this child with me, and show it to the weeping mothers of earth. Methinks when they see it, they will never shed another tear over their children when they die.' So anxious was I to carry out the desire of

my heart, that I made a grasp at the bright and beautiful one, desiring to clasp it in my arms, but it eluded my grasp and plunged into the river of life. Soon it rose up from the water, and as the drops fell from its expanding wings, they seemed like diamonds, so brightly did they sparkle. Directing its course to the other shore, it flew up to one of the topmost branches of one of life's fair trees. With a look of most seraphic sweetness it gazed upon me, and then commenced singing in heaven's own strain: 'To Him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in His own blood, to Him be glory both now and forever. Amen.'

"At that moment the power of the eternal God came upon me, and I began to shout, and, clapping my hands, I sprang from my bed, and was healed as instantly as the lame man in the beautiful porch of the temple, who 'went walking, and leaping, and praising God.' Overwhelmed with the glory I saw and felt, I could not cease praising God.

"The next Sabbath I went to camp-meeting, filled with the love and power of God. There I told the listening thousands what I saw and felt, and what God had done for me, and loud were the shouts of glory that reverberated through the forest."

This is a most remarkable case. Father Adams, a member of the Ohio Conference, now residing at Orange, Southern California, told us that he was present at the camp-meeting, and heard Mr. Finley relate the circumstances, when such power fell on the people that not less than five hundred sinners were crying to God for mercy, while the saints of God shouted for joy.

The healing was divine—done by the power of God. The man was made whole in a moment, after all hope of life had fled. How unlike most of the professed healing of these times!—"Christian Witness."

HEAVEN OR HELL AWAITS US.

"And the Lord called unto Adam, and said, Where art thou?"—Gen. 3:9.

We will go back to the morning of creation, when all nature had sprung forth from the hand of her Creator, when He looked on the fair world and pronounced it "very good;" and "the morning stars sang together." One supreme test, or token of obedience, was given to holy, happy man: "If thou eat of the tree which is in the midst of the garden thou shalt surely die." "The wages of sin is death"—separation from God. Said the Lord Jesus, the second Adam: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he who liveth and believeth on Me shall never die; believeth thou this?" A continuous act—keep believing; keep receiving. Adam and Eve fell; on that fair scene the tempter entered, the sworn foe of God and man. Do you ask why this was permitted; we cannot answer; God has not revealed it. When, said the good Dr. Arnold, I come up to a difficulty in the Word of God that I cannot understand, I leave it, just as in everything else; or exclaim, with the apostle: "O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out;" or with the prophet Isaiah: "With whom took he counsel, or who instructed him?" When the light of eternity breaks, one adoring burst of praise will be: "Just and righteous are Thy ways, O King of saints!" We can wait, like one of old, assured, though the little plummet of our knowledge cannot discover the reason, but this we know by faith: "He doeth all things well." The tie has been severed by sin which bound Adam to his God, and darkness, thick darkness, has fallen on him; yea, he walks in gross darkness; he hides himself from God. "Where art thou, Adam?" O fallen one, the crown, the royal crown, has fallen from thy brow; no longer in the image of God thou walkest. *Where art thou*—THOU—THOU—WHERE? Hiding like Adam? O His eyes are like a flame of fire; thou canst not hide from Him. "Stay with me," said the dying infidel, Thomas Paine; "it is hell to be left alone." The gnawings of the

"worm that never dieth" had already begun in that soul. A notorious sinner in Detroit was in the midst of a life of sin, "when," he said, "I saw the eye of the Lord looking at me. O it was awful!—I should have died if He had not withdrawn Himself." It brought him to his senses, and he cried for mercy and forgiveness.

Where art thou, backslider? Once you walked with God. His light shone around and about you. In the morning light your soul was lifted to God, and in the evening you could sing "Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away." The Israelites had come to Kadesh Barnea. There they are; the march has been toilsome, but they have come within sight of the promised land, the land flowing with milk and honey. Twelve spies have been over, and Joshua and Caleb tell of walled cities, and of races of giants, but, with confidence unshaken in God, they cheer the people: "We are well able to go up and possess the land." The ten backsliders in heart see only the difficulties, and so discourage the people. Backslider of to-day, do you know the awful work you are doing; just what these ten did—discouraging, blocking the way of sinners! Every backslider in a neighborhood brings up a bad report of the land. Where art thou? Will you keep drifting just as far from happiness as from God? You are drifting to your doom.

"The ungodly are like the chaff which the wind driveth away." Wonderful the contrast in God's Word; the trumpet gives no uncertain sound. The little breeze arises, and steadily increases until it is raging; higher, and ever higher, it rises till the soul is swept away. "Who is the Lord that I should fear Him?" is the language in the heart of the wicked one, if not on his lips. Bishop William Taylor was invited to go into a home and see a very wicked man who was thought to be dying. When the man saw him, he was greatly disturbed, saying reproachfully to the man who he suspected had invited him: "I thought I could have died

in comfort, but now he has kicked it all into a kite "To shut out God and all thought of Him is the continued practice of the wicked, and they shall be "punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord:" No wonder, when the awful majesty of Him before whose presence the earth and heaven shall flee away, shall appear, they will call upon the rocks and hills to fall upon them. When Dr. Payson was dying, in speaking of the overwhelming manifestation of God's glory, he said: "But I could see, if an enemy of God, how it would be as a consuming fire."

Will you come to Christ? There is no time for delay; and come now before the brittle thread of life be snapped asunder. Come now, before over your pale corpse the words are spoken, "dust to dust, thou shalt return." Come now, before the flames shall fold around you and your voice shall join in the wailing which arises forever from the bottomless pit. Yea, come now, sinner. What do you say? It is a matter of life and death. Your immortal soul, your all, is at stake. Heaven or hell is your portion; angels or devils must be your companions; the songs of the redeemed, or the shrieks of the damned, must employ your tongue; a crown of glory must soon encircle your head—"the crown of life, which shall never fade away," or the everlasting shame and contempt; happiness eternal at God's right hand, "where there are pleasures for evermore," or the blackness of despair for ever, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." You must walk along the golden streets of the new Jerusalem, or you must sink in the fiery lake of hell.

JOHN RANDOLPH.—FOR BOYS.

In the days of earliest childhood this eminently gifted man was trained by a godly mother. The ten commandments, and much of the holy Scriptures, he committed to memory under her teachings, and God became a living reality to his young soul. The boy, John Randolph, walked in the fear of the Lord, but

increasing years brought with them developments of pride and self-will. The restraining yoke of God became irksome, and the fatal choice was made, to walk in the ways of his heart, and in the sight of his eyes, to enjoy the pleasures of sin. Then followed the blinding influence, the hatred of God, the proud rebellion, the scoffs at the religion of his mother, the eager perusal of infidel writings.

But amidst it all he confessed, years after, that the conviction of the truth of all he had learned in childhood would follow him. Proud of his birth, proud of his talents and family position, every now and then the hand of God would be laid on him in affliction, and he would humble himself and cry to the God of his fathers. The affliction removed, these feelings would be but as the early dew and morning cloud, which soon vanish away.

The end at last drew near, and John Randolph faced the realities of eternity, without God and without hope. One day, while sitting up in the bed with a countenance haggard and prematurely old, the very image of despair, as the doctor entered the room, he asked him to find the meaning of the word "Remorse" in the dictionary. Then he said: "Write the word '*Remorse*' on my card." It was written:

REMORSE!

Then he said: "I feel nothing but remorse." "What shall I do with it?" asked the doctor, referring to the card. "Carry it with you, and when you see it think of me."

From a thousand death-beds have come the same wail of despair, the same unutterable grief. History always repeats itself; the human heart in all ages is the same. How many dear boys who read the "Vanguard" have mothers just like John Randolph's; mothers who are teaching them the way of life, but they love and choose the path that leads to death, every year drifting further from the God of their mothers. You are turn-

ing from light to darkness, saying by act, if not by word: "I will not have this man Christ Jesus to reign over me." You are rapidly nearing the place where the darkness of despair will settle down over you for ever and ever.

"In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's light shall ever rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you from the skies."

Some who read this page are even now making the fatal choice, saying to the Holy Spirit, "Not now; when I have a convenient time I will call for Thee." Hell is paved with good resolutions. None ever meant it to be their abode, but warnings slighted, God's matchless love in giving a Savior to die, and a Savior's pleadings disregarded, there comes the fearful looking forward to of unutterable, hopeless despair, the blackness of darkness forever!—Sarah A. Cooke, in the "Vanguard."

THE UNSEEN LINE.

There is a time, we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die;
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

O where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;

Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?—

How long will God forbear?—

Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:

“Ye that from God depart,

While it is called to-day repent,

And harden not your heart.”

—Alexander.

“THE HOUR AFTER JUDGMENT.”

I do not know the author of the following; but it seemed so deeply touching that I would like others to read it. It was published many years ago by the American Tract Society:

“Silence reigns in heaven! The new song of ‘Moses and the Lamb’ is filling the hearts of the redeemed, and will shortly burst from their lips in an endless hallelujah. The solemn silence that prevailed while God was assigning to each of His creatures, ‘a fixed place and portion,’ is yet unbroken. The pause that followed ‘Depart, ye cursed!’ has been an awful one: the shock sent an unanticipated pang to the hearts of the doomed. The tones of Jesus’ voice, in words of inviting love, were well remembered. They had not believed that a time could arrive when His mild countenance would change to such awful sternness. But the golden gates are turning for the last time. Mercy’s gentle hands are barring them. She no longer chants the hymn of welcome, or stands in the portal to attract the wandering by the radiance of her countenance and the glory of her vesture. Mercy’s work is finished. As the doomed catch the last glimpse of her figure, light is extinct to their vision.

“Whither, O lost ones, will ye wend your way?
Will ye go back to the green valleys and blue mountains, and the clear rivers and sweet flowers of earth?

The rich joys of home and hearthstone, and strains of delicious music and the sweeter notes of happy voices—do these remain to atone for the loss of heaven? Nay, the earth 'before His face has fled away.' The glorious stars and moon that shone upon thy cradle and lighted thy steps to the home of thy heart's love—the rays that shone gladly in gladness and sadly in sadness, shedding hope's rays upon the graves of thy buried treasures—do they beam on thy pathway now? They have been shaken from the sky as a fig-tree casteth her untimely fruit! The blue firmament that smiled above thee—its myriad hues of cloud and storm—where are they now? 'Departed—as a flaming scroll.' Gone, gone, gone! The meaning of that word is infinite. Its echo will reverberate through the caverns where the lost dwell. Suspense was the worst curse of life, but the bitterness of death eternal is despair. You have but one place of abode whither you may resort—down in the deep, dark caverns, where remorse will be your only guest; where sleep, that gives temporary oblivion to those condemned to execution on the morrow, may not come to thee. Forget! Aye, thou wilt not find a drop of Lethe's waters in that lone desert, wherewith to cool thy burning spirit. Ask the victim on the rack why he does not sleep, and when he answers thee, thou wilt know why the lost never sleep. Sleep! It is an eternal night, to which no morrow cometh. No blush of a rising sun shall cheer the horizon of perdition. No morning star will kindle its torch there. The last sun hath gone down. The smile of thy God hath set."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April, 1896.

Here I am, in the little prophet's chamber they call mine, in the Pentecost home, Indianapolis. It is a sweet resting-place. I often say : with God we abide :

" And if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture we shall know,
When round His throne we meet?

Here the workers find a hearty welcome, when over-wearied with the work. This home is wonderfully run on the apostolic line, where they have all things in common. The cruse of oil and the barrel of meal never give out. And, best of all, the heavy-laden and tempest-tossed find their way to the Lamb of Calvary.

Every Sabbath morning finds some of the workers at the police station. I am always in the prison. One morning, they found a man hopelessly dejected; he had been arrested for drunkenness. "Who has pain? who has grief? who has sorrow without a cause?" The poor drunkard. They were moved with compassion toward him, and asked him to come right to their home, where the few days of his sentence were passed. They stripped off his poor, tattered clothes, and clothed him from head to foot. They then encircled him in the arms of faith and prayer, and in the poor, hopeless heart faith and hope sprang up. In a few days his feet struck the Rock of Ages, and the new song was in his lips, of praises for evermore. He works in the office, blessed and a blessing. How he loves the Word of God! It is constantly in his hands, when he is not otherwise engaged.

Another of our family, brought up from the very slums, was for years a wanderer. He had been brought up in refinement, and had a good home; but in very early life, choosing the down-track, he could not rest anywhere, the devil driving him from place to place, like the man in the tombs. He was arrested by the mighty power of God, and is clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. He told me, the other day, how he loved to read the life of Fletcher; and as I look in his face, I can see a resemblance; the same sweet purity is being developed.

O how we need to say to ourselves everywhere we go, "Able, able to save to the very uttermost!" Surely Paul put himself on the pedestal to encourage every sinner on God's green earth to look, and live. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that

Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief."—Sarah A. Cooke, in the "Harvester."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT ONE of the meetings held in Exeter Hall, London, a world-wide known evangelist was handed this question for him to speak on: "How shall we get the masses into our churches?" The characteristic answer was: "Go and fetch them." "And I," said Jesus, "if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." The preacher is an ambassador betwixt God and man. "How shall they hear without a preacher?" The man who expects to catch fish goes to the waters where the fish are. "I have left you an example that ye should follow in My footsteps." We want to study His methods and those who followed closely in His steps. He preached everywhere; on the Sea of Galilee, on the mountains, in the streets of Jerusalem; on their great festivals; that "last great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink,' and then the further promise, "He that believeth on Me, from him shall flow rivers of living water." Thus spake He of the Spirit, not yet given because Jesus was not yet glorified. When they received the promise of the Father, the full equipment to preach His gospel, three thousand souls started in on the very first outpouring of the Spirit. At a quarterly-meeting in Chicago, one Saturday afternoon, two preachers were present to a congregation of seven, and in the evening there might have been thirty people. The Sabbath morning came; we gathered again, perhaps forty persons, and three preachers were present. How I urged that we should go out on the streets, but there was no response. Every Sabbath afternoon a little band of us were holding a meeting in the main-entrance of the general post-office. On my way I

passed a vacant lot where from five hundred to a thousand people were gathered, watching a game of ball. How my spirit was stirred within me. Most of that congregation could have been gathered by any God-baptized preacher to tell them the glad tidings of great joy. My Lord, methinks, would say to many a preacher to-day, if ushered into His presence, "*Thou slothful servant.*"

On Sabbath, the great harvest-day of the week, our streets are thronged with people. Our preachers, where are they? "Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the uncircumcised triumph;" they are recreant to their God-given trust from noon till 7:30, all the best of the Sabbath for reaching the masses of unchurched, unsaved people, and the churches are closed. How truly did our Lord say: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light;" they do not so miss golden opportunities of advancing their worldly interests.

What made the glorious success of Wesley and Whitfield? Verily, their intense love to God and the souls of their fellow-creatures. Wesley said, "The devil does not like street-preaching; neither do I. I love a nice church, a soft seat, an easy time, an appreciative congregation; but where is my love to God and souls if I do not push through all these things to save souls from death?" but they went everywhere, preaching the Word, the Lord working with signs following; and so it will ever be on the apostolic line.

I saw a picture once that I shall never forget. It was John Wesley preaching to 20,000 people. He stands on a jutting piece of rock, a large, natural amphitheater before him, a sea of upturned faces looking into his and hanging on his words. Referring to it in his journal, he says: "I never expect to see such a sight again on earth."

In writing of the closing scene of that wonderful life of devotion, Hester Ann Rogers, who was present said:

"No tongue can tell the glory that rested on that dying countenance."

"Heaven began before the soul was loosened from its tenement of clay,
And angels beckoned him away, and Jesus bid him come."

"Where I am there shall my servants be, that they may behold My glory."—Sarah A. Cooke, in the "Christian Witness."

MAJOR SYDNEY CLIBBORN, OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Standing forth in every age pre-eminent amongst men are those on whom "the glory of God resteth," who go forth with the anointing of the Holy Spirit upon them.

Denominations, or sects, are matters of small importance, but on *their* heads have fallen tongues of fire, and on their hearts the baptism of the Holy Ghost, power, and a love of all, impelling them to seek the wandering souls of men. Some three years ago, I listened to the voice and looked into the face of Catherine Clibborn, as she is usually called, "the Marechale of France," eldest daughter of General Booth, of the Salvation Army. I have looked on men who have the stamp of divinity, on James Caughey, who as he would "warn the people to flee from the wrath to come," looked as though, like one of the prophets of old, he had just come from the very presence of the Almighty; but on no other woman's face I had ever looked upon, had I seen so much of the apostolic power. Suffering, tenderness, firmness, marked that countenance. She could have said with Paul: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus;" in imprisonments oft, in mobs, amongst the very lowest of Paris, where the cry would go up: "We will not have this Jesus; we hate Him," going on from conquering and to conquer in the name of Jesus, until the statesmen and orators of the city would listen with wrapt attention to her words of burning love and warning; and her voice amongst the rough-

est crowds would hold all subdued; then pushing her way into Switzerland, where bonds and imprisonment awaited her. It is about her husband I would write, for her life is so bound with that of her parents that most people are familiar with it.

Sydney Clibborn was born in Ireland, of Quaker parents. He says that from earliest childhood he had deep religious impressions, would often dream of the Judgment-day, and at that early day thoughts of heaven and hell would be wonderfully vivid, while the temptations to infidelity suggested by the devil would fill him with terror at their presence in his mind, till he would find refuge in sleep. Eighteen years of his life had passed without any one ever definitely urging him to surrender himself to God. At boarding-school, he says, they studied Quaker history, read the lives of the wonderful God-anointed men of early Quakerism, more than two thousand of whom were in prison at one time for disturbing the peace of sinners; but both doctrine and experience seemed to have, in its power, become a thing of the past; the candlestick remained, but the light had almost gone out. During the days of Quakerism in its fresh glory, one of his ancestors, for some hard fighting in Cromwell's army in Ireland, had received from him an estate with an old castle upon it. Finding a Quaker meeting-house upon it, he brought his soldiers one Sunday to burn it down and arrest the Quakers; as he approached the door he heard the minister. The words smote him to the heart, as "an arrow from the bow of the Almighty;" he listened, and then quietly stole away. On his return his wife scolded him for not having executed his plan. He told her to go herself next time and try. She went herself with the soldiers, and was arrested at the door by the power of God. Both got saved, and for generations (he says) worshiped there. Brought up in the atmosphere of Quakerism, with its benevolence of character, the boy Sydney wanted to do good; became a Sunday-school teacher; studied well the Bible; could have told the

names of all the cities of refuge, but could not say "I have run into the city—flee from the avenger, and come and live with me."

Near where he lived a revival commenced, and his dearest friend was converted, and as he saw the light of salvation shining in his face he was deeply convicted; evening after evening his friend would seek to help him into the light, and the pressure of the Holy Ghost on his heart became tremendous, and as it increased the powers of darkness sought to crush him with fears as to what he would have to suffer and give up if he became a Christian. Remembering so well his own case, he presses seekers with all his power to surrender, because the devil is on the other side pressing them to resist and put it off, and we should be at least as earnest as the devil. His agony increased, and he spent several hours with his friend in trying to *believe*. He says: "I did not then see that I could not believe, because I had not really surrendered myself, and that true faith comes on the abandonment of the soul to God." "In the night meeting the fight in my soul became awful. The devil made a last desperate effort, and I rushed out of the meeting; but, thank God, friends followed me, and my soul burst through the hard crust of pride, and I burst into tears. After hours of agonizing struggles, all given up to God, I sang softly: 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' Never throughout eternity shall I forget the double dawn of the next morning, when the earthly and heavenly sunlight streamed into my eyes and soul. Never had the birds sang so sweetly, or all nature looked so lovely and radiant.

"A year later came the life-call. I had listened to a backwoodsman from America, uncultured, but filled with the Spirit of God. He said to me, as we parted, 'Sydney, will thee not come with us?' I did not feel the call then as coming from God. But that evening I was alone in my room, and the Spirit of God came suddenly upon me in such a flood as to deprive me of bodily strength, and I sank into an arm-chair, while the

waves of the divine glory rolled over and over my soul, as billows from the great ocean of heavenly love.

"The glory of Christ's kingdom seemed to pass before me. No words could possibly express what was then revealed to me of the loveableness of Christ, of the infinite tenderness of His compassionate love for the dying world. I seemed to see the kingdom of God, and to awake to the inexpressible joy of living and dying in the service of this sweet King of kings. The very music of heaven seemed wafted through my being like the soft murmur of a great ocean, vast as the universe. I felt that if I had a thousand tongues they could not tell out what I then saw and felt of the world of light.

"Then the call I had from the human messenger was repeated from heaven: 'Come with us.' After a time I felt God tell me to go to the table and open my Bible. I did so, and it opened on these words: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth' (Matt. 6:19), and as I read on to the end of the chapter it all seemed burned into my soul as the direct call of God. But, alas! I reasoned with flesh and blood." The devil began to put all the difficulties before his mind. For five years he had been preparing for business life; now the way was fast opening for his entrance into an immense factory employing 3,000 people; his parents not rich, he thought of their disappointment; then the "fear of man, which bringeth a snare." He says: "Casting my eye upon the 'things seen,' I began to doubt and fear and hesitate. There I learned, for life, the deep meaning of the words: 'Whilst ye have the light, walk in the light, lest darkness come upon you.' When God commands by sending the light into the soul we must 'walk,' step on in the light, act out what the light commands, and thus the life can enter and permeate our being, and give us power for the step or service to which God calls. Instead of walking, I stood still and reasoned, and so darkness came upon me. Four years of cloudy Christian experience followed. I worked very

hard, holding meetings, teaching in Sunday-school and reading all the books I could get hold of written by those I believed had been baptized with the Holy Ghost. In spite of all, my experience remained a wilderness one, and I don't know that in those four years I led one soul to Jesus. O, what a tremendous loss through unbelief and disobedience."

Once more taking his stand against the opinion of friends, choosing God alone for his counselor and guide, the baptism so long looked-for came, and souls were converted right along. He says: "I did not then know how to bring forth converts as public witnesses. Business in the day, and then, in full dependence on the help of the Holy Spirit, the new truth or new light on it would come every night." A blind man one night, unobserved by Mr. Clibborn, was in the meeting, wild and rough; the subject, the story of blind Bartimeus. The word went as an arrow through his soul. Gloriously saved, he has been the means of leading multitudes of souls to Christ in the British Islands and Australia. Not himself understanding the definite faith and obedience which preserves the soul in the life of holiness, he had imperceptibly gone back spiritually, and longed for some one to lead him into the soul-experience of primitive Christianity; that free, fearless, active, holy, restful life he saw was the religion the Bible taught. "About that time," he says, "I heard of the Salvation Army, and the rumors of its daring warfare and glorious results made me feel that the power of the Holy Ghost was there; that these people must be filled with the holy boldness of the apostles." He was now a minister of the Society of Friends. Time and space would fail to tell of all the steps which led Sydney Clibborn into the Salvation Army, of the meeting with Catherine Booth, of the two lives blending into one, of all the triumphs of their faith and boundless zeal in the cause of God; five children have blessed the union, trained from babyhood for the holy war. When the Marechale was preparing one day to leave home, her eldest

little girl asked: "Ma, would souls be lost if you did not go there?" "I think it very probable they would," was the mother's reply. "Then go, mamma," was the heroic answer of the little Salvationist.

God bless the Army; keep it with the strength of the God of Jacob and the dew of Israel on its branches. Amen and amen!—"Earnest Christian."

WORK AT SHERIDAN, INDIANA.

"Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood;
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

And still they come. For six weeks the work of the Lord has moved on gloriously; for two weeks before, we had a holiness meeting, led by Brother L. B. Kent, of the Western Holiness Association. Only here and there was there one ready to take the life of sacrifice involved in buying this "pearl of great price." Many whose names are on the church record, "having a name to live," were too worldly to receive these deep things of God; but the faithful exposition of truth had an influence in arousing the church from her lethargy and worldliness, and the work then commenced with power among the unsaved. Scarcely a night in the last six weeks but seekers have been at the altar. Every class of society here has been reached; people of every age, from the old and gray-headed to the very little ones, of whom our Savior said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The two public schools have been freely opened to us. The principal of the larger one, on inviting the pastor, said he found the children needed to have their moral natures educated as well as their minds. We have had many blessed times in the schools. O how the Lord has held and kept the children interested and touched, as some life portrayed in the blessed Word, or scene in the life of Jesus, has by the Holy Spirit been carried home to their hearts; they mingle every night with the seekers at the altar. On Saturday night, four boys were forward as seekers, and surrounding them were other boys just saved, praying

with, and helping their faith to grasp the promise; and one after another their faces lighted, showing that the burden had rolled off their hearts. Then their testimonies came in a few broken words of Jesus' power to save.

At the same time one lady kneeled for a long time as a seeker. She wept and struggled and prayed. One after another labored with her, but no deliverance came, and all were discouraged. She rose from the altar and took her seat. Could we not find out the difficulty? Had not Jesus emphatically said: "Who-soever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out"? I took my seat by her side, and a little close conversation solved the mystery. She had an ungodly husband. The Lord showed her that she must confess Him and set up her family altar; telling her Jesus not only would come into her heart as a Savior, but as her King to reign over her, and here at the very onset she was refusing to obey His very first commandment. The point was yielded, and I doubt not that ere this the joys of God's salvation have flooded her soul.

The greatest trophy last week of Jesus' power to save was an old settler. His life had been marked by much ungodliness and great profanity. He came night after night to the church. Monday night he came to the altar, and before leaving was gloriously saved, shouts of glory bursting from his lips; and since then the blessed fruits of repentance have shown themselves—old grudges, old quarrels, old wrongs all made right, and the joy of the Lord is filling his soul. Hallelujah!

The pastor of this Methodist church, Brother Wilkinson, a man some sixty years of age, is about the most whole-souled man I ever worked with.

When inviting those who have found the Lord to join the church, it is always worded "this branch of the church," pressing the young converts to join what church they prefer, but to be folded somewhere. I have heard no words fall from his lips derogatory to any other denomination.

And still I hear the Macedonian cry: "Come over and help us." Staying at the home of a Quaker (there are many in this neighborhood), he took me yesterday to one of their meetings. I would not have known but for the "thee" and "thou," and now and then long pauses, that they were Quakers; we were "all drinking of the same spiritual Rock," and were one in the Lord. He and his wife have been helping in this meeting, both "full of good works and alms-deeds," the distinguishing mark of Quakerism. One day the brother invited a poor man to come to the revival meetings. He answered: "I cannot; I have no clothes fit to come in." Then said the Quaker to himself; "I must work with the Lord for his conversion," and he furnished the clothes, while the Lord furnished the grace; and in a few days the man was blessedly saved.

He is engaged in a business that requires a great deal of hauling. He had some machine which would have done the work of four of his men, but the royal law of love (pity for the men and their suffering families) prevailed, and the machine lies by unused. My work in every place with every people seems to be the opening up of God's Word. What depths I see in it! What an all-sufficiency to guide in every step of human life, from the first dawn of human reason, through all the intricacies of human life, until the ransomed soul, perfect and entire, and lacking nothing, shall stand with the countless multitudes around the throne of God, ascribing "Glory and praise unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own precious blood, for ever and ever." Amen, and amen!—Sarah A. Cooke, in the "Christian Witness," March, 1896.

TO MRS. MARY TUBBS.

ANCHORAGE MISSION, Feb. 13, 1888.

BELOVED IN THE LORD: Your kind letter received. How I thank my God on every remembrance of thee, for thy kind love and sympathy.

I don't know where to begin; have had such an



REV. D. W. ANDREWS
(See Pages 43, 74, 77.)



REV. W. M. KELSEY.

(See Pages 62, 78.)

unsettled time lately (not in heart); but He who fixeth the bounds of our habitation, and who leadeth us by a way we knew not, has at last led me to a quiet resting-place. Have two pleasant rooms in the home of Brother Whittington. When all my furniture was arranged, the carpets down and the last tack driven, I consecrated it to the Lord, to be wholly His; "Use it, Lord, for Thy glory," was the language of my heart. In about an hour a cab drove up, and in it was the loved Matron of our "Home for Fallen Women," Mrs. Prindle, who had come to me for a week of quiet and rest. My eyes fill with tears of grateful joy when I think of my great privilege of receiving her. For twelve years she has labored in this glorious work, till she is almost prostrated. Many gems has she rescued from this life of degradation, to shine as stars in the kingdom of our Lord for ever and ever. Last night I stayed at her mission, "The Anchorage." As its name imports, it is where the weary may find a rest. As I led this morning's devotions, opposite me sat a woman, with her little pale boy of some three years in her arms; turned out of doors two or three days ago, because she could not pay her rent. On my right lay a young mother, with her two children, sick with measles, she having just recovered from diphtheria. This case is one of deep interest. Beautiful and highly educated, she had left her country, Germany, believing that Chicago would furnish her a livelihood for herself and two children, as she could give lessons in the French and German languages. She was almost despairing when the Lord guided her feet to this mission. There is much of skepticism in her heart—questionings of the "why" and "wherefore." As I left her this morning, and alone was laying her case before the Lord, asking for His convicting Spirit to rest upon her, I heard my name; then her arms were around me, and her head leaning on my shoulder: "And will you," she said, "pray for me?" how quickly the Lord had answered prayer!

Yesterday (Sabbath) I was at the Jewish Mission. There sat around the table some seven or eight Jews, while their leader, a Jew, converted about a year ago, like another Paul, was proving to them out of the Scriptures that "this is the very Christ." I have promised his dear wife that I will visit, to-morrow, some Jewish families. And so, day by day, the work opens everywhere. The harvest is very great, and the laborers are so few!

I have been moving, and have mislaid your letter, so mayhap shall not answer it fully. I have been something like Noah's dove; in every place where I have looked for a house, something has been in the way. My Lord does not let me nestle long anywhere; but I love His blessed holy will, and would not have it any other way. O to dwell continually "under the shadow of His wing;" then I may claim by faith the promises that follow. Read that 91st Psalm, beloved, and may it prove to you as full of blessings as for years it has to me. Hallelujah! Our Jesus is the dwelling-place of His people in all ages—"the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

I am so rejoiced that you have access at the throne for me. Tell your husband I would rather have an interest in his prayers and yours than to have every acre of land he owns on earth. O this blessed fellowship in our living Head! I don't believe it will ever be broken; the full consummation will be in glory.

Love to Clara and all the children. Yours, as ever,
in the precious love of our Immanuel,

SARAH A. COOKE.

TO THE SAME.

LENA, Ill., Dec. 16, 1888.

BELoved SISTER IN THE LORD: It is so long since I have written to you. My time has been so much occupied that you must forgive me the apparent neglect. I often think of Carvosso's oft-repeated words, "Hurry up, for you will find me all the time busy;" and so we would have it:

"A work of holy love to do
For the Lord on whom we wait."

I have had such a blessed time in Chicago, since the end of the summer's work; but now the Lord has called me out again. He so often stirs up my little nest, "as the eagle hovering over her young stirreth up the nest;" showing me that it is not for me to settle down in any home. Even so, my Lord, I am Thine to do with me as Thou wilt; only let me glorify Thee in body and in spirit, which are Thine!

A week ago I spent a day with the Salvation Army at Englewood, about ten miles from Chicago. What intense earnestness marks their work; like a net-work, they are spreading over ours and other lands. They neither turn aside to the right nor to the left; no controversy with other Christians, no "hair-splitting," no wasting time on creeds; but, all intent on saving souls, their glorious path pursue. While churches hold out schemes of pleasure: picnics, festivals, grand houses, splendid choirs to attract and hold the people, the Army consecrate their lives, and take from every class, from every soldier, the means to carry on the glorious work. O for a like devotion in our own church, and then we should see the same blessed fruits of our labors. Have you been out much this summer in the Lord's work? Hammond, the place I mentioned to you, where I was so hopeful of being able to hold a meeting, still stands over until next summer. Could not find either the tent or the laborers just suitable. Whenever we do have a meeting, I want to have a little tent together. Thought some of inviting Bro. Dake and one of his bands. We shall see each other face to face. O what blessed times we have had together; but nothing compared with what it will be when "we shall see Him as He is." Does your soul, dear sister, "cry out for the living God?" "We shall be satisfied when we awake in His likeness." Yours affectionately, S. A. COOKE.

TO THE SAME.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 12, 1889.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your kind note reached me this morning. I have been intending to write to you for a long time, but every day has brought its many engagements; so much to do, so many calls to make in this great city. And you are still walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. O it gave me such a thrill of joy as I read of your continued prayers for me. Oh, I need them so much. O what a oneness between the souls of God's dear children and fellowship in Jesus, our living Head!

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet?"

I hope it will not be very long before we shall meet each other again. I have no plan for the summer's work. Hammond has been much on my heart, but at present there is no clear opening. For more than two years, I have been holding to the Lord for an open door into the Bridewell, our city prison; and the Lord has graciously heard and answered. Am invited to speak there next Sabbath. O what a glorious privilege! "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." About 700 prisoners have been shut up there, with none to break unto them the bread of life; none to point them to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." O for the precious anointing! The sound of our Master's feet is behind us.

Before the Bridewell was moved from the city, I visited it once or twice a week, but the present governor is a very high, aristocratic man, and was not willing to have any one there, unless it was an ordained clergyman, and you know that not many of them feel much sympathy for these poor outcasts. So until now the door was closed; but the Lord "opens the prison-doors, and breaks the bars of brass," and the hearts of

all men are in His hands. "Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" Let us take hold of His strength, and we shall prevail with Him. O for more of the spirit of Jacob of old: "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." Hold on, dear, with every effort you can, for the salvation of your children. My own dear sister once told me that she had travailed for the souls of her children from their birth. Six years ago she passed into glory. News came, a few days ago, from her husband, that two of the children had been saved. O how he does rejoice in the Lord. Does that mother know? It seems as though it would heighten the bliss of heaven.

"And the angels echo round the throne :
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

Yesterday I was visiting at the Old Ladies' Home. About eighty find an asylum there. O how I did feel the presence of the Lord while there; and then, in the evening, at the Salvation Army meeting.

I don't think for a year I have written a page of "The Handmaiden of the Lord." If it is the Lord's will, and for His glory, I know He will open up the way that I may have leisure to do it. It does not matter what we do, so that it is just what He would have us to do. God bless you and dear brother Tubbs, and every one of the dear children. Yours, as ever, in the precious love of Jesus,
SARAH A. COOKE.

TO THE SAME.

HUMBIRD, Wis., July 3, 1890.

DEAR SISTER TUBBS: You will think me long in answering your last kind letter. Ever since I have been so fully occupied journeying from place to place, there has been no opportunity of carrying out the plan of working with you. Came into Wisconsin about three weeks ago, after much prayer and looking up for guidance. How sure I am that the Lord led me here; not one thing He has spoken has failed. Glory, glory to our God! Rooted and grounded in love,

“ My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall hence no longer rove.”

Rooted and grounded in love, dear sister, how I long to know more of the height and depth and length and breadth of that unmeasurable love; pray for me, especially for this. When out in the Lord's work, and constantly with others, we miss the quiet and calm of our own home-life. We need so much more grace, or the heart gets hurried and unsettled from the sweet calm, restful peace. I feel that I lost some on the last camp-ground, from want of watchfulness. Here I am surrounded by others and not careful enough to push through every obstacle and get alone with God. Christmas Evans, the holy, God-baptized Welsh preacher, would say : “ Without much secret communion with the Lord, the soul becomes as dry as as the mountains of Gilboa, on which neither rain nor dew fell for seven years.” I know it, my Lord; I know it by the experience of many years; and yet how we will, at times, let circumstances control us! I think I see work for all summer. Then, as I did not go to my brother's, at Armstrong, last year, they will be looking for me; and from there I will try and come and see you, if only for a few days. The Lord has seemed to knit our hearts together in love. Do not forget to bear me up often in the arms of faith and love before God. I so need it. The tempter is ever vigilant, and so impedes our onward march. How often I realize : “ We wrestle not against principalities, and powers, but against spiritual wickedness in high places.” O for the overcoming faith, born of believing prayer!

We began a camp-meeting here about a week ago, and the interest is increasing. The camp-meeting proper has closed, and yesterday we moved the large tent down into the village, and the Lord is working. “ Blessed be His holy name!” O to see souls saved—the grandest sight on earth. How I love His work. A few more years of service, then—

“Like a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to praise.
His nature and His name is love.”

Good bye. The Lord bless and keep you very
near Himself. Yours, in His most precious love,

SARAH A. COOKE.

ANOTHER PERSONAL LETTER.

RANDOLPH, Wis., April 27, 1891.

BELoved FRIEND AND SISTER IN JESUS: Your letters always cheer me. It is so precious to know we have a share in the prayers of God's children. How blessed it would be to once more mingle our prayers together. Some five weeks ago I came here, and the Lord has greatly blessed the work. I had such a shrinking from plunging out among strangers, and the weather was so cold; but His will was made so plain, and a blessing came on my soul when I yielded.

We found this a large village, principally of Welsh people. Cambria is five miles from here.

They had not had a revival since before the civil war. The interest began at once, and all the community seemed moved. The largest church in the place was given to us to hold services in, and the preacher (Calvinistic Welsh Methodist), a good man, got greatly revived, while his eldest daughter was gloriously converted. O how easy it is to work where the blessed Spirit is poured out on the people; “not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.” We have closed the meeting, the two brethren having to leave for a few days, and I had matters to attend to in Chicago. But the people are anxious for us to return, and, if the Lord should so direct, we may be right back here. Then we have an invitation for a tent-meeting, commencing June 1. So, dear, I see no chance of accepting your kind invitation, much as I should love to spend a week or two in your sweet little home.

I want you to hold on in prayer to God about having a camp-meeting in Armstrong. I feel that if it is of

the Lord, the way will be opened. O how I would love to have "holiness to the Lord," in all its fullness, preached to that community!

Be sure and pray for our dear Brother Kent, now that he has no other engagement but to be fully in the Lord's work—so capable, and with so much knowledge. Pray that, as on the first disciples, so on him may rest the baptism of power; without this, all talent, all knowledge, fails to move men's hearts.

Where we have been laboring, most of the people professing religion, "having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," scarcely any dare say that they were saved.

The first two weeks we spent with a lady much afflicted with lameness. I little thought, as I would labor and pray with her, how near she was to the closing scene of life. She knew something of the pardoning love of God, but had no real joy in believing. One morning before leaving her, she told me how the Lord had blessed her that morning. Last Monday a friend went in and found her very happy in the Lord; at seven o'clock two children went to her home with milk, and found her sitting in her chair; her glasses on, thimble on her finger, and her sewing in her lap. Apparently the spirit had passed away in a moment; we believe to be forever with the Lord.

A young wife, with one beautiful child, a kind husband, a good home; and yet her testimony was: "I am so restless! I do not have one happy hour; nothing pleases, nothing satisfies me." As she awoke, under the power of the Spirit's teachings, to see herself, her poverty, her misery, and her need, she pressed to the altar through everything, to the feet of Jesus. And as her trembling hand of faith touched Him, the void in her soul was filled with a joy unspeakable and full of glory—for two or three days a perfect ecstasy of joy. Now she says: "My home and all around are new; I am so satisfied with everything!"

O this great salvation! adapted to the wants of

every human being on this green earth; the living water that gushed from Calvary slaking the thirst of every human soul.

O preach it, beloved! Do not turn aside to other things. Do not lop off the branches while the bitter root remains. Preach the gospel of repentance first. Plead as you go, for the Holy Ghost, as a convict of sin, to go before you. Work with Him. Drive in the ploughshare of conviction—the Baptist's "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Then present the glorious remedy: "The Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." The disease has but one remedy.

What a time of sickness and death! Surely our God is preaching through all this land. O tell your dear girls to get into the ark. The soul once lost is lost forever. Delay is the ruin of countless multitudes, and every year adds to the number. Yours in Jesus,

SARAH A. COOKE.

TO MRS. ANNE GRANT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 13, 1893.

MY BELOVED FRIEND AND SISTER IN JESUS: I know your thoughts will be of us, as ours are of you. I am so glad the Lord sent you among us.

I will begin from the very time I left you in the depot. I felt that the confession made to you there was all for the Lord; "confess your faults, one to another, and pray one for another." I found such a wonderful difference when I got home at night; *such a mild, friendly spirit, and the same all day yesterday*. The Lord (I don't know how, exactly) had brought about a wonderful change, hinging, I think, on that confession. Shall we ever get, in our experience, to the place where the exhortation, "Confess your faults one to another" is not needed? I think not. O what need, in every place, to be on the watch-tower: "What I say unto

you, I say unto all, watch. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

Nothing special yesterday. How much hinges on the preacher! If they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, I feel that the whole church would be quickened.

The Lord helped me some in exhortation, on the line of warning; and one dear girl, a backslider, wished us to pray for her. She said "she wanted to get back to the Lord."

February 14.—A letter from my sister-in-law this morning, saying she had seen some of the official members, and they all wished me to come out, but could not decide about Bro. Buss until they had had their official meeting on Thursday; so I have answered that I will wait until I hear the result, for I feel all-insufficient to commence alone. I would love to have you with me; but our Lord's ways are always best. He sent forth His own first disciples in twos.

I went yesterday to see that woman who is paralyzed. I found her all alone. One side is very much affected, and I could not understand near all she said. She seemed much pleased to see me.

I called on Mr. Arnold. His wife thought he was some better; but he was sleeping, so I did not go in.

Went, to-day, to the holiness meeting. The doctor led it—with the gold all on, notwithstanding all your good counsel. He read the second chapter of Titus. How blessed its teachings—"The Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." It was a blessed meeting. How God does indorse the teaching of holiness. Mrs. B—— spoke; but I could not help thinking that when the world is not put off from the outside, be the knowledge and gifts ever so great, there is always a felt lack of sweet simplicity and power united.

I hope, dear, that you found all friends well. I can fancy the loving greetings that awaited you. Any

light on your way yet? Keep looking up, with all committed, and ready to do His will.

These words came to me with such sweetness this morning:

"My country is in every clime;
And places now remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all."

Good night. God bless and shelter you continually under His own wing. Love to Brother Grant and the dear children. In Jesus, as ever, thine,

SARAH A. COOKE.

TO THE SAME.

CHICAGO, Ill., December 13, 1893.

MY BELOVED FRIEND: Yours duly received. And still "the Lord giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I have been so impressed in reading those wonderful messages to the seven churches. However diverse in circumstances, or in experience, they all end about alike: "To him that overcometh," the promise, the warning, is about the same. It is only at the very last we shall take up the triumphant language of the apostle: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." To-day the sound of battle, and then the song of victory. They all come that way, "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of Calvary's Lamb."

The Lord is graciously giving me, this winter, a time of rest and the comfort of a home. I have not had one so comfortable since my husband died. O how I enjoy it; but try to keep so loosened from it that when I hear "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," I shall be all ready—whether to join you, dear one, in Iowa, or anywhere else on God's green earth.

I fear from what you say, and Brother Grant's fears, that you are quite out of health. You speak of the prospect of its being a close winter. Write to me

as freely as you would to a mother or a sister. Are you situated so that you have a comfortable, warm room; have you a good stove and plenty of fuel? Have you sufficient and comfortable clothing? Have you plenty of provisions in store for the winter? Write me, directly you receive this, *fully, freely*.

No, we cannot spare you; the church needs you, the world needs you, your dear husband and family need you; and the final glory will be forever. A few or many years longer on earth, there will still remain eternal glory; length of days forever and forever, where there is fullness of joy for evermore.

Dear Sister Dudman has been failing for some time. Last Thursday she invited two friends who believe in faith-healing (Mr. and Mrs. Norton) to meet at her home. O how we pleaded on this line. She seemed passive; no active faith for herself, but the Lord graciously answered, in a measure, our prayers, and she was out again on Sabbath-morning. Glory to our God!

You remember Sister Rawson, the wife of the brother who is employed in Bro. Arnold's office. She has been very near the crossing; so near the land of light and glory that some of its blessed inhabitants were within sight. She saw the mother and father of her husband, and he waved his hand to her not to cross over now; she was needed most on earth; and though the body was almost rigid in death, consciousness returned, and her precious life was spared.

I cannot tell you how busy I am; it seems as if never more so, and the Lord gives the daily strength. I stayed from the noon-meeting to-day, to write to thee. Then I have an afternoon of visiting at the hospital; then visit Sister Chesbro, who is failing; supper at Brother George's; then finish up at the Salvation Army or Kirkland Mission.

Will you, dear sister, bear me up in your arms of faith and love? In Jesus, as ever, thine,

SARAH A. COOKE.

P. S.—The noon-day prayer-meetings are becoming much more spiritual. How the Lord helped me, the other day, in telling what our noon-meetings used to be, and how we wanted to get back into the old paths. Praise the Lord! His own children responded.

TO MRS. GRANT.

CHICAGO, Ill., January 8, 1894.

BELoved SISTER GRANT: So glad to hear from you. O praise the Lord! All the way his loving hand is guiding. I have thought very much about one part of your letter; that about the children, and, though never a mother, have gone through life with my eyes open to many things. My own dear parents were wise and judicious in our training. O how I thank God for such an early discipline and training. I used to think they were over-strict and particular, in not allowing us to run here and there, and have young company; now I see the wisdom of it. We learned to find our happiness in our home, with each other, and in the company of the good and great, through their writings—for we loved reading and were trained to it—we were greatly helped.

But the excitement of continued company destroys the love of solid reading, and you know how utterly light and frothy many young people are. "It is giggling and make giggle." The Lord will help you, dear, and strengthen you in holding the reins. O read all God says in His Word about the training of children; how different from the modern ideas, and yet infinite wisdom dictated every word—"the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever."

The model woman, drawn by the pen of inspiration for all time, you will find in the last chapter of Proverbs: "Her children rise up and call her blessed." O may your daughters, trained under your care, be such women—"blessed and a blessing to others."

I have no idea that God is going to take you home for many years yet. Read the 91st Psalm; and do not

you, beloved sister, meet the conditions? and, if so, claim the promise: "With long life will I satisfy him (or her, for in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female), and show him My salvation." "We have not, because we ask not" (these promised blessings). "I will be inquired of to do these things, saith the Holy One of Israel."

"I am ever," said a Scotch writer, "traveling between my own emptiness and God's fullness."

O beloved, in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Keep drawing, and then, in all providential arrangements, have a sweet submission to His will.

"Yet, glorified by grace alone,
We'll cast our crowns before the throne;
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love."

No wonder the beloved disciple finished his revelations with "Amen, even so, come Lord Jesus;" and while we stay here, may our lives continually show forth Thy praises. How I want the continued experience of the holy John Fletcher. For two weeks before his translation (not death), his first and last words were:

"I nothing have, I nothing am;
My treasure's in the dying Lamb,
Now and forever more."

Dinner is just ready; then we will go out some twelve miles for to-morrow's (Sabbath) work. Much love in Jesus, thine,
SARAH A. COOKE.

TO THE SAME.

CONNEERSVILLE, Ind., October 9, 1894.

MY BELOVED FRIEND: It does not look much as though my feet would, this fall, stand in your house in Iowa, as I once expected. Heart and hands are full of work, and fresh doors are opening.

It seems so long since I heard from you; are you as well as usual? and does your soul mount up on wings, as an eagle, to God, your exceeding joy? How

I would love to have an hour or two with you! and how much we would have to tell and hear of how the Lord has been leading! Am much drawn out in prayer for you this morning, that the Lord will give you great courage and firmness in your family; that He would bring to your memory the example of Abraham: "I know my servant Abraham, that he will command his servants and his children after him." How lamentably many of God's children have failed here! Eli, a warning to all generations of not having been true in the training of his children; only parental tenderness stood in the way of faithfulness to God. Without strong crying and tears, who is able to develop this unshrinking faithfulness? Would not every parent fail? O beloved, with every one of us it is a fight of faith.

We have had large congregations here, and deep interest. Meeting at the corner of Court House Square on Saturday afternoon. O what hungry souls! One man begged us to go out in the country three miles. A hall has been offered us free, except the heating and lighting. Last night a man was gloriously saved. The churches are filled with members, most of them in the world and of it; and, saddest of all, "having a name to live, while they are dead;" and O how hard to reach, because they are church members.

Last week I went to Richmond, a little way from here, to the Yearly Meeting of the Quakers. I had so often thought that I would so love to be there once. Our band was full enough to spare me, and I heard the well-known voice say: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." In little more than an hour I was on my way. Met there with some blessedly saved, having the mark on their foreheads; *in every age, in every clime, in every sect, holiness is the same.* One denomination loses it, because they are worldly and formal; then the Lord raises up another, on whose banner is "Holiness unto the Lord." But my heart felt saddened; so many among them are departing from the old landmarks, and the glory is departing, too.

The sister who preached on Sabbath afternoon was "all conformed to the world;" gifted, but with no holy unction. The cross is the same everywhere; and how old nature tries to wriggle down and get rid of it.

Found Richmond a city of some 20,000 people, but they have not a single mission, nor one corps of the Salvation Army—not one place where at night the poor and ignorant can hear "the glad tidings of great joy." My heart was much stirred in one place, where two sisters took me. The policeman told us, "It was as dark as heathen lands, and they needed missionaries just as much." We are looking up to the Lord, and we believe He will open our way to push right out and preach there "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Hold us up, dear sister, in your arms of faith and prayer. Tell me all about yourself, and some time, not very distant, I hope to labor with you, and then enjoy heaven together with you. In the precious love of Jesus, thine,

SARAH A. COOKE.

LETTER TO MISS COLBORN.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 27, 1894.

MY DEAR ALICE: Praise the Lord! Where shall I His praise begin?

The dear girls had got my room all nicely fixed when I came back! O it does seem so homelike here, surrounded by the portraits of those who have loved and walked with God, and my books and furniture; and as I write one of the girls is by my side, writing, and another sewing.

Yesterday was such a busy day. I do see here such openings for work. I went yesterday to what is called the "Boys' Club." It is composed principally of city waifs, newsboys, bootblacks, etc. There are about seventy of them in the afternoon-school. The lady who has established it is very much interested in them, and how they seem to love her! She told me they were cultivating and bringing them to a higher

standard, teaching them to be good men; but they did not think it best to talk too much to them about religion. I told her how much I loved this kind of work, and asked for the privilege of coming in to tell them a Bible-story. It was readily granted. I told them of Daniel in the lion's den, and they were much interested. The Lord has given me favor in her eyes, so that my way is right open. You and dear Sister D. pray that God's blessing may be on my labors there.

Then I must tell you about my visit to the prison on Sabbath morning. There are, generally, from eighty to one hundred prisoners. One lady, Mrs. Scott, has had charge of this morning service for the last eight years. We have felt wonderfully drawn to each other. I feel there such a sense of the divine presence, such liberty in talking to them of Him who came "to bind up the broken-hearted, and to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison-doors to those who are bound."

And now, my dear, how is it with yourself? Is the way opening? Are the indications clear that you are in the Lord's order? Just walk with God, as He opens your way, diligently taking every onward step. Bishop Taylor says: "For forty years I have watched the leadings of God's Spirit, and have just followed." May my dear Alice do the same, and, like Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," with his fingers in his ears, cry, "Eternal life! Eternal life! Eternal life!" Quit all self-pity, and rejoice that you are counted worthy to follow in the footsteps of your lowly Savior, who went about doing good.

I had a letter from Brother Tinckham the other day. He inquired so kindly after you. Asks if you are still carrying about in your heart what does not belong to you—"unbelief." "Tell her to turn it out, once and forever." The Lord so fill you with love to Himself that all this endless thought and reasoning may be ended. We want to be like little children, in love and in simple trust;

“Content to fill a little place,
So He be glorified.”

O that our hearts may be enlarged every way for
the advancement of His glorious kingdom! In Jesus,
thine,
SARAH A. COOKE.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: Your letter both surprised and pained me. My dear father would often say: “The best experience in the world is dear-bought experience.” May this lesson, in your case, never have to be repeated. NEVER GO INTO DEBT. The Word of God is emphatic: “Owe no man anything.” When young, I read Todd’s “Students’ Manual.” One chapter, on debt, made an impression I shall never forget. He said: “Debt is like a millstone around one’s neck.” O how he showed the misery it brought! You are out in the Lord’s work. Has He not promised to supply all your needs? Not your wants; not to gratify the wish to be dressed as you might choose. The very plainness and simplicity of the Quakers and of the early Methodists greatly impressed people with their separation from the world and all its vain fashions. Mr. Finney said of the Quakers: “Had they followed Christ in other things as in their simplicity and plainness, they would have taken the world for Christ.” O the untold burdens that are pressing to-day on thousands, through gratifying the desire for things not really needed. Remonstrating once with a dear girl on the worldliness of her appearance, she said: “I would not have a bit of influence if I dressed as you think I ought to.” “No, Mary,” I said, “you mistake the character of your influence. It does not draw them to God, only to you.” When John the Baptist’s herald-voice drew all classes to him, his clothing was a camel’s-hair garment, and a leathern girdle about his loins. It was the God-power with him that drew the people. So with all who really draw souls to Jesus. If we obey not the guidance of the Holy

Spirit, we quench and lose His blessed influence, and these acts of disobedience to the teachings of the Spirit and the will of God, revealed through His Word, bring such leanness to the soul! You speak of this burden of debt affecting your body and worrying you so much. Of course it would. In any trouble or affliction straight from the hand of God, not from our own disobedience, we can always by faith look up for the all-sufficient grace, and He will make us victorious; yea, even "joyful in tribulation." Get down before Him, my dear, and by His grace tell Him you will never more on that line err again. Yours, in the precious love of Jesus,

SARAH A. COOKE.

TO MRS. ANNE GRANT.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 18, 1895.

MY BELOVED FRIEND: My thoughts are often with you. God bless you more and more in the blessed work of saving souls! I am anxious to know if your co-laborer is better, or has some one else come to supply his place? I have acted to the very best of my judgment, holding the matter before the Lord, that if it was His will that I should come, to make it quite plain, and there should be no holding back. He seems to have given me a field of labor here, just suited to my strength and ability. Yesterday, Sabbath, previous to starting to the prison, pleading for His help and presence, the words came with much sweetness: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." O how graciously near He was, and helpful, both in speaking on it in the jail, and in the evening at the Salvation Army. Then I seem so needed here as a kind of mother and provider for the needs of this Pentecost family. It is a kind of general home for the workers as they come and go.

O how sweetly, the other day, these words kept coming to me:

"O that my Lord would make me meet
To wash His dear disciples' feet!"

He is helping me where I so often felt my lack. I thought your letter wonderfully encouraging; so we published a part of it in this month's issue of the "Pentecost Herald," which I send to you. Write again soon. I am so glad your dear children are being gathered into the fold. Do they get plenty of good religious reading-matter? Are they fond of reading? I think it is such a wonderful blessing. If young people are not fond of reading, as a rule they are restless, and always wanting the company of others; while the love of books introduces to the best society the best thoughts of the best minds.

Urge much, on all your young converts, the all-importance of the daily reading of the Bible, and secret prayer. They will, sooner or later, backslide without these two great means of grace. Yours most lovingly,
SARAH A. COOKE.

TO MISS COLBORN.

AUSTIN, Ill., April 30, 1895.

MY DEAR ALICE: Yesterday I went over to your sister's, at Oak Park. I felt so concerned about you. You did look so sick, and we had such a little time to talk together; so I followed you to Sister Gates', but found you had left there. Mr. and Mrs. Watson received me very kindly, and I took supper with them and tried to drop a few words for Him "whose I am and whom I serve." Be true to God everywhere. I know you will. You may err in judgment, but hold on, dear Alice, through much tribulation, and you shall enter into the kingdom. O the triumphs of the hour when the Master shall say: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" what blessed triumph! "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life."

And now, dear, about your hand; when I had those very painful boils last spring, I tried remedies, poultices and plasters, which greatly soothed and relieved

the pain; and that did not hinder my faith in the Lord one bit. I knew that for some wise purpose the Lord had permitted it, and in His own time the healing would come. In all things there is the working of the divine and the human, and doing our own part takes none of the glory from our God, to whom be honor and glory forever and ever. I never can work myself, or force myself up to faith, for the removal of any affliction, but submissively wait on the Lord; then, when His own time comes for deliverance, He gives me some promise on which faith anchors.

One time, when passing through deep waters, where I could see no way out, this was my promise: "Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance;" not more wonderful the opening of the Red Sea to the children of Israel, when "they passed through on dry land," than was that deliverance to me. O praise the Lord! He wants us to be flexible; the constant language of our hearts "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done."

To-morrow, if the Lord will, I leave again for Indianapolis. The Lord has so opened my way there.

Keep a good courage, and in the midst of all "sing above the tempest—praise the Lord!" Yours, most lovingly,

SARAH A. COOKE.

TO THE SAME.

VERMONT, Ill., Aug. 26, 1895.

MY DEAR ALICE: Our meeting closed here last night. It was a time of great refreshing to many of God's people, but very unsuccessful in reaching the unsaved. I knew you would feel disappointed in not coming to the St. Charles meeting; but under the circumstances we could not take care of you. Did the Lord give you the victory and enable you to say, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done?" What a joyful time we will have together when you have learned the blessed, hallowed lesson of drawing your happiness right from the Lord.

"When all created streams are dried,
His fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in His name."

Then nothing fetters the soul, and it mounts, as on the wings of eagles, upward. Take no anxious, careful thought for the morrow,. I have a sweet little tract ("He Careth for You;" W. E. Boardman, 260 Connecticut street, Buffalo, N. Y.), by one who walked and talked with God. I have sent for a dozen of them, and will send you one; and I want you to read it over and over—will you? until the precious thoughts are all your own. You can feed on them yourself, and hand them out to others; and be sure and read it to dear Sister Gates.

Your last letter was interesting to me, telling me of those in whom I feel a deep interest. My work is all the time in new fields, and my time is so fully occupied that I cannot correspond as I would like to, and follow cases as I would like to, if it were otherwise; but I love to hear about them. O to be so filled with the Spirit that we may continually be helpful to others; living not unto ourselves, but unto Him who hath loved and given Himself for us. "A heart, at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize." *This is my constant need.*

O what a busy week I have just passed. Had not been here to this Vermont camp-meeting for five or six years, and the people were cordial and kind. I had one, two, or three meetings every day,—four class-meetings—very tender and blessed of God; two mothers' meetings, love-feasts, and a children's meeting nearly every day. O surely my Lord did renew my strength. O how sure the promise: "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." This morning the friends moved. Every one wanted to pack and move off from the ground early. I had to get down and plead for a fullness of the Spirit that would bring the calmness and the patience we all so much needed, and O how it

came! O to have, not only now and then, but CONTINUALLY, the experience of Paul : "It is not I that live, but Christ that liveth in me;" Jesus, in His calm, meek gentleness and pure love enthroned within, it must be moment by moment, as we draw the air that supports our natural life.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and "the life I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." Write to me at Brother George's; he will forward to me at any time. Much love to yourself and dear Sister Gates. Yours in Jesus, SARAH A. COOKE.

TO MY BROTHER JAMES.

SHERIDAN, Ind., January 19, 1896.

MY DEAR BROTHER JAMES : It seems so long since I have either heard from or written to you, that having a leisure hour this morning I feel like winging some of my thoughts to you. I felt a little weary after a full day's work yesterday, when a little before nine o'clock there came an invitation for me to go out to the public school. When I reached there, they gathered the whole school, four departments, together for me to talk to them. "My present help in every time of need" was there; and O how He helped me to speak, and them to hear. I should think there were 300 present. I told them the story of Jonah, and in the application brought home the need of obedience, and of true repentance—"bread cast upon the waters," to be seen after many days. Have been here (a small town of some twelve or fourteen hundred people) for six weeks; first in the Wesleyan church, and now in the Methodist Episcopal. Yesterday afternoon I went, for the second time, to where they had an almost deserted church; but the people were gathering, and in this valley of dry bones the Spirit is beginning to breathe. This

morning I opened the Bible on these words ; " Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." O what a thrill of joy that brought to my soul. Show just how, my Savior, for without Thee I can do nothing.

How is it, dear brother, with your health? Do not superannuate a bit faster than you can possibly help. I am persuaded that many do. I know just how the tempter will be at you at this point ; he knows that you have a depth of experience that no young Christian can have, and also a depth of knowledge of the wiles and temptations of the evil one. If the elder women were exhorted to teach the younger, in Paul's day, equally necessary is it now for the older men to take higher ground. Peter, the aged, writes to his elder brethren: " Feed the flock, redeemed by His own precious blood, *taking the oversight.*" Then, to our own hearts, while actively engaged in the Lord's work, there comes such a blessing, such a depth of communion and fellowship with Him, as we realize in all of it our own insufficiency, and lean on Him for help. I was telling a large congregation, yesterday, how after conversion the Lord gave me such a glimpse of what the Christian life must be, that I cried out, " How can I ever go through?" and the answer came for all time: " My grace shall be sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Push out, dear brother ; I have an idea you may be settling on your lees, and unless it is absolutely necessary (and then He will give you all the grace needed,) you will lose the fresh, deep joy out of your soul. I long, till life's latest hour, to be in His blessed service ; may we both be eager in any way to advance His glorious cause. Souls all around us are pushing on their way to destruction ; and if, with melting tenderness, caught by lying, like the beloved disciple, on the bosom of our Lord, we can warn and entreat sinners to flee from the wrath to come, some will heed our warnings, some will be led to Jesus—" our joy here, our crown of rejoicing hereafter." O how often those words of

Paul cheer and stimulate me : "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always *abounding in the work of the Lord; for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.*"

O those exceeding great and precious promises for us—that "in old age His people shall be fat and flourishing; yea they shall bear fruit in old age." But it may be there will be a continued warfare between the flesh and the Spirit. When living in Chicago, generally leaving home and going down in the city about eleven o'clock, I would often not go home for my supper, going into some restaurant, because I knew the almost irresistible longing, and often yielded to, there would be to stay at home in the evening, and not go to any service; and yet the next morning I would always feel better, and have so much more joy in my soul than if I had listened to nature's call, and had taken it easy. May the Lord bless thee continually. In His most precious love, thine,

SARAH A. COOKE.

TO A YOUNG PREACHER,

My Dear Friend:—

Mine eyes were kept waking last night and you were much in my thoughts with the strong impression that I ought in my faithfulness to write to you and at the breakfast table the feeling was deepened by one of our number asking if there was not a passage in the Bible reading: "Cursed is he that doeth the work of God slothfully." On looking it up, we found that it was "deceitfully" while in the margin "negligently" and "cursed is he that keepeth his sword from blood." Oh, how the fear came on me of lack of faithfulness of neglecting this duty of writing to you longer. And are you, my dear brother, called to the work of the ministry? The most glorious, the most awfully responsible work on earth; its two great parts to lead men to flee from the wrath to come, to turn them from darkness to light, from the kingdom of darkness to that of light. The other, the feeding the flock, building them up in their

most holy faith. Every sermon ought to have one of these ends in view. Paul in writing to his son Timothy—epistles full of tenderest, deepest council—says: “Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.” Oh, how much study, how much prayer it will need to bring out of the rich treasures of God’s word, food for the people that shall build them up in their most holy faith. It does not lie on the surface. What costs you nothing will be to the people as nothing, taking no hold on their hearts and consciences. O how I have felt it while listening to your sermons, such mere surface talks. I have often read Proverbs 2: 2-7—What promises—“not yours or any other man’s without the means, most diligent, most earnest seeking”—wondered if they have cost you an hour’s study. My heart has often burned within me when listening to such preaching, the people working all through the week supporting a man with no other business but to look after the work of God, and on the Sabbath to minister to them in spiritual things and his words without power, life or blessing in them, and yet the Bible so full of richest, deepest treasures; the Holy Spirit of God so willing when sought to take the things of Christ and reveal them. Ask any farmer as you look over his crops of golden grain if they came there without much of thought, much of hard labor, and he will answer, “No.” Ask any preacher who has been successful in winning souls if his closet has not been witness to much of wrestling prayer. Ask any successful man of business “how came that great success?” he will tell you how every energy of mind has been bent on it, how every interest has been watched with closest vigilance—the one great secret of success.

With never failing wonder and admiration. I always read Paul’s charge to the elders at Ephesus Acts xx: 17-36, when about to leave them after being three years with them—tears and temptations from enemies, keeping

back nothing that was profitable, teaching them publicly and from house to house, the one way of salvation: Repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, looking forward to bonds and imprisonments, but with a love so engrossing to that Savior who had given him his high glorious commission to testify his gospel, that none of these things moved him, nor was his life dear unto him. O, what years of faithful service, of hard labors, the crowning proof of all: Engrossing love for souls. For three years he could call them to witness. He ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears, laboring with his hands to supply his own and the needs of others, looking forward with the tenderest solicitude and warning to the dangers before them as he left them. No wonder, thou glorious apostle, all nations wherever the gospel goes call thee blessed. Our sermons are ourselves, our own souls, full of intense love and desire to others. It will come out. Heart will touch heart. I feel so sure that in a few years, without a great change, you will drop out of the ministry or into a formal church unblessed; unless, dear brother, you arouse yourself. Ease, self-indulgence, love of honor, has been in all ages the bane of the priesthood, in the times of Ezekiel and Jeremiah and in the time of our Savior. Some of his most pointed and terrible rebukes fell on them. Human nature is ever the same in all ages, but there is power in the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ to lift you above it all and make you one of the glorious company who shall shine as stars in the right hand of our Redeemer forever and ever.

With kindest wishes, I am, yours in His most precious love,

SARAH A. COOKE.

22 Aberdeen St., Chicago, Ill., Jan. 19, 1900.

TO S. B. SHAW.

Dear Brother S. B. Shaw:

At your request, I write a few remembrances of our departed brother, Dwight L. Moody. That "a Great man has fallen in Israel," anyone who knew and followed the marvelous work of this man of God, cannot doubt. His eye was so single that his whole body was filled with light: hence to him was fulfilled the glorious promise of his Lord. And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments and do those things that are pleasing in his sight. Eternity alone can reveal the glorious results of the life of this wonderful man of God.

You asked me to give you personal reminiscences and I will do so. I came to Chicago in the year 1868 a perfect stranger. My husband and his brother had been here sometime before and from the window of my first home on Wabash Avenue I would watch the multitudes coming and going and often wondered where I would find my work to do for God. The first place I found was the Y. M. C. A. Their rooms then were located on Madison St., near LaSalle St. Mr. Moody was an active worker there—"A diamond in the rough"—most truly, with the one desire to do good burning through everything, his very earnestness moving people, but withal such a lack in his teachings of the divine unction and power. He was always kind and friendly and anxious to enlist in any way the help of Christians. He always encouraged me to take part in his meetings.

It was at the St. Charles camp-meeting in 1871 that a burden came on me for Mr. Moody, that the Lord would give him the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, a travail of soul deeper than I have ever had for any other being on God's earth. No opportunity after that was lost in urging upon him his great need and encouraging him to seek with the certainty that it was for him. In Mr.

Moody's meetings Mrs. Hawxhurst and I were almost always together. After the sudden death of her husband, her home broken up and almost heart broken Mrs. Hawxhurst had come to Chicago to live with her only daughter. But soon Jesus came into her heart with a joy unspeakable and full of glory, and she would say as her feet trod the streets of Chicago on messages of love and mercy, it seemed as though they did not touch the sidewalk. At first as we talked with Mr. Moody, there seemed no antagonism—but little conviction of his need of any further work; but he asked us to meet with him in Farwell Hall every Friday afternoon which we did for a number of weeks. As we met there from time to time, he would get increasingly in earnest, and the last Friday preceding our great Chicago fire in 1871, he was intensely so. This was during the month of October.

At each meeting each of us prayed aloud in turn, but at this meeting Mr. Moody's agony was so great that he rolled on the floor and in the midst of many tears and groans cried to God to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. The Sabbath came. In the evening of the memorable night when one-third of Chicago was laid in ashes and multitudes were left homeless and destitute, Mr. Moody preached in Farwell Hall. The alarm of fire had been sounded two or three times. The Spirit prompted me to speak and warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Some that were in that meeting that night perished within twenty-four hours in the flames. How often I have looked back and regretted that lost opportunity. The meeting dispersed. The fire alarm sounded again and again. My husband said: "There must be a very large fire on the West Side," and went out to see it. We were living in Farwell Block at that time. It had been a day filled with work. In a little time I was roused from deep slumber by my husband's voice saying, "You must get up directly: the fire has crossed the river and will soon be here." Hurriedly

gathering a few things together and placing them in the entry of Farwell Hall, we hastened out. None who saw that scene can ever forget the roaring of the flames, the crashings of the buildings. Often these words would come to me: "We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze," while such a consciousness of the presence of God as a stronghold in the day of trouble brought the deepest peace. Standing by the side of a lady in deep mourning, I asked if her home was burned. "No," she said; "Is yours?" Pointing to the flames that had already caught the building, telling her where we lived, I added: "I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; no fire could ever consume that home." How the tears rolled down her cheeks. I do not know that I have seen her since that day. It seemed as though the Lord had such a perfect right to do as he would with his own. He gave and he had taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!

Every dray, every express wagon was engaged. Husband, with the help of a colored man, carried two trunks to the vacant lot at the foot of Madison Street, by Lake Michigan. The next Sabbath morning came and as I prepared for service, the thought came, for the first time in my life, "I have no home;" then followed the words of Jesus: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Oh, the tender, melting feelings! It seemed as though I was a step nearer my Savior than I had ever been before. Reaching the church early, there came a fuller blessing; such a manifestation of God, my God!—the gifts gone; the giver mine—my everlasting portion. Down on the floor, between those seats, I poured out the deep thanksgiving of my soul in adoring gratitude and love.

After the great fire, Mr. Moody went to New York to solicit funds for the rebuilding of his institutions but he said his heart was not in it. The great cry of his soul was for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. While on Wall street,

it fell upon him just as on the first disciples and with the same glorious results. From this time he rapidly became famous in his work for God, and two years after in connection with Mr. Sankey he went to England. The circumstances of the beginning of his work in England are known to the public. Among other things, he was asked his motive in going to preach if it was to the miserable poor. His characteristic answer was, "Yes ; and to the miserable rich too." God honored his work wonderfully. From royalty down to the very poorest, the people flocked to hear him. At one of the large gatherings in Exeter Hall, London, the subject handed to Mr. Moody to speak on was, "How shall we reach the masses?" "Go and fetch them in," was the response. Everything with him was practical and earnest. He hated sham—mere words, without heart or purpose. After three years of work in the United Kingdom, he turned his steps back to America. The announcement was made that on such a morning Mr. Moody would speak in Farwell and all the religious elite of the city were there to greet him. The platform was filled with preachers and leaders in the Christian world, but none had a deeper interest than the writer who looked on that scene with trembling solicitude, fearing lest this wonderful popularity and success might have puffed him up in any way. Mr. Moody spoke with more unction than of yore but at the same time in childlike simplicity. When the meeting closed, we noted amid all the congratulations, such a look of humility, as though he would gladly have slipped away from it all. His childlike spirit was his shield and his defense. Truly, he was "clothed in humility as with a garment."

Yours, as ever, in the precious love of Jesus,

SARAH A. COOKE.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints and also the same divine inspiration tells us: "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance"—a heritage for the church in every age. How his people and him-

self are one—"I in you, and you in Me." We feel like giving a record of the closing scenes of Mr. Moody's life. At one of our noonday meetings in Chicago towards the close a stranger arose and said Mr. Moody was dead. The tidings fell with inexpressible grief on hearts there. For many hours to me it was as a heavy pall of sorrow, then by God's own word it was lifted, as He said: "How unsearchable are his judgments, and His ways past finding out." We shall know it all when the light of eternity breaks upon us. Suddenly in the midst of a great revival in Kansas City Mr. Moody broke down. He returned home seemingly in the very midst of his usefulness. "His sun went down while it was yet noon." Till within a few hours of the closing scene, doctors, himself and friends were most hopeful about his recovery. He said: "Life is very sweet to me and there is no position of power or wealth that could tempt me from the throne that God has given me." His eldest son says: "As I watched by him the last morning of his life, suddenly I heard him speaking in slow and measured words," he was saying: "Earth recedes, heaven opens before it"—soon adding, "If this is death, it is sweet, there is no valley here: God is calling me, and I must go." He then appointed each one of his children to carry on some part of the work he was leaving. Then as though looking beyond the vale, he exclaimed: "This is my triumph; this is my coronation day! I have been looking forward to it for years." Then his face lit up and he said in a voice of joyful rapture: "Dwight and Irene; I see the children's faces," referring to the two grandchildren God had taken from his home in the past year. For forty-six years Mr. Moody had enjoyed God's favor and love, for twenty-eight the pentecostal blessing of a closer fellowship and more uninterrupted communion, saving himself after that baptism of the Holy Ghost received in New York he never lost communion with God. On Dec. the 26th they laid away his body amid the scenes of his early life and the buildings raised by him to extend the kingdom of the Redeemer. The years of earthly service ended, we know that he had entered into the joy of the Lord.

He sees the Lamb in heaven's own light,
Whom here we dimly see,
Gazes transported of the sight,
Through all eternity.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Christian Witness. This book is a series of personal experience covering a period of more than sixty years. Those who delight in Christian biography will feast on this book with spiritual profit. The authoress has woven into her narrative choice quotations gathered during a life time from the writings of God's saints in every age.

Rev. J. Buss. Am reading your book through the second time. The Lord is making it a blessing to my soul. When I read your quotations from Bramwell, Ann Cutler, Caughey and others my head turns to a fountain of tears. Precious souls they are where sin never polutes and where the devil never disturbs their peace.

Colorado Free Methodist. This book of three hundred eighty-two pages by Sarah A. Cooke is an autobiography. It blazes with revival power, glows with spiritual instruction and breathes with the spirit of free and earnest devotion. It is a real faith tonic as the author relates the dealings of God with herself and others.

The Christian Harvester. We have been happily acquainted with this precious "Handmaiden of the Lord" for many years. Born in Olney, England, the home of the poet Cowper and John Newton, dauntless as unassuming in the Lord's work. Mrs. Cooke was saved amongst the Baptists; she was sanctified at the famous St. Charles Free Methodist camp meeting. One of the two women who helped Mr. Moody into that richer experience which preceded his great career.

The Free Methodist. The autobiography of Sister Sarah A. Cooke is a grand addition to religious literature. Indefatigable faithfulness and industry distinguished her life work and its pages teem with comfort and blessing. In vain will the reader search for literary vanity or egotism in its pages. It is doubtful indeed if the doctrine of perfect holiness can be more plainly or effectually explained, or more completely verified, than in this autobiography.

The Christian Outlook. Her earnest Christian labors have brought her into close contact with such men as Mr. Moody, Charles Spurgeon and Bishop Taylor. Of all these Mrs. Cooke has something interesting to relate. "To show forth His praise" the one object of the author in writing this book. She has gleaned for its pages from every source. Kings and emperors give witness of God's all sufficient grace or life's utter hopelessness without it. This is brought out in every page of this book.

S. A. Kean. I believe this book will prove a blessing to us and to thousands of others.

Arkansas Methodist. It has the tone of a deep religious experience and relates many things touching and instructive.

The Baltimore Methodist. Devout, laborious, successful Mrs. Cooke has given the world a book which will prove an inspiration to the courage and faith of many.

S. B. Shaw. Mrs. Cooke is well known, not only in Chicago, where she has labored for many years in churches, missions, Salvation Armies, jails and hospitals, but also in Wisconsin, Indiana and Michigan; and wherever she is known the very mention of her name calls to mind her intense devotion and zeal for God. We have never known any one to spend so much time in secret prayer or talk so much about the Word of God, or who has made greater sacrifices of time and money for the salvation of souls. In faithfulness in dealing with others we have never known her equal.





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